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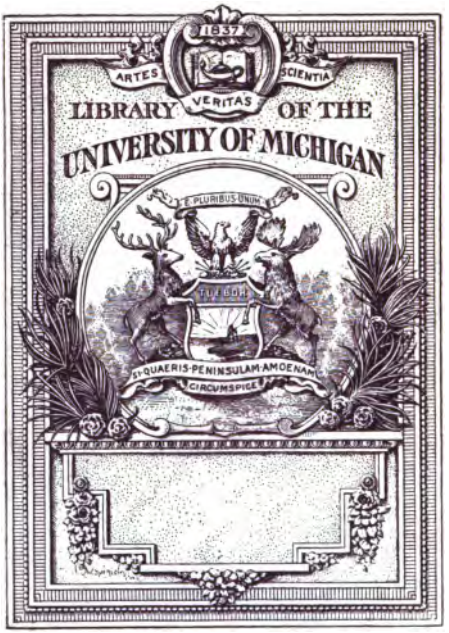
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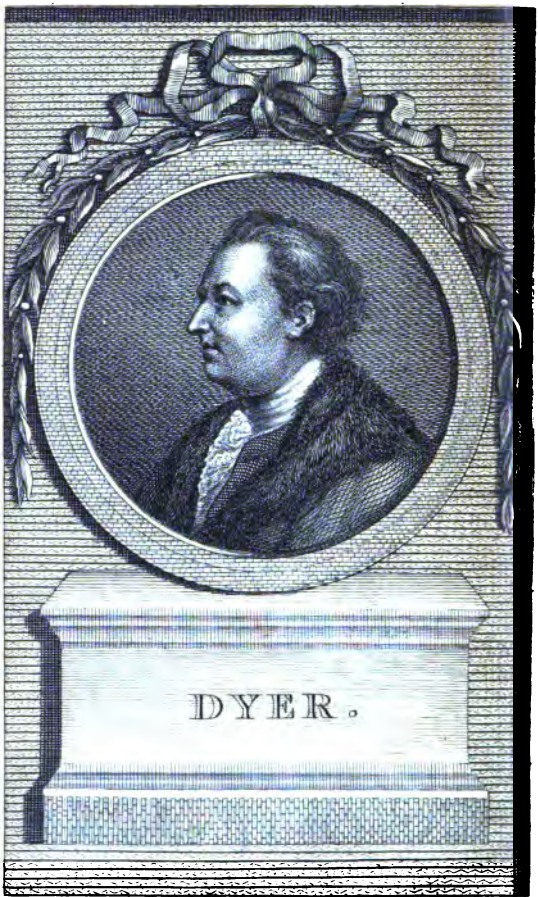
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Hall Sculp

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTY-THIRD.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. RIVINGTON;

FOR C. BATHURST, J. BUCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. DAVIES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE, S. CROWDER, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, E. AND C. DILLY, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. WILKIE, J. ROBSON, J. JOHNSON, T. LOWNDES, T. BECKET, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, W. DAVIS, J. NICHOLS, F. NEWBERY, T. EVANS, J. RIDLEY, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, W. FOX, J. BOWEN.

M DCC LXXIX.

THE POEMS OF DYER AND MALLET.

a 2

171834

POEMS.

BY

JOHN DYER, LL.B.

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT Nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noiſe of buſy man;
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet ſings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the foreſt with her tale;
Come, with all thy various dues,
Come, and aid thy ſiſter Muſe;
Now, while Phœbus riding high,
Gives luſtre to the land and ſky!
Grongar Hill invites my ſong,
Draw the landſkip bright and ſtrong;
Grongar, in whoſe moſſy cells,
Sweetly muſing, Quiet dwells;

Grongar, in whoſe ſilent ſhade,
For the modeſt Muſes made,
So oft I have, the evening ſtill,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sate upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While ſtray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From houſe to houſe, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd ſides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And viſtoes ſhooting beams of day:
Wide and wider ſpreads the vale;
As circles on a ſmooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their ſummits from the ſkies,
And leſſen as the others riſe:
Still the proſpect wider ſpreads,
Adds a thouſand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens ſtill,
And ſinks the newly-riſen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landſkip lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene;
But the gay, the open ſcene,
Does the face of Nature ſhow,
In all the hues of Heaven's bow!

And, ſwelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the ſight.
Old caſtles on the cliffs ariſe,
Proudly towering in the ſkies!
Ruſhing from the woods, the ſpires
Seem from hence aſcending fires!
Half his beams Apollo ſheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
Below me trees unnumber'd riſe,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the ſable yew,
The ſlender fir, that taper grows,
The ſturdy oak with broad-ſpread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, Queen of Love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, ſteep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His ſides are cloath'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That caſt an aweful look below;
Whoſe ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a ſafety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox ſecurely feeds;
And there the poiſonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moſs, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has ſeen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has ſeen this broken pile compleat,
Big with the vanity of ſtate;
But tranſient is the ſmile of Fate!
A little rule, a little ſway,
A ſun-beam in a winter's-day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And ſee the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in ſhade and ſun.
Sometimes ſwift, ſometimes ſlow,
Wave ſucceeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endleſs ſleep!
Thus is Nature's veſture wrought,
To inſtruct our wandering thought;
Thus ſhe dreſſes green and gay,
To diſperſe our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landſkip tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;

The

The windy ſummit, wild and high,
Roughly ruſhing on the ſky!
The pleaſant ſeat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the ſhady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.
See on the mountain's ſouthern ſide,
Where the proſpect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How cloſe and ſmall the hedges lie!
What ſtreaks of meadows croſs the eye!
A ſtep methinks may paſs the ſtream,
So little diſtant dangers ſeem;
So we miſtake the future's face,
Ey'd through Hope's deluding glaſs;
As yon ſummits ſoft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to thoſe who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the ſame coarſe way,
The preſent 's ſtill a cloudy day.
O may I with myſelf agree,
And never covet what I ſee:
Content me with an humble ſhade,
My paſſions tam'd, my wiſhes laid;
For, while our wiſhes wildly roll,
We baniſh quiet from the ſoul:
'Tis thus the buſy beat the air,
And miſers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr ſings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the ſhepherd charms his ſheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with muſick fill the ſky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your ſkill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor,
In vain you ſearch, ſhe is not there;
In vain ye ſearch the domes of care!
Graſs and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads, and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleaſure, cloſe ally'd,
Ever by each other's ſide:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thruſh, while all is ſtill,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

THE

THE RUINS OF ROME.

" Aſpice murorum moles, præruptaque ſaxa,
" Obrutaque horrenti veſta theatra ſitu:
" Hæc ſunt Roma. Viden' velut ipſa cadavera tantæ
" Urbis adhuc ſpirent imperioſa minas?"

JANUS VITALIS.

ENOUGH of Grongar, and the ſhady dales
Of winding Towy, Merlin's fabled haunt
I ſung inglorious. Now the love of arts,
And what in metal or in ſtone remains
Of proud antiquity, through various realms
And various languages and ages fam'd,
Bears me remote, o'er Gallia's woody bounds,
O'er the cloud-piercing Alps remote; beyond
The vale of Arno purpled with the vine,
Beyond the Umbrian and Etruſcan hills,
To Latium's wide champain, forlorn and waſte,
Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave
Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my Muſe,
Yet once again, and ſoar a loftier flight;
Lo the reſiſtleſs theme, imperial Rome.
Fall'n, fall'n, a ſilent heap; her heroes all
Sunk in their urns; behold the pride of pomp,
The throne of nations fall'n; obſcur'd in duſt;
Ev'n yet majeſtical: the ſolemn ſcene
Elates the ſoul, while now the riſing Sun

Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Towering aloft, upon the glittering plain,
Like broken rocks, a vaſt circumference;
Rent palaces, cruſh'd columns, rifled moles,
Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs.
Deep lies in duſt the Theban obeliſk
Immenſe along the waſte; minuter art,
Gliconian forms, or Phidian, ſubtly fair,
O'erwhelming; as th' immenſe Leviathan
The finny brood, when near Ierne's ſhore
Out-ſtretch'd, unwieldy, his iſland length appears
Above the foamy flood. Globoſe and huge,
Grey-mouldering temples ſwell, and wide o'ercaſt
The ſolitary landſcape, hills and woods,
And boundleſs wilds; while the vine-mantled brows
The pendent goats unveil, regardleſs they
Of hourly peril, though the clifted domes
Tremble to every wind. The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his oraiſon hears
Aghaſt the voice of time, diſparting towers,
Tumbling all precipitate down-daſh'd,
Rattling around, loud thundering to the Moon;
While murmurs ſooth each aweful interval
Of ever-falling waters; ſhrouded Nile *,
Eridanus, and Tiber with his twins,
And palmy Euphrates; they with dropping locks,
Hang o'er their urns, and mournfully among
The plaintive-echoing ruins pour their ſtreams.

Yet

* Fountains at Rome adorned with the ſtatues of thoſe rivers.

Yet here, adventurous in the ſacred ſearch
Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind,
Curious and modeſt, from all climes reſort,
Grateful ſociety! with theſe I raiſe
The toilſome ſtep up the proud Palatin,
Through ſpiry cypreſs groves, and towering pine,
Waving aloft o'er the big ruins brows,
On numerous arches rear'd: and frequent ſtopp'd,
The ſunk ground ſtartles me with dreadful chaſm,
Breathing forth darkneſs from the vaſt profound
Of iſles and halls, within the mountain's womb.
Nor theſe the nether works; all theſe beneath,
And all beneath the vales and hills around,
Extend the cavern'd ſewers, maſſy, firm,
As the Sibylline grot beſide the dead
Lake of Avernus; ſuch the ſewers huge,
Whither the great Tarquinian genius dooms
Each wave impure; and proud with added rains,
Hark how the mighty billows laſh their vaults,
And thunder; how they heave their rocks in vain!
Though now inceſſant time has roll'd around
A thouſand winters o'er the changeful world,
And yet a thouſand ſince, th' indignant floods
Roar loud in their firm bounds, and daſh and ſwell,
In vain; convey'd to Tiber's loweſt wave.
Hence over airy plains, by cryſtal founts,
That weave their glittering waves with tuneful lapſe,
Among the fleeky pebbles, agate clear,
Cerulean ophite, and the flowery vein
Of orient jaſper, pleas'd I move along,

We gain enraptur'd; beauteouſly diſtinct *
The numerous porticos and domes upſwell,
With obeliſks and columns interpos'd,
And pine, and fir, and oak: ſo fair a ſcene
Sees not the derviſe from the ſpiral tomb
Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds
Proud Memphis' reliques o'er th' Ægyptian plain:
Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus' brow,
Though graceful Athens, in the vale beneath,
Along the windings of the Muſe's ſtream,
Lucid Ilyſſus weeps her ſilent ſchools,
And groves, unviſited by bard or ſage.
Amid the towery ruins, huge, ſupreme,
Th' enormous amphitheatre behold,
Mountainous pile! o'er whoſe capacious womb
Pours the broad firmament its varied light;
While from the central floor the ſeats aſcend
Round above round, ſlow-widening to the verge,
A circuit vaſt and high; nor leſs had held
Imperial Rome, and her attendant realms,
When drunk with rule ſhe will'd the fierce delight,
And op'd the gloomy caverns, whence out-ruſh'd
Before th' innumerable ſhouting crowd
The fiery, madded, tyrants of the wilds,
Lions and tigers, wolves and elephants,
And deſperate men, more fell. Abhorr'd intent!
By frequent converſe with familiar death,

To

* From the Palatin hill one ſees moſt of the remarkable antiquities.

To kindle brutal daring apt for war;
To lock the breaſt, and ſteal th' obdurate heart
Amid the piercing cries of ſore diſtreſs
Impenetrable.—But away thine eye;
Behold yon ſteepy cliff; the modern pile
Perchance may now delight, while that, rever'd *
In ancient day, the page alone declares,
Or narrow coin through dim cærulean ruſt.
The fane was Jove's, its ſpacious golden roof,
O'er thick-ſurrounding temples beaming wide,
Appear'd, as when above the morning hills
Half the round ſun aſcends; and tower'd aloft,
Suſtain'd by columns huge, innumerous
As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant heights
Darkening their idols, when Aſtarte lur'd
Too-proſperous Iſrael from his living ſtrength.
And next regard yon venerable dome,
Which virtuous Latium, with erroneous aim,
Rais'd to her various deities, and nam'd
Pantheon; plain and round; of this our world
Majeſtic emblem; with peculiar grace
Before its ample orb, projected ſtands
The many-pillar'd portal: nobleſt work
Of human ſkill: here, curious architect,
If thou eſſay'ſt, ambitious, to ſurpaſs
Palladius, Angelus, or Britiſh Jones,
On theſe fair walls extend the certain ſcale,
And turn th' inſtructive compaſs: careful mark

How

* The Capitol.

How far in hidden art, the noble plain
Extends, and where the lovely forms commence
Of flowing ſculpture: nor neglect to note
How range the taper columns, and what weight
Their leafy brows ſuſtain: fair Corinth firſt
Boaſted their order, which Callimachus
(Reclining ſtudious on Aſopus' banks
Beneath an urn of ſome lamented nymph)
Haply compos'd; the urn with foliage curl'd
Thinly conceal'd, the chapiter inform'd.
See the tall obeliſks from Memphis old,
One ſtone enormous each, or Thebes convey'd;
Like Albion's ſpires they ruſh into the ſkies.
And there the temple, where the ſummon'd ſtate *
In deep of night conven'd: ev'n yet methinks
The vehement orator in rent attire
Perſuaſion pours, ambition ſinks her creſt;
And lo the villain, like a troubled ſea,
That toſſes up her mire! Ever diſguis'd,
Shall treaſon walk? ſhall proud oppreſſion yoke
The neck of virtue? Lo the wretch, abaſh'd,
Self-betray'd Catiline! O Liberty,
Parent of happineſs, celeſtial-born;
When the firſt man became a living ſoul,
His ſacred genius thou; be Britain's care;
With her ſecure, prolong thy lov'd retreat;

Thence

* The temple of Concord, where the ſenate met on Catiline's conſpiracy.

Thence bleſs mankind; while yet among her ſons,
Ev'n yet there are, to ſhield thine equal laws,
Whoſe boſoms kindle at the ſacred names
Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walſingham, and Drake.
May others more delight in tuneful airs;
In maſque and dance excel; to ſculptur'd ſtone
Give with ſuperior ſkill the living look;
More pompous piles erect, or pencil ſoft
With warmer touch the viſionary board:
But thou, thy nobler Britons teach to rule;
To check the ravage of tyrannic ſway;
To quell the proud; to ſpread the joys of peace,
And various bleſſings of ingenious trade.
Be theſe our arts; and ever may we guard,
Ever defend thee with undaunted heart.
Ineſtimable good! who giv'ſt us Truth,
Whoſe hand upleads to light, divineſt Truth,
Array'd in every charm: whoſe hand benign
Teaches unwearied toil to cloath the fields,
And on his various fruits inſcribes the name
Of Property: O nobly hail'd of old
By thy majeſtic daughters, Judah fair,
And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs,
And Libya bright, and all-enchanting Greece,
Whoſe numerous towns and iſles, and peopled ſeas,
Rejoic'd around her lyre; th' heroic note
(Smit with ſublime delight) Auſonia caught,
And plann'd imperial Rome. Thy hand benign
Rear'd up her towery battlements in ſtrength;
Bent her wide bridges o'er the ſwelling ſtream

of

Of Tuſcan Tiber; thine thoſe ſolemn domes
Devoted to the voice of humbler prayer;
And thine thoſe piles * undeck'd, capacious, vaſt,
In days of dearth where tender Charity
Diſpens'd her timely ſuccours to the poor.
Thine too thoſe muſically-falling founts,
To ſlake the clammy lip; adown they fall,
Muſical ever; while from yon blue hills,
Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts
Turn their innumerable arches o'er
The ſpacious deſert, brightening in the ſun,
Proud and more proud in their auguſt approach:
High o'er irriguous vales and woods and towns,
Glide the ſoft whiſpering waters in the wind,
And here united pour their ſilver ſtreams
Among the figur'd rocks, in murmuring falls,
Muſical ever. Theſe thy beauteous works:
And what beſide felicity could tell
Of human benefit: more late the reſt;
At various times their turrets chanc'd to riſe,
When impious tyranny vouchſaf'd to ſmile.

Behold by Tiber's flood, where modern Rome †
Couches beneath the ruins: there of old
With arms and trophies gleam'd the field of Mars:
There to their daily ſports the noble youth
Ruſh'd emulous; to fling the pointed lance;

To

* The public granaries.

† Modern Rome ſtands chiefly on the old Campus Martius.

To vault the ſteed; or with the kindling wheel
In duſty whirlwinds ſweep the trembling goal;
Or wreſtling, cope with adverſe ſwelling breaſts,
Strong grappling arms, cloſe heads, and diſtant feet;
Or claſh the lifted gauntlets: there they form'd
Their ardent virtues: in the boſſy piles,
The proud triumphal arches; all their wars,
Their conqueſts, honours, in the ſculptures live.
And ſee from every gate thoſe ancient roads,
With tombs high verg'd, the ſolemn paths of Fame:
Deſerve they not regard? O'er whoſe broad flints
Such crowds have roll'd, ſo many ſtorms of war;
So many pomps; ſo many wondering realms:
Yet ſtill through mountains pierc'd, o'er vallies rais'd,
In even ſtate, to diſtant ſeas around,
They ſtretch their pavements. Lo, the fane of Peace,
Built by that prince, who to the truſt of power *
Was honeſt, the delight of human-kind.
Three nodding iſles remain; the reſt an heap
Of ſand and weeds; her ſhrines, her radiant roofs,
And columns proud, that from her ſpacious floor,
As from a ſhining ſea, majeſtic roſe
An hundred foot aloft, like ſtately beech
Around the brim of Dion's glaſſy lake,
Charming the mimic painter: on the walls
Hung Salem's ſacred ſpoils; the golden board,
And golden trumpets, now conceal'd, entomb'd
By the ſunk roof.—O'er which in diſtant view

* Begun by Veſpaſian, and finiſhed by Titus.

Th' Etruſcan mountains ſwell, with ruins crown'd
Of ancient towns; and blue Soracte ſpires,
Wrapping his ſides in tempeſts. Eaſtward hence,
Nigh where the Ceſtian pyramid divides *
The mouldering wall, beyond yon fabrick huge,
Whoſe duſt the ſolemn antiquarian turns,
And thence, in broken ſculptures caſt abroad,
Like Sibyl's leaves, collects the builder's name
Rejoic'd, and the green medals frequent found
Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame:
The ſtately pines, that ſpread their branches wide
In the dun ruins of its ample halls, †
Appear but tufts; as may whate'er is high
Sink in compariſon, minute and vile.

Theſe, and unnumber'd, yet their brows uplift,
Rent of their graces; as Britannia's oaks
On Merlin's mount, or Snowden's rugged ſides,
Stand in the clouds, their branches ſcatter'd round,
After the tempeſt; Mauſoleums, Cirques,
Naumachios, Forums; Trajan's column tall,
From whoſe low baſe the ſculptures wind aloft,
And lead through various toils, up the rough ſteep,
Its hero to the ſkies: and his dark tower, ‡
Whoſe execrable hand the city fir'd,
And while the dreadful conflagration blaz'd,

Plac'd

* The tomb of Ceſtius, partly within and partly without the walls.

† The baths of Caracalla, a vaſt ruin.

‡ Nero's.

Play'd to the flames; and Phœbus' letter'd dome; *
And the rough reliques of Carinæ's ſtreet,
Where now the ſhepherd to his nibbling ſheep
Sits piping with his oaten reed; as erſt
There pip'd the ſhepherd to his nibbling ſheep,
When th' humble roof Anchiſes' ſon explor'd
Of good Evander, wealth-deſpiſing king,
Amid the thickets: ſo revolves the ſcene;
So time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
From duſt again to duſt. Behold that heap
Of mouldering urns (their aſhes blown away,
Duſt of the mighty) the fame ſtory tell;
And at its baſe, from whence the ſerpent glides
Down the green deſert ſtreet, yon hoary monk
Laments the ſame, the viſion as he views,
The ſolitary, ſilent, ſolemn ſcene,
Where Cæſars, heroes, peaſants, hermits lie,
Blended in duſt together; where the ſlave
Reſts from his labours; where th' inſulting proud
Reſigns his power; the miſer drops his hoard;
Where human folly ſleeps.—There is a mood,
(I ſing not to the vacant and the young)
There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
That wings the ſoul, and points her to the ſkies;
When tribulation cloaths the child of man,
When age deſcends with ſorrow to the grave,
'Tis ſweetly-ſoothing ſympathy to pain,
A gently-wakening call to health and eaſe.

* The Palatin library.

How muſical! when all-devouring Time,
Here ſitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
While winds and tempeſts ſweep his various lyre,
How ſweet thy diapaſon, Melancholy!
Cool evening comes; the ſetting ſun diſplays
His viſible great round between yon towers,
As through two ſhady cliffs; away, my Muſe,
Though yet the proſpect pleaſes, ever new
In vaſt variety, and yet delight
The many-figur'd ſculptures of the path
Half beauteous, half effac'd; the traveller
Such antique marbles to his native land
Oft hence conveys; and every realm and ſtate
With Rome's auguſt remains, heroes and gods,
Deck their long galleries and winding groves;
Yet miſs we not th' innumerable thefts,
Yet ſtill profuſe of graces teems the waſte.
  Suffice it now th' Eſquilian mount to reach
With weary wing, and ſeek the ſacred reſts
Of Maro's humble tenement; a low
Plain wall remains; a little ſun-gilt heap,
Groteſque and wild; the gourd and olive brown
Weave the light roof: the gourd and olive fan
Their amorous foliage, mingling with the vine,
Who drops her purple cluſters through the green.
Here let me lie, with pleaſing fancy ſooth'd:
Here flow'd his fountain; here his laurels grew;
Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard
Fram'd the celeſtial ſong, or ſocial walk'd
With Horace and the ruler of the world.

Happy

Happy Auguſtus! who ſo well inſpir'd
Could'ſt throw thy pomps and royalties aſide,
Attentive to the wiſe, the great of ſoul,
And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,
Auſpicious to the Muſes! then rever'd,
Then hallow'd was the fount, or ſecret ſhade,
Or open mountain, or whatever ſcene
The Poet choſe, to tune th' ennobling rhime
Melodious; ev'n the rugged ſons of war,
Ev'n the rude hinds rever'd the Poet's name:
But now—another age, alas! is ours—
Yet will the Muſe a little longer ſoar,
Unleſs the clouds of care weigh down her wing,
Since nature's ſtores are ſhut with cruel hand,
And each aggrieves his brother; ſince in vain
The thirſty pilgrim at the fountain aſks
Th' o'erflowing wave—Enough—the plaint diſdain.
See'ſt thou yon fane? ev'n now inceſſant time *
Sweeps her low mouldering marbles to the duſt;
And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods,
Threatens huge ruin o'er the ſmall rotund.
'Twas there beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſwains with reverend awe beheld
Thee, O Quirinus, and thy brother-twin,
Preſſing the teat within a monſter's graſp
Sportive; while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf
Turn'd her ſtretch'd neck and form'd your tender limbs;
So taught of Jove, ev'n the fell ſavage fed

* The temple of Romulus and Remus under Mount Palatin.

Your ſacred infancies, your virtues, toils,
The conqueſts, glories, of th' Auſonian ſtate,
Wrap'd in their ſecret ſeeds. Each kindred ſoul,
Robuſt and ſtout, ye grapple to your hearts,
And little Rome appears. Her cots ariſe,
Green twigs of oſier weave the ſlender walls,
Green ruſhes ſpread the roofs; and here and there
Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.
Elate with joy Etruſcan Tiber views
Her ſpreading ſcenes enameling his waves,
Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,
And gathering ſwains; and rolls his yellow car
To Neptune's court with more majeſtic train.
Her ſpeedy growth alarm'd the ſtates around,
Jealous; yet, ſoon by wondrous virtue won,
They ſink into her boſom. From the plough
Roſe her dictators; fought, o'ercame, return'd,
Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their peers;
For then no private pomp, no houſhold ſtate,
The public only ſwell'd the generous breaſt.
Who has not heard the Fabian heroes ſung?
Dentatus' ſcars, or Mutius' flaming hand?
How Manlius ſav'd the capitol? the choice
Of ſteady Regulus? As yet they ſtood,
Simple of life; as yet ſeducing wealth
Was unexplor'd, and ſhame of poverty
Yet unimagin'd—Shine not all the fields
With various fruitage? murmur not the brooks
Along the flowery vallies? They, content,
Feaſted at nature's hand, indelicate,

Blithe, in their eaſy taſte; and only ſought
To know their duties; that their only ſtrife,
Their generous ſtrife, and greatly to perform.
They through all ſhapes of peril and of pain,
Intent on honour, dar'd in thickeſt death
To ſnatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd,
Nor Thraſymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field,
Their dauntleſs courage; ſtorming Hannibal
In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd,
The Thunder of the battle they return'd
Back on his Punick ſhores; till Carthage fell,
And danger fled afar. The city gleam'd
With precious ſpoils: alas, proſperity!
Ah, baneful ſtate! yet ebb'd not all their ſtrength
In ſoft luxurious pleaſures; proud deſire
Of boundleſs ſway, and feveriſh thirſt of gold,
Rouz'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece,
Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm
Half rais'd her ruſty ſhield; nor could avail
The ſword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart;
Nor yet the car of that fam'd Britiſh chief,
Which ſeven brave years beneath the doubtleſs wing
Of victory, dreadful roll'd its griding wheels
Over the bloody war: the Roman arms
Triumph'd, till Fame was ſilent to their foes.
And now the world unrival'd they enjoy'd
In proud ſecurity: the creſted helm,
The plated greave and corſelet hung unbrac'd;
Nor clank'd their arms, the ſpear and ſounding ſhield,
But on the glittering trophy to the wind.

Diſſolv'd in eaſe and ſoft delights they lie,
Till every ſun annoys, and every wind
Has chilling force, and every rain offends:
For now the frame no more is girt with ſtrength
Maſculine, nor in luſtineſs of heart
Laughs at the winter ſtorm, and ſummer-beam,
Superior to their rage: enfeebling vice
Withers each nerve, and opens every pore
To painful feeling: flowery bowers they ſeek
(As æther prompts, as the ſick ſenſe approves)
Or cool Nymphean grots; or tepid baths
(Taught by the ſoft Ionians) they, along
The lawny vale, of every beauteou ſtone,
Pile in the roſeat air with fond expence:
Through ſilver channels glide the vagrant waves,
And fall on ſilver beds cryſtalline down,
Melodious murmuring; while luxury
Over their naked limbs with wanton hand,
Sheds roſes, odours, ſheds unheeded bane.
Swift is the flight of wealth; unnumber'd wants,
Brood of voluptuouſneſs, cry out aloud
Neceſſity, and ſeek the ſplendid bribe.
The citron board, the bowl emboſs'd with gems,
And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around
Of ſeeming ivy, by that artful hand,
Corinthian Thericles; whate'er is known
Of rareſt acquiſition; Tyrian garbs,
Neptunian Albion's high teſtaceous food,
And flavour'd Chian wines with incenſe fum'd
To ſlake Patrician thirſt: for theſe, their rights

In the vile ſtreets they proſtitute to ſale;
Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,
Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,
Is there no villain, that will bind the neck
Stretch'd to the yoke? they come; the market throngs;
But who has moſt by fraud or force amaſs'd?
Who moſt can charm corruption with his doles?
He be the monarch of the ſtate; and lo!
Didius, vile uſurer, through the crowd he mounts *;
Beneath his feet the Roman eagle cowers,
And the red arrows fill his graſp uncouth.
O Britons, O my countrymen, beware;
Gird, gird your hearts; the Romans once were free,
Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny howe'er
Deign'd to walk forth a while in pageant ſtate,
And with licentious pleaſures fed the rout,
The thoughtleſs many: to the wanton ſound
Of fifes and drums they danc'd, or in the ſhade
Sung Cæſar, great and terrible in war,
Immortal Cæſar! Lo, a God, a God,
He cleaves the yielding ſkies! Cæſar meanwhile
Gathers the ocean pebbles; or the gnat
Enrag'd purſues; or at his lonely meal
Starves a wide province; taſtes, diſlikes, and flings
To dogs and ſycophants. A God, a God!
The flowery ſhades and ſhrines obſcene return.
But ſee along the north the tempeſt ſwell
O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their ſnows!
Sudden

* Didius Julianus, who bought the empire.

THE FLEECE.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

THE ſubject propoſed. Dedicatory addreſs. Of paſtures in general, fit for ſheep: for fine-wool'd ſheep: for long-wool'd ſheep. Defects of paſtures, and their remedies. Of climates. The moiſture of the Engliſh climate vindicated. Particular beauties of England. Different kinds of Engliſh ſheep: the two common ſorts of rams deſcribed. Different kinds of foreign ſheep. The ſeveral ſorts of food. The diſtempers ariſing from thence, with their remedies. Sheep led by inſtinct to their proper food and phyſic. Of the ſhepherd's ſcrip, and its furniture. Care of ſheep in tupping-time. Of the caſtration of lambs, and the folding of ſheep. Various precepts relative to changes of weather and ſeaſons. Particular care of new-fallen lambs. The advantages and ſecurity of the Engliſh ſhepherd above thoſe in hotter or colder climates; exemplified with reſpect to Lapland, Italy, Greece, and Arabia. Of ſheep-ſhearing. Song on that occaſion. Cuſtom in Wales of ſprinkling the rivers with flowers. Sheep-ſhearing feaſt and merriments on the banks of the Severn.

THE

THE care of ſheep, the labours of the loom,
And arts of trade, I ſing. Ye rural nymphs,
Ye ſwains, and princely merchants, aid the verſe.
And ye, high-truſted guardians of our iſle,
Whom public voice approves, or lot of birth
To the great charge aſſigns: ye good, of all
Degrees, all ſects, be preſent to my ſong.
So may diſtreſs, and wretchedneſs, and want,
The wide felicities of labour learn:
So may the proud attempts of reſtleſs Gaul
From our ſtrong borders, like a broken wave,
In empty foam retire. But chiefly Thou,
The people's ſhepherd, eminently plac'd
Over the numerous ſwains of every vale,
With well-permitted power, and watchful eye,
On each gay field to ſhed beneficence,
Celeſtial office! Thou protect the ſong.
On ſpacious airy downs, and gentle hills,
With graſs and thyme o'erſpread, and clover wild,
Where ſmiling Phœbus tempers every breeze,
The faireſt flocks rejoice! they, nor of halt,
Hydropic tumours, nor of rot, complain;
Evils deform'd and foul: nor with hoarſe cough
Diſturb the muſic of the paſtoral pipe:
But, crouding to the note, with ſilence ſoft
The cloſe-woven carpet graze; where Nature blends
Flowrets and herbage of minuteſt ſize,
Innoxious luxury. Wide airy downs
Are Health's gay walks to ſhepherd and to ſheep.

All

All arid ſoils, with ſand, or chalky flint,
Or ſhells deluvian mingled; and the turf,
That mantles over rocks of brittle ſtone,
Be thy regard: and where low-tufted broom,
Or box, or berry'd juniper ariſe;
Or the tall growth of gloſſy-rinded beech;
And where the burrowing rabbit turns the duſt;
And where the dappled deer delights to bound.
Such are the downs of Banſtead, edg'd with woods,
And towery villas; ſuch Dorceſtrian fields,
Whoſe flocks innumerous whiten all the land:
Such thoſe ſlow-climbing wilds, that lead the ſtep
Inſenſibly to Dover's windy cliff,
Tremendous height! and ſuch the clover'd lawns
And ſunny mounts of beauteous Normanton *,
Health's chearful haunt, and the ſelected walk
Of Heathcote's leiſure: ſuch the ſpacious plain
Of Sarum, ſpread like Ocean's boundleſs round,
Where ſolitary Stonehenge, grey with moſs,
Ruin of ages, nods: ſuch too the leas
And ruddy tilth, which ſpiry Roſs beholds,
From a green hilloc, o'er her lofty elms;
And Lemſter's brooky tract, and airy Croft †;
And ſuch Harleian Eywood's ‡ ſwelling turf,
Wav'd as the billows of a rolling ſea:

And

* A ſeat of Sir John Heathcote in Rutlandſhire.
† A ſeat of Sir Archer Croft.
‡ Of the Earl of Oxford.

And Shobden *, for its lofty terrace fam'd,
Which from a mountain's ridge, elate o'er woods
And girt with all Siluria †, ſees around
Regions on regions blended in the clouds.
Pleaſant Siluria, land of various views,
Hills, rivers, woods, and lawns, and purple groves
Pomaceous, mingled with the curling growth
Of tendril hops, that flaunt upon their poles,
More airy wild than vines along the ſides
Of treacherous Falernum ‡; or that hill
Veſuvius, where the bowers of Bacchus roſe,
And Herculanean and Pompeian domes.
But if thy prudent care would cultivate
Leiceſtrian fleeces, what the ſinewy arm
Combs through the ſpiky ſteel in lengthen'd flakes;
Rich ſaponaceous loam, that ſlowly drinks
The blackening ſhower, and fattens with the draught;
Or marle with clay deep-mix'd, be then thy choice,
Of one conſiſtence, one complexion, ſpread
Through all thy glebe; where no deceitful veins
Of envious gravel lurk beneath the turf,
To looſe the creeping waters from their ſprings,
Tainting the paſturage: and let thy fields

* A ſeat of Lord Bateman.

† Siluria, the part of England which lies weſt of the Severn, viz. Herefordſhire, Monmouthſhire, &c.

‡ Treacherous Falernum, becauſe part of the hill of Falernum was many years ago overturned by an eruption of fire, and is now an high and barren mount of cinders, called Monte Novo.

In ſlopes deſcend and mount, that chilling rains
May trickle off, and haſten to the brooks.
Yet ſome defect in all on earth appears;
All ſeek for help, all preſs for ſocial aid.
Too cold the graſſy mantle of the marl,
In ſtormy winter's long and dreary nights,
For cumbent ſheep; from broken ſlumber oft
They riſe benumb'd, and vainly ſhift the couch;
Their waſted ſides their evil plight declare.
Hence, tender in his care, the ſhepherd ſwain
Seeks each contrivance. Here it would avail,
At a meet diſtance from the upland ridge,
To ſink a trench, and on the hedge-long bank
Sow frequent ſand, with lime, and dark manure;
Which to the liquid element will yield
A porous way, a paſſage to the foe.
Plough not ſuch paſtures: deep in ſpungy graſs
The oldeſt carpet is the warmeſt lair,
And ſoundeſt; in new herbage coughs are heard.
Nor love too frequent ſhelter: ſuch as decks
The vale of Severn, Nature's garden wide,
By the blue ſteeps of diſtant Malvern * wall'd,
Solemnly vaſt. The trees of various ſhade,
Scene behind ſcene, with fair deluſive pomp
Enrich the proſpect, but they rob the lawns.
Nor prickly brambles, white with woolly theft,
Should tuft thy fields. Applaud not the remiſs
Dimetians †, who, along their moſſy dales,

* Malvern, a high ridge of hills near Worceſter.
† Dimetia, Caermarthenſhire in South Wales.

Conſume, like graſshoppers, the ſummer hour;
While round them ſtubborn thorns and furze increaſe,
And creeping briars. I knew a careful ſwain,
Who gave them to the crackling flames, and ſpread
Their duſt ſaline upon the deepening graſs:
And oft with labor-ſtrengthen'd arm he delv'd
The draining trench acroſs his verdant ſlopes,
To intercept the ſmall meandring rills
Of upper hamlets: haughty trees, that ſour
The ſhaded graſs, that weaken thorn-ſet mounds,
And harbour villain crows, he rare allow'd:
Only a ſlender tuft of uſeful aſh,
And mingled beech and elm, ſecurely tall,
The little ſmiling cottage warm embower'd;
The little ſmiling cottage, where at eve
He meets his roſy children at the door,
Prattling their welcomes, and his honeſt wife,
With good brown cake and bacon ſlice, intent
To cheer his hunger after labour hard.

Nor only ſoil, there alſo muſt be found
Felicity of clime, and aſpect bland,
Where gentle ſheep may nouriſh locks of price.
In vain the ſilken fleece on windy brows,
And northern ſlopes of cloud-dividing hills
Is ſought, though ſoft Iberia ſpreads her lap
Beneath their rugged feet, and names their heights
Biſcaian or Segovian. Bothnic realms,
And dark Norwegian, with their choiceſt fields,
Dingles, and dells, by lofty fir embower'd,
In vain the bleaters court. Alike they ſhun

Libya's

Libya's h[illegible]s: what taſte have they for groves
Of pa[illegible] duſt of gold? no more
Fo[illegible]n to the miſer wealth,
[illegible] glittering heap, and ſtarves.
[illegible]le the ſhining fleece,
[illegible]orates her loom, acquires
Albion, by th' enſnaring bribe,
[illegible]t of avarice, which, with felon fraud,
[illegible] its own wanton mouth, from thouſands ſteals.
How erring oft the judgment in its hate,
Or fond deſire! Thoſe ſlow-deſcending ſhowers,
Thoſe hovering fogs, that bathe our growing vales
In deep November (loath'd by trifling Gaul,
Effeminate), are gifts the Pleiads ſhed,
Britannia's handmaids. As the beverage falls,
Her hills rejoice, her valleys laugh and ſing.
Hail, noble Albion! where no golden mines,
No ſoft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bowers,
The vigorous frame and lofty heart of man
Enervate: round whoſe ſtern cerulean brows
White-winged ſnow, and cloud, and pearly rain,
Frequent attend, with ſolemn majeſty:
Rich Queen of Miſts and Vapours! Theſe thy ſons
With their cool arms compreſs; and twiſt their nerves
For deeds of excellence and high renown.
Thus form'd, our Edwards, Henrys, Churchills, Blakes,
Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltons, roſe.
See the ſun gleams; the living paſtures riſe,
After the nurture of the fallen ſhower,

How beautiful! how blue th' ethereal vault,
How verdurous the lawns, how clear the brooks!
Such noble warlike ſteeds, ſuch herds of kine,
So ſleek, ſo vaſt; ſuch ſpacious flocks of ſheep,
Like flakes of gold illumining the green,
What other paradiſe adorn but thine,
Britannia? happy, if thy ſons would know
Their happineſs. To theſe thy naval ſtreams,
Thy frequent towns ſuperb of buſy trade,
And ports magnific add, and ſtately ſhips,
Innumerous. But whither ſtrays my Muſe?
Pleas'd, like a traveller upon the ſtrand
Arriv'd of bright Auguſta: wild he roves,
From deck to deck, through groves immenſe of maſts;
'Mong crouds, bales, cars, the wealth of either Ind;
Through wharfs, and ſquares, and palaces, and domes,
In ſweet ſurprize; unable yet to fix
His raptur'd mind, or ſcan in order'd courſe
Each object ſingly; with diſcoveries new
His native country ſtudious to enrich.
Ye ſhepherds, if your labours hope ſucceſs,
Be firſt your purpoſe to procure a breed,
To ſoil and clime adapted. Every ſoil
And clime, ev'n every tree and herb, receives
Its habitant peculiar: each to each,
The Great Inviſible, and each to all,
Through earth, and ſea, and air, harmonious ſuits.
Tempeſtuous regions, Darwent's * naked peaks,
Snowden

* Darwent's naked peaks, the peaks of Derbyſhire.

Snowden * and blue Plynlymmon *, and the wide
Aërial ſides of Cader-yddris * huge;
Theſe are beſtow'd on goat-horn'd ſheep, of fleece
Hairy and coarſe, of long and nimble ſhank,
Who rove o'er bog or heath, and graze or brouze
Alternate, to collect, with due diſpatch,
O'er the bleak wild, the thinly-ſcatter'd meal.
But hills of milder air, that gently riſe
O'er dewy dales, a fairer ſpecies boaſt,
Of ſhorter limb, and frontlet more ornate;
Such the Silurian. If thy farm extends
Near Cotſwold downs, or the delicious groves
Of Symmonds, honour'd through the ſandy ſoil
Of elmy Roſs †, or Devon's myrtle vales,
That drink clear rivers near the glaſſy ſea;
Regard this ſort, and hence thy ſire of lambs
Select: his tawny fleece in ringlets curls;
Long ſwings his ſlender tail; his front is fenc'd
With horns Ammonian, circulating twice
Around each open ear, like thoſe fair ſcrolls
That grace the columns of th' Iönic dome.
Yet ſhould thy fertile glebe be marly clay,
Like Melton paſtures, or Tripontian fields ‡,
Where ever-gliding Avon's limpid wave
Thwarts the long courſe of duſty Watling-ſtreet;

* Snowdon, Plynlymmon, and Cader-yddris, high hills in North Wales.

† A town in Herefordſhire.

‡ Tripontian fields, the country between Rugby, in Warwickſhire, and Lutterworth, in Leiceſterſhire.

That larger ſort, of head defenceleſs, ſeek,
Whoſe fleece is deep and clammy, cloſe and plain:
The ram ſhort-limb'd, whoſe form compact deſcribes
One level line along his ſpacious back;
Of full and ruddy eye, large ears, ſtretch'd head,
Noſtrils dilated, breaſt and ſhoulders broad,
And ſpacious haunches, and a lofty dock.
Thus to their kindred ſoil and air induc'd,
Thy thriving herd will bleſs thy ſkilful care,
That copies Nature; who, in every change,
In each variety, with Wiſdom works,
And powers diverſify'd of air and ſoil,
Her rich materials. Hence Sabæa's rocks,
Chaldæa's marl, Ægyptus' water'd loam,
And dry Cyrene's ſand, in climes alike,
With different ſtores ſupply the marts of trade.
Hence Zembla's icy tracts no bleaters hear;
Small are the Ruſſian herds, and harſh their fleece:
Of light eſteem Germanic, far remote
From ſoft ſea-breezes, open winters mild,
And ſummers bath'd in dew: on Syrian ſheep
The coſtly burden only loads their tails:
No locks Cormandel's, none Malacca's tribe
Adorn; but fleek of ſlix, and brown like deer,
Fearful and ſhepherdleſs, they bound along
The ſands. No fleeces wave in torrid climes,
Which verdure boaſt of trees and ſhrubs alone,
Shrubs aromatic, caufee wild, or thea,
Nutmeg, or cinnamon, or fiery clove,
Unapt to feed the fleece. The food of wool.

In

Is graſs or herbage ſoft, that ever blooms
In temperate air, in the delicious downs
Of Albion, on the banks of all her ſtreams.
Of graſſes are unnumber'd kinds, and all
(Save where foul waters linger on the turf)
Salubrious. Early mark, when tepid gleams
Oft mingle with the pearls of ſummer ſhowers,
And ſwell too haſtily the tender plains:
Then ſnatch away thy ſheep; beware the rot;
And with deterſive bay-ſalt rub their mouths;
Or urge them on a barren bank to feed,
In Hunger's kind diſtreſs, on tedded hay;
Or to the mariſh guide their eaſy ſteps,
If near thy tufted crofts the broad ſea ſpreads.
Sagacious care foreacts: when ſtrong diſeaſe
Breaks in, and ſtains the purple ſtreams of health,
Hard is the ſtrife of art: the coughing peſt
From their green paſture ſweeps whole flocks away.
That dire diſtemper ſometimes may the ſwain,
Though late, diſcern; when on the lifted lid,
Or viſual orb, the turgid veins are pale;
The ſwelling liver then her putrid ſtore
Begins to drink: ev'n yet thy ſkill exert,
Nor ſuffer weak deſpair to fold thy arms:
Again deterſive ſalt apply, or ſhed
The hoary medicine o'er their arid food.
In cold ſtiff ſoils the bleaters oft complain
Of gouty ails, by ſhepherds term'd the halt:
Thoſe let the neighbouring fold or ready crook
Detain; and pour into their cloven feet

Corroſive drugs, deep-ſearching arſenic,
Dry alum, verdigriſe, or vitriol keen.
But if the doubtful miſchief ſcarce appears,
'Twill ſerve to ſhift them to a dryer turf,
And ſalt again: th' utility of ſalt
Teach thy ſlow ſwains: redundant humours cold
Are the diſeaſes of the bleating kind.
Th' infectious ſcab, ariſing from extremes
Of want or ſurfeit, is by water cur'd
Of lime, or ſodden ſtave-acre, or oil
Diſperſive of Norwegian tar, renown'd
By virtuous Berkeley, whoſe benevolence
Explor'd its powers, and eaſy medicine thence
Sought for the poor: ye poor, with grateful voice,
Invoke eternal bleſſings on his head.
Sheep alſo pleuriſies and dropſies know,
Driv'n oft from Nature's path by artful man,
Who blindly turns aſide, with haughty hand,
Whom ſacred Inſtinct would ſecurely lead.
But thou, more humble ſwain, thy rural gates
Frequent unbar, and let thy flocks abroad,
From lea to croft, from mead to arid field;
Noting the fickle ſeaſons of the ſky.
Rain-fated paſtures let them ſhun, and ſeek
Changes of herbage and ſalubrious flowers.
By their All-perfect Maſter inly taught,
They beſt their food and phyſic can diſcern;
For He, Supreme Exiſtence, ever near,
Informs them. O'er the vivid green obſerve
With what a regular conſent they crop,

A:

At every fourth collection to the mouth,
Unſavory crow-flower; whether to awake
Languor of appetite with lively change,
Or timely to repel approaching ills,
Hard to determine. Thou, whom nature loves,
And with her ſalutary rules entruſts,
Benevolent Mackenzie *, ſay the cauſe.
This truth howe'er ſhines bright to human ſenſe;
Each ſtrong affection of th' unconſcious brute,
Each bent, each paſſion of the ſmalleſt mite,
Is wiſely given; harmonious they perform
The work of perfect reaſon (bluſh, vain man!),
And turn the wheels of nature's vaſt machine.
See that thy ſcrip have ſtore of healing tar,
And marking pitch and raddle; nor forget
Thy ſheers true pointed, nor th' officious dog,
Faithful to teach thy ſtragglers to return:
So may'ſt thou aid who lag along, or ſteal
Aſide into the furrows or the ſhades,
Silent to droop; or who, at every gate
Or hillock, rub their ſores and looſen'd wool.
But rather theſe, the feeble of thy flock,
Baniſh before th' autumnal months: ev'n age
Forbear too much to favour; oft renew,
And through thy fold let joyous youth appear.
Beware the ſeaſon of imperial love,
Who through the world his ardent ſpirit pours;
Ev'n

* Dr. Mackenzie, late of Worceſter, now of Drumſugh, near Edinburgh.

Ev'n ſheep are then intrepid: the proud ram
With jealous eye ſurveys the ſpacious field;
All rivals keep aloof, or deſperate war
Suddenly rages; with impetuous force,
And fury irreſiſtible, they daſh
Their hardy frontlets; the wide vale reſounds;
The flock amaz'd ſtands ſafe afar; and oft
Each to the other's might a victim falls:
As fell of old, before that engine's ſway,
Which hence ambition imitative wrought,
The beauteous towers of Salem to the duſt.
Wiſe cuſtom, at the fifth or ſixth return,
Or ere they 'ave paſt the twelfth of orient morn,
Caſtrates the lambkins; neceſſary rite,
Ere they be number'd of the peaceful herd.
But kindly watch whom thy ſharp hand has griev'd,
In thoſe rough months, that lift the turning year:
Not tedious is the office; to thy aid
Favonius haſtens; ſoon their wounds he heals,
And leads them ſkipping to the flowers of May;
May, who allows to fold, if poor the tilth,
Like that of dreary, houſeleſs, common fields,
Worn by the plough: but fold on fallows dry.
Enfeeble not thy flock to feed thy land:
Nor in too narrow bounds the priſoners croud:
Nor ope the wattled fence, while balmy morn
Lies on the reeking paſture; wait till all
The cryſtal dews, impearl'd upon the graſs,
Are touch'd by Phœbus' beams, and mount aloft,
With various clouds to paint the azure ſky.

In teizing fly-time, dank, or frosty days,
With unctuous liquids, or the lees of oil,
Rub their soft skins, between the parted locks;
Thus the Brigantes*; 'tis not idle pains:
Nor is that skill despis'd, which trims their tails,
Ere summer heats, of filth and tagged wool.
Coolness and cleanliness to health conduce.

To mend thy mounds, to trench, to clear, to soil
Thy grateful fields, to medicate thy sheep,
Hurdles to weave, and chearly shelters raise,
Thy vacant hours require; and ever learn
Quick æther's motion: oft the scene is turn'd;
Now the blue vault, and now the murky cloud,
Hail, rain, or radiance; these the moon will tell,
Each bird and beast, and these thy fleecy tribe:
When high the sapphire cope, supine they couch,
And chew the cud delighted; but, ere rain,
Eager, and at unwonted hour, they feed:
Slight not the warning; soon the tempest rolls,
Scattering them wide, close rushing at the heels
Of th' hurrying o'ertaken swains: forbear
Such nights to fold; such nights be theirs to shift
On ridge or hillock; or in homesteads soft,
Or softer cotes, detain them. Is thy lot
A chill penurious turf, to all thy toils
Untractable? Before harsh winter drowns
The noisy dykes, and starves the rushy glebe,
Shift the frail breed to sandy hamlets warm:

There-

* The inhabitants of Yorkshire.

There let them ſojourn, till gay Procne ſkims
The thickening verdure, and the riſing flowers.
And while departing autumn all embrowns
The frequent-bitten fields; while thy free hand
Divides the tedded hay; then be their feet
Accuſtom'd to the barriers of the rick,
Or ſome warm umbrage; left, in erring fright,
When the broad dazzling ſnows deſcend, they run
Diſpers'd to ditches, where the ſwelling drift
Wide overwhelms: anxious, the ſhepherd ſwains
Iſſue with axe and ſpade, and, all abroad,
In doubtful aim explore the glaring waſte;
And ſome, perchance, in the deep delve upraiſe,
Drooping, ev'n at the twelfth cold dreary day,
With ſtill continued feeble pulſe of life;
The glebe, their fleece, their fleſh, by hunger gnaw'd.
Ah, gentle ſhepherd, thine the lot to tend,
Of all, that feel diſtreſs, the moſt aſſail'd,
Feeble, defenceleſs: lenient be thy care:
But ſpread around thy tendereſt diligence
In flowery ſpring-time, when the new-dropt lamb,
Tottering with weakneſs by his mother's ſide,
Feels the freſh world about him; and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet:
O, guard his meek ſweet innocence from all
Th' innumerous ills that ruſh around his life;
Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
Circling the ſkies to ſnatch him from the plain;
Obſerve the lurking crows; beware the brake,
There the ſly fox the careleſs minute waits;

Nor

Nor truſt thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor ſky:
Thy boſom to a thouſand cares divide.
Eurus oft ſlings his hail; the tardy fields
Pay not their promis'd food; and oft the dam
O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
Or fails to guard, when the bold bird of prey
Alights, and hops in many turns around,
And tires her alſo turning: to her aid
Be nimble, and the weakeſt, in thine arms,
Gently convey to the warm cote, and oft,
Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,
His hungry bleating ſtill with tepid milk:
In this ſoft office may thy children join,
And charitable habits learn in ſport:
Nor yield him to himſelf, ere vernal airs
Sprinkle thy little croft with daiſy flowers.
Nor yet forget him: life has riſing ills:
Various as æther is the paſtoral care:
Through ſlow experience, by a patient breaſt,
The whole long leſſon gradual is attain'd,
By precept after precept, oft receiv'd
With deep attention: ſuch as Nuceus ſings
To the full vale near Soar's * enamour'd brook,
While all is ſilence: ſweet Hinclean ſwain!
Whom rude obſcurity ſeverely claſps:
The Muſe, howe'er, will deck thy ſimple cell
With purple violets and primroſe flowers,
Well-pleas'd thy faithful leſſons to repay.

Sheep

* Soar, a river in Leiceſterſhire.

Sheep no extremes can bear: both heat and cold
Spread ſores cutaneous; but, more frequent, heat
The fly-blown vermin, from their woolly neſt,
Preſs to the tortur'd ſkin, and fleſh, and bone,
In littleneſs and number dreadful foes.
Long rains in miry winter cauſe the halt;
Rainy luxuriant ſummers rot your flock;
And all exceſs, ev'n of ſalubrious food,
As ſure deſtroys, as famine or the wolf.
Inferior theirs to man's world-roving frame,
Which all extremes in every zone endures.
With grateful heart, ye Britiſh ſwains, enjoy
Your gentle ſeaſons and indulgent clime.
Lo, in the ſprinkling clouds, your bleating hills
Rejoice with herbage, while the horrid rage
Of winter irreſiſtible o'erwhelms
Th' Hyperborean tracts: his arrowy froſts,
That pierce through flinty rocks, the Lappian flies;
And burrows deep beneath the ſnowy world;
A drear abode, from roſe-diffuſing hours,
That dance before the wheels of radiant day,
Far, far remote; where, by the ſqualid light
Of foetid oil inflam'd, ſea-monſter's ſpume,
Or fir-wood, glaring in the weeping vault,
Twice three ſlow gloomy months, with various ills
Sullen he ſtruggles; ſuch the love of life!
His lank and ſcanty herds around him preſs,
As, hunger-ſtung, to gritty meal he grinds
The bones of fiſh, or inward bark of trees,
Their common ſuſtenance. While ye, O ſwains,

Ye,

Ye, happy at your eaſe, behold your ſheep
Feed on the open turf, or croud the tilth,
Where, thick among the greens, with buſy mouths
They ſcoop white turnips: little care is yours;
Only, at morning hour, to interpoſe
Dry food of oats, or hay, or brittle ſtraw,
The watery juices of the boſſy root
Abſorbing: or from noxious air to ſcreen
Your heavy teeming ewes, with wattled fence
Of furze or copſe-wood, in the lofty field,
Which bleak aſcends among the whiſtling winds.
Or, if your ſheep are of Silurian breed,
Nightly to houſe them dry on fern or ſtraw,
Silkening their fleeces. Ye, nor rolling hut,
Nor watchful dog, require; where never roar
Of ſavage tears the air, where careleſs night
In balmy ſleep lies lull'd, and only wakes
To plenteous peace. Alas! o'er warmer zones
Wild terror ſtrides: their ſtubborn rocks are rent;
Their mountains ſink; their yawning caverns flame;
And fiery torrents roll impetuous down,
Proud cities deluging; Pompeian towers,
And Herculanean, and what riotous ſtood
In Syrian valley, where now the Dead Sea
Mong ſolitary hills infectious lies.
See the ſwift furies, famine, plague, and war,
In frequent thunders rage o'er neighbouring realms,
And ſpread their plains with deſolation wide:
Yet your mild homeſteads, ever-bloming ſmile
Among embracing woods; and waft on high

The

The breath of plenty, from the ruddy tops
Of chimneys, curling o'er the gloomy trees,
In airy azure ringlets, to the ſky.
Nor ye by need are urg'd, as Attic ſwains,
And Tarentine, with ſkins to cloath your ſheep;
Expenſive toil; howe'er expedient found
In fervid climates, while from Phœbus' beams
They fled to rugged woods and tangling brakes.
But thoſe expenſive toils are now no more,
Proud tyranny devours their flocks and herds:
Nor bleat of ſheep may now, nor ſound of pipe,
Sooth the ſad plains of once ſweet Arcady,
The ſhepherds' kingdom: dreary ſolitude
Spreads o'er Hymettus, and the ſhaggy vale
Of Athens, which, in ſolemn ſilence, ſheds
Her venerable ruins to the duſt.

The weary Arabs roam from plain to plain,
Guiding the languid herd in queſt of food;
And ſhift their little home's uncertain ſcene
With frequent farewell: ſtrangers, pilgrims all,
As were their fathers. No ſweet fall of rain
May there be heard; nor ſweeter liquid lapſe
Of river, o'er the pebbles gliding by
In murmurs: goaded by the rage of thirſt,
Daily they journey to the diſtant clefts
Of craggy rocks, where gloomy palms o'erhang
The ancient wells, deep ſunk by toil immenſe,
Toil of the patriarchs, with ſublime intent
Themſelves and long poſterity to ſerve.
There, at the public hour of ſultry noon,

They ſhare the beverage, when ſo watering come,
And grateful umbrage, all the tribes around,
And their lean flocks, whoſe various bleatings fill
The echoing caverns: then is abſent none,
Fair nymph or ſhepherd, each inſpiring each
To wit, and ſong, and dance, and active feats;
In the ſame ruſtic ſcene, where Jacob won
Fair Rachael's boſom, when a rock's vaſt weight
From the deep dark-mouth'd well his ſtrength remov'd,
And to her circling ſheep refreſhment gave.
Such are the perils, ſuch the toils of life,
In foreign climes. But ſpeed thy flight, my Muſe;
Swift turns the year; and our unnumber'd flocks
On fleeces overgrown uneaſy lie.
Now, jolly ſwains, the harveſt of your cares
Prepare to reap, and ſeek the ſounding caves
Of high Brigantium *, where, by ruddy flames,
Vulcan's ſtrong ſons, with nervous arm, around
The ſteady anvil and the glaring maſs,
Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns,
Flattening the ſteel; from their rough hands receive
The ſharpen'd inſtrument, that from the flock
Severs the fleece. If verdant elder ſpreads
Her ſilver flowers; if humble daiſies yield
To yellow crow-foot, and luxuriant graſs,
Gay ſhearing-time approaches. Firſt, howe'er,

* The caves of Brigantium—the forges of Sheffield, in Yorkſhire, where the ſhepherds ſhears and all edge-tools are made.

Drive to the double fold, upon the brim
Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,
And plunge them one by one; into the flood:
Plung'd in the flood, not long the ſtruggler ſinks,
With his white flakes, that gliſten through the tide;
The ſturdy ruſtic, in the middle wave,
Awaits to ſeize him riſing; one arm bears
His lifted head above the limpid ſtream,
While the full clammy fleece the other laves
Around, laborious, with repeated toil;
And then reſigns him to the ſunny bank,
Where, bleating loud, he ſhakes his dripping locks.
Shear them the fourth or fifth return of morn,
Leſt touch of buſy fly-blows wound their ſkin:
Thy peaceful ſubjects without murmur yield
Their yearly tribute: 'tis the prudent part
To cheriſh and be gentle, while, while ye ſtrip
The downy veſture from their tender ſides.
Preſs not too cloſe; with caution turn the points;
And from the head in regular rounds proceed:
But ſpeedy, when ye chance to wound, with tar
Prevent the wingy ſwarm and ſcorching heat;
And careful houſe them, if the lowering clouds
Mingle their ſtores tumultuous: through the gloom
Then thunder oft with ponderous wheels rolls loud,
And breaks the cryſtal urns of heaven: adown
Falls ſtreaming rain. Sometimes among the ſteeps
Of Cambrian glades (pity the Cambrian glades)
Faſt tumbling brooks on brooks enormous ſwell,
And ſudden overwhelm their v[illegible]th'd fields:

Down

Down with the flood away the naked sheep,
Bleating in vain, are borne, and straw-built huts,
And rifted trees, and heavy' enormous rocks,
Down with the rapid torrent to the deep.
At shearing-time, along the lively vales,
Rural festivities are often heard:
Beneath each blooming arbor all is joy
And lusty merriment: while on the grass
The mingled youth in gaudy circles sport,
We think the golden age again return'd,
And all the fabled Dryades in dance.
Leering they bound along, with laughing air,
To the shrill pipe, and deep remurmuring cords
Of th' ancient harp, or tabor's hollow sound.
While th' old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,
Attend the tuneful carol, softly mixt
With every murmur of the sliding wave,
And every warble of the feather'd choir;
Music of paradise! which still is heard,
When the heart listens; still the views appear
Of the first happy garden, when Content
To Nature's flowery scenes directs the sight.
Yet we abandon those Elysian walks,
Then idly for the lost delight repine:
As greedy mariners, whose desperate sails
Skim o'er the billows of the foamy flood,
Fancy they see the lessening shores retire,
And sigh a farewel to the sinking hills.
Could I recall those notes, which once the Muse
Heard at a shearing, near the woody sides

Of blue-topp'd Wreakin *! Yet the carols ſweet,
Through the deep maze of the memorial cell,
Faintly remurmur. Firſt aroſe in ſong
Hoar-headed Damon, venerable ſwain,
The ſootheſt ſhepherd of the flowery vale.
" This is no vulgar ſcene: no palace-roof
" Was e'er ſo lofty, nor ſo nobly riſe
" Their poliſh'd pillars, as theſe aged oaks,
" Which o'er our fleecy wealth and harmleſs ſports
" Thus have expanded wide their ſheltering arms,
" Thrice told an hundred ſummers. Sweet Content,
" Ye gentle ſhepherds, pillow us at night."
" Yes, tuneful Damon, for our cares are ſhort,
" Riſing and falling with the chearful day,"
Colin reply'd; " and pleaſing wearineſs
" Soon our unaching heads to ſleep inclines.
" Is it in cities ſo? where, poets tell,
" The cries of ſorrow ſadden all the ſtreets,
" And the diſeaſes of intemperate wealth.
" Alas, that any ills from wealth ſhould riſe!
" May the ſweet nightingale on yonder ſpray,
" May this clear ſtream, theſe lawns, thoſe ſnow-white
" lambs,
" Which, with a pretty innocence of look,
" Skip on the green, and race in little troops;
" May that great lamp, which ſinks behind the hills,
" And ſtreams around variety of lights,
" Recall them erring: this is Damon's wiſh.
" Huge

* A high hill in Shropſhire.

" Huge Breaden's * ſtony ſummit once I climb'd
" After a kidling: Damon, what a ſcene!
" What various views unnumber'd ſpread beneath!
" Woods, towers, vales, caves, dells, cliffs, and torrent
" floods;
" And here and there, between the ſpiry rocks,
" The broad flat ſea. Far nobler proſpects theſe,
" Than gardens black with ſmoke in duſty towns,
" Where ſtenchy vapours often blot the ſun:
" Yet, flying from his quiet, thither crouds
" Each greedy wretch for tardy-riſing wealth,
" Which comes too late; that courts the taſte in vain,
" Or nauſeates with diſtempers. Yes, ye rich,
" Still, ſtill be rich, if thus ye faſhion life;
" And piping, careleſs, ſilly ſhepherds we,
" We ſilly ſhepherds, all intent to feed
" Our ſnowy flocks, and wind the fleeky fleece."
" Deem not, howe'er, our occupation mean,"
Damon reply'd, " while the Supreme accounts
" Well of the faithful ſhepherd, rank'd alike
" With king and prieſt: they alſo ſhepherds are;
" For ſo th' All-ſeeing ſtyles them, to remind
" Elated man, forgetful of his charge."
" But haſte, begin the rites: ſee purple Eve
" Stretches her ſhadows: all ye nymphs and ſwains
" Hither aſſemble. Pleas'd with honours due,
" Sabrina, guardian of the cryſtal flood,
" Shall bleſs our cares, when ſhe by moonlight clear

* A hill on the borders of Montgomeryſhire.

" Skims o'er the dales, and eyes our sleeping folds:
" Or in hoar caves around Plynlymmon's brow,
" Where precious minerals dart their purple gleams,
" Among her sisters she reclines; the lov'd
" Vaga *, profuse of graces, Ryddol * rough,
" Blithe Ystwith *, and Clevedoc * swift of foot;
" And mingles various seeds of flowers and herbs,
" In the divided torrents, ere they burst
" Through the dark clouds, and down the mountain
" roll.
" Nor taint-worm shall infect the yeaning herds,
" Nor penny-grass, nor spear-wort's poisonous leaf."
He said: with light fantastic toe, the nymphs
Thither assembled, thither every swain;
And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flowers,
Pale lilies, roses, violets, and pinks,
Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,
And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms.
Such custom holds along th' irriguous vales,
From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn †,
Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet she fled
The search of Guendolen, her stepdame proud,
With envious hate enrag'd. The jolly chear,
Spread on a mossy bank, untouch'd abides,

Th

* Vaga, Ryddol, Ystwith, and Clevedoc, rivers, the springs of which rise in the hills of Plynlymmon.

† Dolvoryn, a ruinous castle in Montgomeryshire on the banks of the Severn.

Till ceaſe the rites: and now the moſſy bank
Is gaily circled, and the jolly chear
Diſpers'd in copious meaſure; early fruits,
And thoſe of frugal ſtore, in huſk or rind;
Steep'd grain, and curdled milk with dulcet cream
Soft temper'd, in full merriment they quaff,
And caſt about their gibes; and ſome apace
Whiſtle to roundelays: their little-ones
Look on delighted: while the mountain-woods,
And winding vallies, with the various notes
Of pipe, sheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks,
Unite their echoes: near at hand the wide
Majeſtic wave of Severn ſlowly rolls
Along the deep-divided glebe: the flood,
And trading bark with low contracted ſail,
Linger among the reeds and copſy banks
To liſten; and to view the joyous ſcene.

THE FLEECE.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTION. Recommendation of mercifulneſs to animals. Of the winding of wool. Diverſity of wool in the fleece: ſkill in the aſſorting of it; particularly among the Dutch. The uſes of each ſort. Severe winters pernicious to the fleece. Directions to prevent their effects. Wool lighter in common-fields: inconveniencies of common-fields. Vulgar errors concerning the wool of England: its real excellencies; and directions in the choice. No good wool in cold or wet paſtures: yet all paſtures improveable; exemplified in the drainage of Bedford Level. Britain in ancient times not eſteemed for wool. Countries eſteemed for wool before the Argonautic expedition. Of that expedition, and its conſequences. Countries afterwards eſteemed for wool. The decay of arts and ſciences in the barbarous ages: their revival, firſt at Venice. Countries noted for wool in the preſent times. Wool the beſt of all the various materials for cloathing. The

wool

wool of our iſland, peculiarly excellent, is the combing wool. Methods to prevent its exportation. Apology of the author for treating this ſubject. Biſhop Blaize the inventor of wool-combing. Of the dying of wool. Few dyes the natural product of England. Neceſſity of trade for importing them. The advantages of trade, and its utility in the moral world; exemplified in the proſperity and ruin of the elder Tyre.

NOW, of the fever'd lock, begin the ſong,
With various numbers, through the ſimple theme
To win attention: this, ye ſhepherd ſwains,
This is a labour. Yet, O Wray, if thou
Ceaſe not with ſkilful hand to point her way,
The lark-wing'd Muſe, above the graſſy vale,
And hills, and woods, ſhall, ſinging, ſoar aloft;
And he, whom Learning, Wiſdom, Candor, Grace,
Who glows with all the virtues of his ſire,
Royſton approve, and patronize the ſtrain.
Through all the brute creation, none, as ſheep,
To lordly man ſuch ample tribute pay.
For him their udders yield nectareous ſtreams:
For him their downy veſtures they reſign;
For him they ſpread the feaſt: ah! ne'er may he
Glory in wants, which doom to pain and death
His blameleſs fellow-creatures. Let diſeaſe,
Let waſted hunger, by deſtroying live;
And the permiſſion uſe with trembling thanks,
Meekly reluctant: 'tis the brute beyond:

And gluttons ever murder, when they kill.
Ev'n to the reptile every cruel deed
Is high impiety. Howe'er not all,
Not of the ſanguinary tribe are all;
All are not ſavage. Come, ye gentle ſwains,
Like Brama's healthy ſons on Indus' banks,
Whom the pure ſtream and garden fruits ſuſtain,
Ye are the ſons of Nature; your mild hands
Are innocent: ye, when ye ſhear, relieve.
Come, gentle ſwains, the bright unſully'd locks
Collect: alternate ſongs ſhall ſooth your cares,
And warbling muſic break from every ſpray.
Be faithful; and the genuine locks alone
Wrap round: nor alien flake nor pitch enfold:
Stain not your ſtores with baſe deſire to add
Fallacious weight: nor yet, to mimic thoſe,
Minute and light, of ſandy Urchinfield *,
Leſſen, with ſubtle artifice, the fleece:
Equal the fraud. Nor interpoſe delay,
Leſt buſy æther through the open wool
Debilitating paſs, and every film
Ruffle and ſully with the valley's duſt.
Guard too from moiſture, and the fretting moth
Pernicious: ſhe, in gloomy ſhade conceal'd,
Her labyrinth cuts, and mocks the comber's care.
But in looſe locks of fells ſhe moſt delights,
And feeble fleeces of diſtemper'd ſheep,
Whither ſhe haſtens, by the morbid ſcent
Allur-

* The country about Roſs, in Herefordſhire.

Allur'd; as the ſwift eagle to the fields
Of ſlaughtering war or carnage: ſuch apart
Keep for their proper uſe. Our anceſtors
Selected ſuch, for hoſpitable beds
To reſt the ſtranger, or the gory chief,
From battle or the chace of wolves return'd.
When many-colour'd Evening ſinks behind
The purple woods and hills, and oppoſite
Riſes, full-orb'd, the ſilver harveſt-moon,
To light th' unwearied farmer, late afield
His ſcatter'd ſheaves collecting; then expect
The artiſts, bent on ſpeed, from populous Leeds,
Norwich, or Froome; they traverſe every plain,
And every dale, where farm or cottage ſmokes:
Reject them not; and let the ſeaſon's price
Win thy ſoft treaſures: let the bulky wain
Through duſty roads roll nodding; or the bark,
That ſilently adown the cerule ſtream
Glides with white ſails, diſpenſe the downy freight
To copſy villages on either ſide,
And ſpiry towns, where ready diligence,
The grateful burden to receive, awaits,
Like ſtrong Briareus, with his hundred hands.
In the ſame fleece diverſity of wool
Grows intermingled, and excites the care
Of curious ſkill to ſort the ſeveral kinds.
But in this ſubtle ſcience none exceed
Th' induſtrious Belgians, to the work who guide
Each feeble hand of want: their ſpacious domes
With boundleſs hoſpitality receive

Each

Each nation's outcaſts: there the tender eye
May view the maim'd, the blind, the lame, employ'd,
And unrejected age; ev'n childhood there
Its little fingers turning to the toil
Delighted: nimbly, with habitual ſpeed,
They ſever lock from lock, and long, and ſhort,
And ſoft, and rigid, pile in ſeveral heaps.
This the duſk hatter aſks; another ſhines,
Tempting the clothier; that the hoſier ſeeks;
The long bright lock is apt for airy ſtuffs;
But often it deceives the artiſt's care,
Breaking unuſeful in the ſteely comb:
For this long ſpungy wool no more increaſe
Receives, while Winter petrifies the fields:
The growth of Autumn ſtops: and what though Spring
Succeeds with roſy finger, and ſpins on
The texture? yet in vain ſhe ſtrives to link
The ſilver twine to that of Autumn's hand.
Be then the ſwain adviſ'd to ſhield his flocks
From Winter's deadening froſts and whelming ſnows:
Let the loud tempeſt rattle on the roof,
While they, ſecure within, warm cribs enjoy,
And ſwell their fleeces, equal to the worth
Of cloath'd Apulian *, by ſoft warmth improv'd:
Or let them inward heat and vigor find,
By food of cole or turnep, hardy plants.

Beſides,

* The ſhepherds of Apulia, Tarentum, and Attica, uſed to cloath their ſheep with ſkins, to preſerve and improve their fleeces.

Beſides, the lock of one continued growth
Imbibes a clearer and more equal dye.
But lighteſt wool is theirs, who poorly toil,
Through a dull round, in unimproving farms
Of common-fields: incloſe, incloſe, ye ſwains;
Why will you joy in common-field, where pitch,
Noxious to wool, muſt ſtain your motley flock,
To mark your property? The mark dilates,
Enters the flake depreciated, defil'd,
Unfit for beauteous tint: beſides, in fields
Promiſcuous held, all culture languiſhes;
The glebe, exhauſted, thin ſupply receives;
Dull waters reſt upon the ruſhy flats
And barren furrows: none the riſing grove
There plants for late poſterity, nor hedge
To ſhield the flock, nor copſe for chearing fire;
And, in the diſtant village, every hearth
Devours the graſſy ſward, the verdant food
Of injur'd herds and flocks, or what the plough
Should turn and moulder for the bearded grain;
Pernicious habit, drawing gradual on
Increaſing beggary, and Nature's frowns.
Add too, the idle pilferer eaſier there
Eludes detection, when a lamb or ewe
From intermingled flocks he ſteals; or when,
With looſen'd tether of his horſe or cow,
The milky ſtalk of the tall green-ear'd corn,
The year's ſlow-ripening fruit, the anxious hope
Of his laborious neighbour, he deſtroys.

There

There are, who over-rate our ſpungy ſtores,
Who deem that Nature grants no clime, but ours,
To ſpread upon its fields the dews of heaven,
And feed the ſilky fleece; that card, nor comb,
The hairy wool of Gaul can e'er ſubdue,
To form the thread, and mingle in the loom,
Unleſs a third from Britain ſwell the heap:
Illuſion all; though of our ſun and air
Not trivial is the virtue: nor their fruit,
Upon our ſnowy flocks, of ſmall eſteem:
The grain of brighteſt tincture none ſo well
Imbibes: the wealthy Gobelins muſt to this
Bear witneſs, and the coſtlieſt of their looms.
And though, with hue of crocus or of roſe,
No power of ſubtle food, or air, or ſoil,
Can dye the living fleece; yet 'twill avail
To note their influence in the tinging vaſe.
Therefore from herbage of old-paſtur'd plains,
Chief from the matted turf of azure marle,
Where grow the whiteſt locks, collect thy ſtores.
Thoſe fields regard not, through whoſe recent turf
The miry ſoil appears: not ev'n the ſtreams
Of Yare, or ſilver Stroud, can purify
Their frequent-ſully'd fleece; nor what rough winds,
Keen-biting on tempeſtuous hills, inbrown.
Yet much may be perform'd, to check the force
Of Nature's rigor: the high heath, by trees
Warm-ſhelter'd, may deſpiſe the rage of ſtorms:
Moors, bogs, and weeping fens, may learn to ſmile,
And leave in dykes their ſoon-forgotten tears.

Labor

Labor and Art will every aim atchieve
Of noble boſoms. Bedford Level *, erſt
A dreary pathleſs waſte, the coughing flock
Was wont with hairy fleeces to deform;
And, ſmiling with her lure of ſummer flowers,
The heavy ox, vain-ſtruggling, to ingulph;
Till one, of that high-honour'd patriot name,
Ruſſel, aroſe, who drain'd the ruſhy fen,
Confin'd the waves, bade groves and gardens bloom,
And through his new creation led the Ouze,
And gentle Camus, ſilver-winding ſtreams;
God-like beneficence; from chaos drear
To raiſe the garden and the ſhady grove!
But ſee Ierne's moors and hideous bogs,
Immeaſurable tract. The traveller
Slow tries his mazy ſtep on th' yielding tuft,
Shuddering with fear: ev'n ſuch perfidious wilds,
By labor won, have yielded to the comb
The faireſt length of wool. See Deeping fens,
And the long lawns of Bourn. 'Tis Art and Toil
Gives Nature value, multiplies her ſtores,
Varies, improves, creates: 'tis Art and Toil
Teaches her woody hills with fruits to ſhine,
The pear and taſteful apple; decks with flowers
And foodful pulſe the fields, that often riſe,
Admiring to behold their furrows wave
With yellow corn. What changes cannot Toil
With patient Art, effect? There was a time,

When

* In Cambridgeſhire.

When other regions were the ſwains delight,
And ſhepherdleſs Britannia's ruſhy vales,
Inglorious, neither trade nor labor knew,
But of rude baſkets, homely ruſtic geer,
Woven of the flexile willow; till, at length,
The plains of Sarum open'd to the hand
Of patient Culture, and, o'er ſinking woods,
High Cotſwold ſhow'd her ſummits. Urchinfield,
And Lemſter's crofts, beneath the pheaſant's brake,
Long lay unnoted. Toil new paſture gives;
And, in the regions oft of active Gaul,
O'er leſſening vineyards ſpreads the growing turf.
In eldeſt times, when kings and hardy chiefs
In bleeting ſheepfolds met, for pureſt wool
Phœnicia's hilly tracts were moſt renown'd,
And fertile Syria's and Judæa's land,
Hermon, and Seir, and Hebron's brooky ſides:
Twice with the murex' crimſon hue they ting'd
The ſhining fleeces: hence their gorgeous wealth;
And hence aroſe the walls of ancient Tyre.
Next buſy Colchis, bleſs'd with frequent rains,
And lively verdure (who the lucid ſtream
Of Phaſis boaſted, and a portly race
Of fair inhabitants) improv'd the fleece;
When, o'er the deep by flying Phryxus brought,
The fam'd Theſſalian ram enrich'd her plains.
This, riſing Greece with indignation view'd,
And youthful Jaſon an attempt conceiv'd
Lofty and bold: along Peneus' banks,
Around Olympus' brows, the Muſes' haunts,

He

He rous'd the brave, to re-demand the fleece.
Attend, ye Britiſh ſwains, the ancient ſong.
From every region of Ægea's ſhore
The brave aſſembled; thoſe illuſtrious twins,
Caſtor and Pollux; Orpheus, tuneful bard;
Zetes and Calais, as the wind in ſpeed;
Strong Hercules; and many a chief renown'd.
On deep Iolcos' ſandy ſhore they throng'd,
Gleaming in armour, ardent of exploits;
And ſoon, the laurel cord, and the huge ſtone
Up-lifting to the deck, unmoor'd the bark;
Whoſe keel, of wondrous length, the ſkilful hand
Of Argus faſhion'd for the proud attempt;
And in th' extended keel a lofty maſt
Up-rais'd, and ſails full-ſwelling; to the chiefs
Unwonted objects: now firſt, now they learn'd
Their bolder ſteerage over ocean wave,
Led by the golden ſtars, as Chiron's art
Had mark'd the ſphere celeſtial. Wide abroad
Expands the purple deep: the cloudy iſles,
Scyros and Scopelos, and Icos, riſe,
And Haloneſos: ſoon huge Lemnos heaves
Her azure head above the level brine,
Shakes off her miſts, and brightens all her cliffs:
While they, her flattering creeks and opening bowers
Cautious approaching, in Myrina's port
Caſt out the cabled ſtone upon the ſtrand.
Next to the Myſian ſhore they ſhape their courſe,
But with too eager haſte: in the white foam
His oar Alcides breaks; howe'er, not long

The chance detains; he ſprings upon the ſhore,
And, rifting from the roots a tapering pine,
Renews his ſtroke. Between the threatening towers
Of Helleſpont they ply the rugged ſurge,
To Hero's and Leander's ardent love
Fatal: then ſmooth Propontis' widening wave,
That like a glaſſy lake expands, with hills,
Hills above hills, and gloomy woods, begirt.
And now the Thracian Boſphorus they dare,
Till the Symplegades, tremendous rocks,
Threaten approach; but they, unterrify'd,
Through the ſharp-pointed cliffs and thundering floods
Cleave their bold paſſage: nathleſs by the craggs
And torrents ſorely ſhatter'd: as the ſtrong
Eagle or vulture, in th' intangling net
Involv'd, breaks through, yet leaves his plumes behind.
Thus, through the wide waves, their flow way they force
To Thynia's hoſpitable iſle. The brave
Paſs many perils, and to fame by ſuch
Experience riſe. Refreſh'd, again they ſpeed
From cape to cape, and view unnumber'd ſtreams,
Halys, with hoary Lycus, and the mouths
Of Aſparus and Glaucus, rolling ſwift
To the broad deep their tributary waves;
Till in the long-ſought harbour they arrive
Of golden Phaſis. Foremoſt on the ſtrand
Jaſon advanc'd: the deep capacious bay,
The crumbling terrace of the marble port,
Wondering he view'd, and ſtately palace-domes,
Pavilions proud of luxury: around,

I:

In every glittering hall, within, without,
O'er all the timbrel-ſounding ſquares and ſtreets,
Nothing appear'd but luxury, and crowds
Sunk deep in riot. To the public weal
Attentive none he found: for he, their chief
Of ſhepherds, proud Aëtes, by the name
Sometimes of king diſtinguiſh'd, 'gan to ſlight
The ſhepherd's trade, and turn to ſong and dance:
Ev'n Hydrus ceas'd to watch; Medea's ſongs
Of joy, and roſy youth, and Beauty's charms,
With magic ſweetneſs lull'd his cares aſleep,
Till the bold heroes graſp'd the golden fleece.
Nimbly they wing'd the bark, ſurrounded ſoon
By Neptune's friendly waves: ſecure they ſpeed
O'er the known ſeas, by every guiding cape,
With proſperous return. The myrtle ſhores,
And glaſſy mirror of Iolcos' lake,
With loud acclaim receiv'd them. Every vale,
And every hillock, touch'd the tuneful ſtops
Of pipes unnumber'd, for the ram regain'd.

Thus Phaſis loſt his pride: his ſlighted nymphs
Along the withering dales and paſtures mourn'd;
The trade-ſhip left his ſtreams; the merchant ſhunn'd
His deſart borders; each ingenious art,
Trade, Liberty, and Affluence, all retir'd,
And left to Want and Servitude their ſeats;
Vile ſucceſſors! and gloomy Ignorance
Following like dreary Night, whoſe ſable hand
Hangs on the purple ſkirts of flying day.

Sithence the fleeces of Arcadian plains,
And Attic, and Theſſalian, bore eſteem;
And thoſe in Grecian colonies diſpers'd,
Caria and Doris, and Iönia's coaſt,
And fam'd Tarentum, where Galeſus' tide,
Rolling by ruins hoar of ancient towns,
Through ſolitary vallies ſeeks the ſea.
Or green Altinum, by an hundred Alps
High-crown'd, whoſe woods and ſnowy peaks aloft
Shield her low plains from the rough northern blaſt.
Thoſe too of Bœtica's delicious fields,
With golden fruitage bleſs'd of higheſt taſte,
What need I name? The Turdetanian tract,
Or rich Coraxus, whoſe wide looms unroll'd
The fineſt webs? where ſcarce a talent weigh'd
A ram's equivalent. Then only Tin
To late-improv'd Britannia gave renown.
Lo the revolving courſe of mighty time,
Who loftineſs abaſes, tumbles down
Olympus' brow, and lifts the lowly vale.
Where is the majeſty of ancient Rome,
The throng of heroes in her ſplendid ſtreets,
The ſnowy veſt of peace, or purple robe,
Slow trail'd triumphal? Where the Attic fleece,
And Tarentine, in warmeſt litter'd cotes,
Or ſunny meadows, cloath'd with coſtly care?
All in the ſolitude of ruin loſt,
War 's horrid carnage, vain Ambition's duſt.
Long lay the mournful realms of elder Fame
In gloomy deſolation, till appear'd

Beauteo

Beauteous Venetia, firſt of all the nymphs,
Who from the melancholy waſte emerg'd:
In Adria's gulph her clotted locks ſhe lav'd,
And roſe another Venus: each ſoft joy,
Each aid of life, her buſy wit reſtor'd;
Science reviv'd, with all the lovely Arts,
And all the Graces. Reſtituted Trade
To every Virtue lent his helping ſtores,
And chear'd the vales around; again the pipe,
And bleating flocks, awak'd the chearful lawn.

The gloſſy fleeces now of prime eſteem
Soft Aſia boaſts, where lovely Caſſimere,
Within a lofty mound of circling hills,
Spreads her delicious ſtores; woods, rocks, caves, lakes,
Hills, lawns, and winding ſtreams; a region term'd
The paradiſe of Indus. Next, the plains
Of Lahor, by that arbor ſtretch'd immenſe,
Through many a realm, to Agra, the proud throne
Of India's worſhip'd prince, whoſe luſt is law:
Remote dominions; nor to ancient Fame,
Nor modern known, till public-hearted Roe,
Faithful, ſagacious, active, patient, brave,
Led to their diſtant climes adventurous trade.

Add too the ſilky wool of Libyan lands,
Of Caza's bowery dales, and brooky Caus,
Where lofty Atlas ſpreads his verdant feet,
While in the clouds his hoary ſhoulders bend.

Next proud Iberia glories in the growth
Of high Caſtile, and mild Segovian glades.

And beauteous Albion, ſince great Edgar chac'd
The prowling wolf, with many a lock appears
Of ſilky luſtre; chief, Siluria, thine;
Thine, Vaga, favour'd ſtream; from ſheep minute
On Cambria bred: a pound o'erweighs a fleece.
Gay Epſom's too, and Banſtead's, and what gleams
On Vecta's iſle, that ſhelters Albion's fleet,
With all its thunders: or Salopian ſtores,
Thoſe which are gather'd in the fields of Clun:
High Cotſwold alſo 'mong the ſhepherd ſwains
Is oft remember'd, though the greedy plough
Preys on its carpet: He *, whoſe ruſtic Muſe
O'er heath and craggy holt her wing diſplay'd,
And ſung the boſky bourns of Alfred's ſhires,
Has favour'd Cotſwold with luxuriant praiſe.
Need we the levels green of Lincoln note,
Or rich Leiceſtria's marly plains, for length
Of whiteſt locks and magnitude of fleece
Peculiar; envy of the neighbouring realms?
But why recount our graſſy lawns alone,
While ev'n the tillage of our cultur'd plains,
With boſſy turnep, and luxuriant cole,
Learns through the circling year their flocks to feed.
Ingenious trade! to cloath the naked world,
Her ſoft materials, not from ſheep alone,
From various animals, reeds, trees, and ſtones,
Collects ſagacious: in Eubœa's iſle
A wondrous rock † is found, of which are woven
Veſ

* Drayton. † The Aſbeſtos.

Veſts incombuſtible: Batavia, flax;
Siam's warm mariſh yields the fiſſile cane;
Soft Perſia, ſilk; Balaſor's ſhady hills
Tough bark of trees; Peruvian Pito, graſs;
And every ſultry clime the ſnowy down
Of cotton, burſting from its ſtubborn ſhell
To gleam amid the verdure of the grove.
With gloſſy hair of Tibet's ſhagged goat
Are light tiaras woven, that wreath the head,
And airy float behind: the beaver's flix
Gives kindlieſt warmth to weak enervate limbs,
When the pale blood ſlow riſes through the veins.
Still ſhall o'er all prevail the ſhepherd's ſtores,
For numerous uſes known: none yield ſuch warmth,
Such beauteous hues receive, ſo long endure;
So pliant to the loom, ſo various, none.
Wild rove the flocks, no burdening fleece they bear,
In fervid climes: Nature gives nought in vain.
Carmenian wool on the broad tail alone
Reſplendent ſwells, enormous in its growth:
As the ſleek ram from green to green removes,
On aiding wheels his heavy pride he draws,
And glad reſigns it for the hatter's uſe.
Ev'n in the new Columbian world appears
The woolly covering: Apacheria's * glades,
And Canſes' *, echo to the pipes and flocks
Of foreign ſwains. While time ſhakes down his ſands,

* Provinces in Louiſiana, on the weſtern ſide of the Miſſiſippi.

And works continual change, be none ſecure:
Quicken your labors, brace your ſlackening nerves,
Ye Britons; nor ſleep careleſs on the lap
Of bounteous Nature; ſhe is elſewhere kind.
See Miſſiſippi lengthen on her lawns,
Propitious to the ſhepherds: ſee the ſheep *
Of fertile Arica †, like camels form'd;
Which bear huge burdens to the ſea-beat ſhore,
And ſhine with fleeces ſoft as feathery down.
Coarſe Bothnic locks are not devoid of uſe;
They cloath the mountain carl, or mariner
Laboring at the wet ſhrouds, or ſtubborn helm,
While the loud billows daſh the groaning deck.
All may not Stroud's or Taunton's veſtures wear;
Nor what, from fleece Ratæan ‡, mimic flowers
Of rich Damaſcus: many a texture bright
Of that material in Prætorium § woven,
Or in Norvicum, cheats the curious eye.
If any wool peculiar to our iſle
Is given by Nature, 'tis the comber's lock,
The ſoft, the ſnow-white, and the long-grown flake.
Hither be turn'd the public's wakeful eye,
This golden fleece to guard, with ſtricteſt watch,
From the dark hand of pilfering Avarice,
Who, like a ſpectre, haunts the midnight hour,
When Nature wide around him lies ſupine

And

* Theſe ſheep are called Guanapos.
† A province of Peru.
‡ The fleeces of Leiceſterſhire.
§ Coventry.

And silent, in the tangles soft involv'd
Of death-like sleep: he then the moment marks,
While the pale moon illumes the trembling tide,
Speedy to lift the canvas, bend the oar,
And waft his thefts to the perfidious foe.
Happy the patriot, who can teach the means
To check his frauds, and yet untroubled leave
Trade's open channels. Would a generous aid
To honest toil, in Cambria's hilly tracts,
Or where the Lune * or Coker † wind their streams,
Be found sufficient? Far, their airy fields,
Far from infectious luxury arise.
O might their mazy dales, and mountain sides
With copious fleeces of Ierne shine,
And gulphy Caledonia, wisely bent
On wealthy fisheries and flaxen webs;
Then would the sister realms, amid their seas,
Like the three Graces in harmonious fold,
By mutual aid enhance their various charms,
And bless remotest climes—To this lov'd end,
Awake, Benevolence; to this lov'd end,
Strain all thy nerves, and every thought explore.
Far, far away, whose passions would immure,
In your own little hearts, the joys of life;
(Ye worms of pride) for your repast alone,
Who claim all nature's stores, woods, waters, meads,
All her profusion; whose vile hands would grasp
The

* A river in Cumberland. † A river in Lancashire.

Opening its wealth? What nation did not ſeek,
Of thy new-model'd wool, the curious webs?
Hence the glad cities of the loom his name
Honour with yearly feſtals: through their ſtreets
The pomp, with tuneful ſounds, and order juſt,
Denoting labor's happy progreſs, moves,
Proceſſion ſlow and ſolemn: firſt the rout;
Then ſervient youth, and magiſterial eld;
Each after each, according to his rank,
His ſway, and office, in the commonweal;
And to the board of ſmiling plenty's ſtores
Aſſemble, where delicious cates and fruits
Of every clime are pil'd; and with free hand,
Toil only taſtes the feaſt, by nerveleſs eaſe
Unreliſh'd. Various mirth and ſong reſound;
And oft they interpoſe improving talk,
Divulging each to other knowledge rare,
Sparks, from experience, that ſometimes ariſe;
Till night weighs down the ſenſe, or morning's daw
Rouzes to labor, man to labor born.
Then the ſleek brightening lock, from hand to ha
Renews its circling courſe: this feels the card;
That, in the comb, admires its growing length;
This, blanch'd, emerges from the oily wave;
And that, the amber tint, or ruby, drinks.
For it ſuffices not, in flowery vales,
Only to tend the flock, and ſhear ſoft wool:
ſtor'd of Guinea's arid coaſt;
and India's brightening ſalts;
ghurs, minerals, to ſtain

The fleece prepar'd, which oil-imbibing earth
Of Wooburn blanches, and keen alum-waves
Intenerate. With curious eye obſerve,
In what variety the tribe of ſalts,
Gums, ores, and liquors, eye-delighting hues
Produce, abſterſive or reſtringent; how
Steel caſts the ſable; how pale pewter, fus'd
In fluid ſpirit'ous, the ſcarlet dye;
And how each tint is made, or mixt, or chang'd,
By mediums colourleſs: why is the fume
Of ſulphur kind to white and azure hues,
Pernicious elſe: why no materials yield
Singly their colours, thoſe except that ſhine
With topaz, ſapphire, and cornelian rays:
And why, though nature's face is cloath'd in green,
No green is found to beautify the fleece,
But what repeated toil by mixture gives.
To find effects, while cauſes lie conceal'd,
Reaſon uncertain tries: howe'er, kind chance
Oft with equivalent diſcovery pays
Its wandering efforts; thus the German ſage,
Diligent Drebet, o'er alchemic fire,
Seeking the ſecret ſource of gold, receiv'd
Of alter'd cochineal the crimſon ſtore.
Tyrian Melcartus thus (the firſt who brought
Tin's uſeful ore from Albion's diſtant iſle,
And, for unwearied toils and arts, the name
Of Hercules acquir'd) when o'er the mouth
Of his attendant ſheep-dog he beheld
The wounded murex ſtrike a purple ſtain,

The

THE FLEECE.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTION. Recommendation of labor. The ſeveral methods of ſpinning. Deſcription of the loom, and of weaving. Variety of looms. The fulling-mill deſcribed, and the progreſs of the manufacture. Dying of cloth, and the excellence of the French in that art. Frequent negligence of our artificers. The ill conſequences of idleneſs. Country-workhouſes propoſed; with a deſcription of one. Good effects of induſtry exemplified in the proſpect of Burſtal and Leeds; and the cloth-market there deſcribed. Preference of the labors of the loom to other manufactures, illuſtrated by ſome compariſons. Hiſtory of the art of weaving: its removal from the Netherlands, and ſettlement in ſeveral parts of England. Cenſure of thoſe, who would reject the perſecuted and the ſtranger. Our trade and proſperity owing to them. Of the manufacture of tapeſtry, taught us by the Saracens. Tapeſtries of Blenheim deſcribed. Different arts, prevailth to different countries. Numerous in-

habitants

habitants, and their induſtry, the ſureſt ſource of it. Hence a wiſh, that our country were open to all men. View of the roads and rivers, through which our manufactures are conveyed. Our navigations not far from the ſeats of our manufactures: other countries leſs happy. The difficult work of Egypt in joining the Nile to the Red Sea; and of France in attempting, by canals, a communication between the Ocean and the Mediterranean. Such junctions may more eaſily be performed in England, and the Trent and Severn united to the Thames. Deſcription of the Thames, and the port of London.

PROCEED, Arcadian Muſe; reſume the pipe
Of Hermes, long diſus'd, though ſweet the tone,
And to the ſongs of Nature's choriſters
Harmonious. Audience pure be thy delight,
Though few: for every note which virtue wounds,
However pleaſing to the vulgar herd,
To the purg'd ear is diſcord. Yet too oft
Has falſe diſſembling vice to amorous airs
The reed apply'd, and heedleſs youth allur'd:
Too oft, with bolder ſound, enflam'd the rage
Of horrid war. Let now the fleecy looms
Direct our rural numbers, as of old,
When plains and ſheepfolds were the Muſes' haunts.
So thou, the friend of every virtuous deed
And aim, though feeble, ſhalt theſe rural lays
Approve, O Heathcote, whoſe benevolence
Viſits our vallies; where the paſture ſpreads,

And where the bramble; and would juſtly act
True charity, by teaching idle want
And vice the inclination to do good,
Good to themſelves, and in themſelves to all,
Through grateful toil. Ev'n nature lives by toil:
Beaſt, bird, air, fire, the heavens, and rolling worlds,
All live by action: nothing lies at reſt,
But death and ruin: man is born to care;
Faſhion'd, improv'd, by labor. This of old,
Wiſe ſtates obſerving, gave that happy law,
Which doom'd the rich and needy, every rank,
To manual occupation; and oft call'd
Their chieftains from the ſpade, or furrowing plough,
Or bleating ſheepfold. Hence utility
Through all conditions; hence the joys of health;
Hence ſtrength of arm, and clear judicious thought;
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
Delectable. What ſimple nature yields
(And nature does her part) are only rude
Materials, cumbers on the thorny ground;
'Tis toil that makes them wealth; that makes the fleece
(Yet uſeleſs, riſing in unſhapen heaps);
Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue,
A veſture uſefully ſuccinct and warm,
Or, trailing in the length of graceful folds,
A royal mantle. Come, ye village nymphs,
The ſcatter'd miſts reveal the duſky hills;
Grey dawn appears; the golden morn aſcends,
And paints the glittering rocks, and purple woods,
And flaming ſpires; ariſe, begin your toils;

Beh-

Behold the fleece beneath the ſpiky comb
Drop its long locks, or, from the mingling card,
Spread in ſoft flakes, and ſwell the whiten'd floor.
Come, village nymphs, ye matrons, and ye maids,
Receive the ſoft material: with light ſtep
Whether ye turn around the ſpacious wheel,
Or, patient ſitting, that revolve, which forms
A narrower circle. On the brittle work
Point your quick eye; and let the hand aſſiſt
To guide and ſtretch the gently-leſſening thread:
Even, unknotted twine, will praiſe your ſkill.
A different ſpinning every different web
Aſks from your glowing fingers: ſome require
The more compact, and ſome the looſer wreath;
The laſt for ſoftneſs, to delight the touch
Of chamber'd delicacy: ſcarce the cirque
Need turn around, or twine the lengthening flake.
There are, to ſpeed their labor, who prefer
Wheels double-ſpol'd, which yield to either hand
A ſeveral line: and many, yet adhere
To th' ancient diſtaff, at the boſom fix'd,
Caſting the whirling ſpindle as they walk:
At home, or in the ſheepfold, or the mart,
Alike the work proceeds. This method ſtill
Norvicum favours, and th' Icenian * towns:
It yields their airy ſtuffs an apter thread.
This was of old, in no inglorious days,
The mode of ſpinning, when th' Egyptian prince

* The Iceni were the inhabitants of Suffolk.

A golden diſtaff gave that beauteous nymph,
Too-beauteous Helen: no uncourtly gift
Then, when each gay diverſion of the fair
Led to ingenious uſe. But patient art,
That on experience works, from hour to hour,
Sagacious, has a ſpiral engine * form'd,
Which, on an hundred ſpoles, an hundred threads,
With one huge wheel, by lapſe of water, twines,
Few hands requiring; eaſy-tended work,
That copiouſly ſupplies the greedy loom.
Nor hence, ye Nymphs, let anger cloud your brows;
The more is wrought, the more is ſtill requir'd:
Blithe o'er your toils, with wonted ſong, proceed:
Fear not ſurcharge; your hands will ever find
Ample employment. In the ſtrife of trade,
Theſe curious inſtruments of ſpeed obtain
Various advantage, and the diligent
Supply with exerciſe, as fountains ſure,
Which, ever-gliding, feed the flowery lawn.
Nor, ſhould the careful State, ſeverely kind,
In every province, to the houſe of toil
Compel the vagrant, and each implement
Of ruder art, the comb, the card, the wheel,
Teach their unwilling hands, nor yet complain.
Yours, with the public good, ſhall ever riſe,
Ever, while o'er the lawns, and airy downs
The bleating ſheep and ſhepherd's pipe are heard;
While in the brook ye blanch the gliſtening fleece,

* Paul's engine for cotton and fine wool.

And

And th' amorous youth, delighted with your toils,
Quavers the choiceſt of his ſonnets, warm'd
By growing traffic, friend to wedded love.
The amorous youth, with various hopes inflam'd,
Now on the buſy ſtage ſee him ſtep forth,
With beating breaſt: high-honour'd he beholds
Rich induſtry. Firſt, he beſpeaks a loom:
From ſome thick wood the carpenter ſelects
A ſlender oak, or beech of gloſſy trunk,
Or ſaplin aſh: he ſhapes the ſturdy beam,
The poſts, and treadles; and the frame combines.
The ſmith, with iron-ſcrews, and plated hoops,
Confirms the ſtrong machine, and gives the bolt
That ſtrains the roll. To theſe the turner's lathe,
And graver's knife, the hollow ſhuttle add.
Various profeſſions in the work unite:
For each on each depends. Thus he acquires
The curious engine, work of ſubtle ſkill;
Howe'er, in vulgar uſe around the globe
Frequent obſerv'd, of high antiquity
No doubtful mark: th' adventurous voyager,
Toſs'd over ocean to remoteſt ſhores,
Hears on remoteſt ſhores the murmuring loom;
Sees the deep-furrowing plough, and harrow'd field,
The wheel-mov'd waggon, and the diſcipline
Of ſtrong-yok'd ſteers. What needful art is new?
Next, the induſtrious youth employs his care
To ſtore ſoft yarn; and now he ſtrains the warp
Along the garden-walk, or highway-ſide,
Smoothing each thread; now fits it to the loom,

And ſits before the work: from hand to hand
The thready ſhuttle glides along the lines,
Which open to the woof, and ſhut altern;
And ever and anon, to firm the work,
Againſt the web is driven the noiſy frame,
That o'er the level ruſhes, like a ſurge,
Which, often daſhing on the ſandy beach,
Compacts the traveller's road: from hand to hand
Again, acroſs the lines oft opening, glides
The thready ſhuttle, while the web apace
Increaſes, as the light of eaſtern ſkies,
Spread by the roſy fingers of the morn;
And all the fair expanſe with beauty glows.

Or, if the broader mantle be the taſk,
He chuſes ſome companion to his toil.
From ſide to ſide, with amicable aim,
Each to the other darts the nimble bolt,
While friendly converſe, prompted by the work,
Kindles improvement in the opening mind.

What need we name the ſeveral kinds of looms?
Thoſe delicate, to whoſe fair-colour'd threads
Hang figur'd weights, whoſe various numbers guide
The artiſt's hand: he, unſeen flowers, and trees,
And vales, and azure hills, unerring works.
Or that, whoſe numerous needles, glittering bright,
Weave the warm hoſe to cover tender limbs:
Modern invention: modern is the want.

Next, from the ſlacken'd beam the woof unroll'd,
Near ſome clear-ſliding river, Aire or Stroud,
Is by the noiſy fulling-mill receiv'd;

Wher

Where tumbling waters turn enormous wheels,
And hammers, rising and descending, learn
To imitate the industry of man.
Oft the wet web is steep'd, and often rais'd,
Aft-dripping, to the river's grassy bank;
And sinewy arms of men, with full-strain'd strength,
Wring out the latent water: then, up-hung
In rugged tenters, to the fervid sun
Its level surface, reeking, it expands;
Till brightening in each rigid discipline,
And gathering worth; as human life, in pains,
Conflicts, and troubles. Soon the clothier's shears,
And burler's thistle, skim the surface sheen.
The round of work goes on, from day to day,
Season to season. So the husbandman
Pursues his cares; his plough divides the glebe;
The seed is sown; rough rattle o'er the clods
The harrow's teeth; quick weeds his hoe subdues;
The sickle labours, and the slow team strains;
Till grateful harvest-home rewards his toils.
Th' ingenious artist, learn'd in drugs, bestows
The last improvement; for th' unlabour'd fleece
Care is permitted to imbibe the dye.
In penetrating waves of boiling vats
The snowy web is steep'd, with grain of weld,
Rustic, or logwood, mix'd, or cochineal,
Or the dark purple pulp of Pictish woad,
Of stain tenacious, deep as summer skies,
Like those that canopy the bowers of Stowe
After soft rains, when birds their notes attune,

Ere the melodious nightingale begins.
From yon broad vaſe behold the ſaffron woofs
Beauteous emerge; from theſe the azure riſe;
This glows with crimſon; that the auburn holds;
Theſe ſhall the prince with purple robes adorn;
And thoſe the warrior mark, and thoſe the prieſt.
Few are the primal colours of the art;
Five only; black, and yellow, blue, brown, red;
Yet hence innumerable hues ariſe.
That ſtain alone is good, which bears unchang'd
Diſſolving water's, and calcining ſun's,
And thieving air's attacks. How great the need,
With utmoſt caution to prepare the woof,
To ſeek the beſt-adapted dyes, and ſalts,
And pureſt gums! ſince your whole ſkill conſiſts
In opening well the fibres of the woof,
For the reception of the beauteous dye,
And wedging every grain in every pore,
Firm as a diamond in rich gold enchas'd.
But what the powers, which lock them in the w
Whether incruſting ſalts, or weight of air,
Or fountain-water's cold contracting wave,
Or all combin'd, it well befits to know.
Ah! wherefore have we loſt our old repute?
And who enquires the cauſe, why Gallia's ſons
In depth and brilliancy of hues excel?
Yet yield not, Britons; graſp in every art
The foremoſt name. Let others tamely view,
On crowded Smyrna's and Byzantium's ſtand,
The haughty Turk deſpiſe their proffer'd bales.

N

Now ſee, o'er vales, and peopled mountain-tops,
The welcome traders, gathering every web;
Induſtrious, every web too few. Alas!
Succeſsleſs oft their induſtry, when ceaſe
The loom and ſhuttle in the troubled ſtreets;
Their motion ſtopt by wild Intemperance,
Toil's ſcoffing foe, who lures the giddy rout
To ſcorn their taſk-work, and to vagrant life
Turns their rude ſteps; while Miſery, among
The cries of infants, haunts their mouldering huts.
O when, through every province, ſhall be rais'd
Houſes of labor, ſeats of kind conſtraint,
For thoſe, who now delight in fruitleſs ſports,
More than in chearful works of virtuous trade,
Which honeſt wealth would yield, and portion due
Of public welfare? Ho, ye poor, who ſeek,
Among the dwellings of the diligent,
For ſuſtenance unearn'd; who ſtroll abroad
From houſe to houſe, with miſchievous intent,
Feigning misfortune: Ho, ye lame, ye blind;
Ye languid limbs, with real want oppreſs'd,
Who tread the rough highways, and mountains wild,
Through ſtorms, and rains, and bitterneſs of heart;
Ye children of affliction, be compell'd
To happineſs: the long-wiſh'd day-light dawns,
When charitable Rigor ſhall detain
Your ſtep-bruis'd feet. Ev'n now the ſons of Trade,
Where-e'er their cultivated hamlets ſmile,
Erect the manſion *: here ſoft fleeces ſhine;

The

* This alludes to the workhouſes at Briſtol, Birmingham, &c.

The card awaits you, and the comb, and wheel:
Here ſhroud you from the thunder of the ſtorm;
No rain ſhall wet your pillow: here abounds
Pure beverage; here your viands are prepar'd;
To heal each ſickneſs the phyſician waits,
And prieſt entreats to give your Maker praiſe.

Behold, in Calder's * vale, where wide around
Unnumber'd villas creep the ſhrubby hills,
A ſpacious dome for this fair purpoſe riſe.
High o'er the open gates, with gracious air,
Eliza's image ſtands. By gentle ſteps
Up-rais'd, from room to room we ſlowly walk,
And view with wonder, and with ſilent joy,
The ſprightly ſcene; where many a buſy hand,
Where ſpoles, cards, wheels, and looms, with motion
quick,
And ever-murmuring ſound, th' unwonted ſenſe
Wrap in ſurprize. To ſee them all employ'd,
All blithe, it gives the ſpreading heart delight,
As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy
Corporeal, can beſtow. Nor leſs they gain
Virtue than wealth, while, on their uſeful works
From day to day intent, in their full minds
Evil no place can find. With equal ſcale
Some deal abroad the well-aſſorted fleece;
Theſe card the ſhort, thoſe comb the longer flake;
Oth-

* A river in Yorkſhire, which runs below Halifax and paſſes by Wakefield.

iers the harſh and clotted lock receive,
: ſever and refine with patient toil,
d bring to proper uſe. Flax too, and hemp,
:ite their diligence. The younger hands
at the eaſy work of winding yarn
ſwiftly-circling engines, and their notes
urble together, as a choir of larks:
:h joy ariſes in the mind employ'd.
other ſcene diſplays the more robuſt,
ſping or grinding tough Braſilian woods,
d what Campeachy's diſputable ſhore
pious affords to tinge the thirſty web;
d the Caribbee iſles, whoſe dulcet canes
ual the honey-comb. We next are ſhown
circular machine *, of new deſign,
conic ſhape: it draws and ſpins a thread
ithout the tedious toil of needleſs hands.
wheel, inviſible, beneath the floor,
every member of th' harmonious frame
ves neceſſary motion. One, intent,
:rlooks the work: the carded wool, he ſays,
ſmoothly lapp'd around thoſe cylinders,
hich, gently turning, yield it to yon cirque
upright ſpindles, which, with rapid whirl,
n out, in long extent, an even twine.
From this delightful manſion (if we ſeek
ll more to view the gifts which honeſt toil

Diſ-

* A moſt curious machine, invented by Mr. Paul. is at preſent contrived to ſpin cotton; but it may be de to ſpin fine carded wool.

Diſtributes) take we now our eaſtward courſe,
To the rich fields of Burſtal. Wide around
Hillocks and valley, farm and village, ſmile:
And ruddy roofs, and chimney-tops appear,
Of buſy Leeds, up-wafting to the clouds
The incenſe of thankſgiving: all is joy;
And trade and buſineſs guide the living ſcene.
Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire
Load the ſlow-ſailing barges, pile the pack
On the long tinkling train of ſlow-pac'd ſteeds.
As when a ſunny day invites abroad
The ſedulous ants, they iſſue from their cells
In bands unnumber'd, eager for their work;
O'er high, o'er low, they lift, they draw, they hale
With warm affection to each other's aid;
Repeat their virtuous efforts, and ſucceed.
Thus all is here in motion, all is life:
The creaking wain brings copious ſtore of corn:
The grazier's ſleeky kine obſtruct the roads:
The neat-dreſs'd houſewives, for the feſtal board
Crown'd with full baſkets, in the field-way paths
Come tripping on; the echoing hills repeat
The ſtroke of ax and hammer; ſcaffolds riſe,
And growing edifices; heaps of ſtone,
Beneath the chiſſel, beauteous ſhapes aſſume
Of frize and column. Some, with even line,
New ſtreets are marking in the neighbouring fields
And ſacred domes of worſhip. Induſtry,
Which dignifies the artiſt, lifts the ſwain,
And the ſtraw cottage to a palace turns.

the work preſides. Such was the ſcene
urrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief
view'd her growing turrets. So appear
increaſing walls of buſy Mancheſter,
ield, and Birmingham, whoſe reddening fields
and enlarge their ſuburbs. Lo, in throngs,
every realm, the careful factors meet,
ſpering each other. In long ranks the bales,
War's bright files, beyond the ſight extend.
ight, ere the ſounding bell the ſignal ſtrikes,
ich ends the hour of traffick, they conclude
ſpeedy compact; and, well-pleas'd, transfer,
h mutual benefit, ſuperior wealth
many a kingdom's rent, or tyrant's hoard.
Vhate'er is excellent in art proceeds
m labor and endurance: deep the oak
ſt ſink in ſtubborn earth its roots obſcure,
at hopes to lift its branches to the ſkies:
ld cannot gold appear, until man's toil
cloſes wide the mountain's hidden ribs,
d digs the duſky ore, and breaks and grinds
gritty parts, and laves in limpid ſtreams,
th oft-repeated toil, and oft in fire
e metal purifies: with the fatigue,
d tedious proceſs of its painful works,
e luſty ſicken, and the feeble die.
But chearful are the labors of the loom,
health and eaſe accompany'd: they bring
perior treaſures ſpeedier to the ſtate,
an thoſe of deep Peruvian mines, where ſlaves

(Wretched requital) drink, with trembling hand,
Pale Palſy's baneful cup. Our happy ſwains
Behold ariſing, in their fattening flocks,
A double wealth; more rich than Belgium's boaſt,
Who tends the culture of the flaxen reed;
Or the Cathayan's, whoſe ignobler care
Nurſes the ſilk-worm; or of India's ſons,
Who plant the cotton-grove by Ganges' ſtream.
Nor do their toils and products furniſh more,
Than gauds and dreſſes, of fantaſtic web,
To the luxurious: but our kinder toils
Give cloathing to neceſſity; keep warm
Th' unhappy wanderer, on the mountain wild
Benighted, while the tempeſt beats around.
No, ye ſoft ſons of Ganges, and of Ind,
Ye feebly delicate, life little needs
Your feminine toys, nor aſks your nerveleſs arm
To caſt the ſtrong-flung ſhuttle, or the ſpear.
Can ye defend your country from the ſtorm
Of ſtrong invaſion? Can ye want endure,
In the beſieged fort, with courage firm?
Can ye the weather-beaten veſſel ſteer,
Climb the tall maſt, direct the ſtubborn helm,
Mid wild diſcordant waves, with ſteady courſe?
Can ye lead out, to diſtant colonies,
Th' o'erflowings of a people, or your wrong'd
Brethren, by impious perſecution driven,
And arm their breaſts with fortitude to try
New regions; climes, though barren, yet beyond
The baneful power of tyrants? Theſe are deeds

o which their hardy labors well prepare
he ſinewy arm of Albion's ſons. Purſue,
: ſons of Albion, with a yielding heart,
our hardy labours: let the ſounding loom
ix with the melody of every vale;
he loom, that long-renown'd, wide-envy'd gift
: wealthy Flandria, who the boon receiv'd
om fair Venetia; ſhe, from Grecian nymphs;
ey from Phenicé, who obtain'd the dole
om old Ægyptus. Thus, around the globe,
e golden-footed ſciences their path
ark, like the ſun, enkindling life and joy;
nd follow'd cloſe by Ignorance and Pride,
ad Day and Night o'er realms. Our day aroſe
hen Alva's tyranny the weaving arts
rove from the fertile vallies of the Scheld.
ith ſpeedy wing, and ſcatter'd courſe, they fled,
ke a community of bees, diſturb'd
r ſome relentleſs ſwain's rapacious hand;
hile good Eliza, to the fugitives
ve gracious welcome; as wiſe Ægypt erſt
o troubled Nilus, whoſe nutritious flood
ith annual gratitude enrich'd her meads.
en, from fair Antwerp, an induſtrious train
oſs'd the ſmooth channel of our ſmiling ſeas;
nd in the vales of Cantium, on the banks
: Stour alighted, and the naval wave
: ſpacious Medway: ſome on gentle Yare,
nd fertile Waveney, pitch'd; and made their ſeats
eaſant Norvicum, and Colceſtria's towers:

Some

Some to the Darent ſped their happy way:
Berghem, and Sluys, and elder Bruges, choſe
Antona's chalky plains, and ſtretch'd their tents
Down to Clauſentum, and that bay ſupine
Beneath the ſhade of Vecta's cliffy iſle.
Soon o'er the hoſpitable realm they ſpread,
With cheer reviv'd; and in Sabrina's flood,
And the Silurian Tame, their textures blanch'd:
Not undelighted with Vigornia's ſpires,
Nor thoſe, by Vaga's ſtream, from ruins rais'd
Of ancient Ariconium; nor leſs pleas'd
With Salop's various ſcenes; and that ſoft tract
Of Cambria, deep-embay'd, Dimetian land,
By green hills fenc'd, by ocean's murmur lull'd;
Nurſe of the ruſtic bard, who now reſounds
The fortunes of the fleece; whoſe anceſtors
Were fugitives from Superſtition's rage,
And erſt, from Devon, thither brought the loom;
Where ivy'd walls of old Kidwelly's towers,
Nodding, ſtill on their gloomy brows project
Lancaſtria's arms, emboſs'd in mouldering ſtone.

Thus, then, on Albion's coaſt, the exil'd band,
From rich Menapian towns, and the green banks
Of Scheld, alighted; and, alighting, ſang
Grateful thankſgiving. Yet, at times, they ſhift
Their habitations, when the hand of Pride,
Reſtraint, or ſouthern Luxury, diſturbs
Their induſtry, and urges them to vales
Of the Brigantes; where, with happier care
Inſpirited, their art improves the fleece,

Vhich occupation erſt, and wealth immenſe,
ave Brabant's ſwarming habitants, what time
Ve were their ſhepherds only; from which ſtate,
Vith friendly arm, they rais'd us: nathleſs ſome
mong our old and ſtubborn ſwains miſdeem'd,
nd envy'd, who enrich'd them; envy'd thoſe,
Vhoſe virtues taught the varletry of towns
o uſeful toil to turn the pilfering hand.
And ſtill, when bigotry's black clouds ariſe,
For oft they ſudden riſe in papal realms),
hey, from their iſle, as from ſome ark ſecure,
areleſs, unpitying, view the fiery bolts
f Superſtition, and tyrannic rage,
nd all the fury of the rolling ſtorm,
Vhich fierce purſues the ſufferers in their flight.
nall not our gates, ſhall not Britannia's arms,
ɔread ever open to receive their flight?
virtuous people, by diſtreſſes oft
Diſtreſſes for the ſake of Truth endur'd)
ɔrrected, dignify'd; creating good
Vhere-ever they inhabit: this, our iſle
as oft experienc'd; witneſs all ye realms
f either hemiſphere, where commerce flows:
h' important truth is ſtampt on every bale;
ich gloſſy cloth, and drape of mantle warm,
:ceives th' impreſſion; every airy woof,
ieyney, and bayſe, and ſerge, and alepine,
ammy, and crape, and the long countleſs liſt
woollen webs; and every work of ſteel;
nd that cryſtalline metal, blown or fus'd,

Limpid as water dropping from the clefts
Of moſſy marble: not to name the aids
Their wit has given the fleece, now taught to link
With flax, or cotton, or the ſilk-worm's thread,
And gain the graces of variety:
Whether to form the matron's decent robe,
Or the thin-ſhading trail for Agra's * nymphs;
Or ſolemn curtains, whoſe long gloomy folds
Surround the ſoft pavilions of the rich.

They too the many-colour'd arras taught
To mimic nature, and the airy ſhapes
Of ſportive fancy: ſuch as oft appear
In old Moſaic pavements, when the plough
Up-turns the crumbling glebe of Weldon field;
Or that, o'erſhaded erſt by Woodſtock's bower,
Now grac'd by Blenheim, in whoſe ſtately rooms
Riſe glowing tapeſtries, that lure the eye
With Marlborough's wars: here Schellenbergh ex-
Behind ſurrounding hills of ramparts ſteep,
And vales of trenches dark; each hideous paſs
Armies defend; yet on the hero leads
His Britons, like a torrent, o'er the mounds.
Another ſcene is Blenheim's glorious field,
And the red Danube. Here, the reſcued ſtates
Crowding beneath his ſhield: there, Ramillies'
Imper-

* There is woven at Mancheſter, for the Eaſt-I-dies, a very thin ſtuff, of thread and cotton; whic cooler than the manfactures of that country, wher material is only cotton.

mportant battle: next, the tenfold chain
f Arleux burſt, and th' adamantine gates
f Gaul flung open to the tyrant's throne.
. ſhade obſcures the reſt—Ah, then, what power
nvidious from the lifted ſickle ſnatch'd
he harveſt of the plain? So lively glows
he fair deluſion, that our paſſions riſe
1 the beholding, and the glories ſhare
f viſionary battle. This bright art
id zealous Europe learn of pagan hands,
Vhile ſhe aſſay'd, with rage of holy war,
o deſolate their fields: but old the ſkill:
ong were the Phrygians' picturing looms renown'd;
yre alſo, wealthy ſeat of arts, excell'd,
nd elder Sidon, in th' hiſtoric web.
Far-diſtant Tibet in her gloomy woods
ears the gay tent, of blended wool unwoven,
nd glutinous materials: the Chineſe
heir porcelain, Japan its varniſh boaſts.
ome fair peculiar graces every realm,
nd each from each a ſhare of wealth acquires.
But chief by numbers of induſtrious hands
. nation's wealth is counted: numbers raiſe
Varm emulation: where that virtue dwells,
here will be Traffick's ſeat; there will ſhe build
er rich emporium. Hence, ye happy ſwains,
Vith hoſpitality inflame your breaſt,
nd emulation: the whole world receive,
nd with their arts, their virtues, deck your iſle.
ach clime, each ſea, the ſpacious orb of each,

Shall join their various ſtores, and amply feed
The mighty brotherhood; while ye proceed,
Active and enterprizing, or to teach
The ſtream a naval courſe, or till the wild,
Or drain the fen, or ſtretch the long canal,
Or plough the fertile billows of the deep.
Why to the narrow circle of our coaſt
Should we ſubmit our limits, while each wind
Aſſiſts the ſtream and ſail, and the wide main
Wooes us in every port? See Belgium build,
Upon the foodful brine, her envy'd power;
And, half her people floating on the wave,
Expand her fiſhy regions. Thus our iſle,
Thus only may Britannia be enlarg'd.—
But whither, by the viſions of the theme
Smit with ſublime delight, but whither ſtrays
The raptur'd Muſe, forgetful of her taſk?
No common pleaſure warms the generous mind,
When it beholds the labors of the loom;
How widely round the globe they are diſpers'd,
From little tenements by wood or croft,
Through many a ſlender path, how ſedulous,
As rills to rivers broad, they ſpeed their way
To public roads, to Foſſe, or Watling-ſtreet,
Or Armine, ancient works: and thence explore,
Through every navigable wave, the ſea,
That laps the green earth round: through Tyne, Tees,
Through Weare, and Lune, and merchandizing

nd Swale, and Aire, whoſe cryſtal waves reflect
he various colours of the tinctur'd web;
hrough Ken, ſwift rolling down his rocky dale,
ke giddy youth impetuous, then at Wick
arbing his train, and, with the ſober pace
f cautious Eld, meandering to the deep;
hrough Dart, and ſullen Exe, whoſe murmuring
wave
ıvies the Dune and Rother, who have won
he ſerge and kerſie to their blanching ſtreams;
hrough Towy, winding under Merlin's towers,
nd Uſk, that frequent, among hoary rocks,
n her deep waters paints th' impending ſcene,
Vild torrents, craggs, and woods, and mountain ſnows.
'he northern Cambrians, an induſtrious tribe,
arry their labors on pigmean ſteeds,
f ſize exceeding not Leiceſtrian ſheep,
et ſtrong and ſprightly: over hill and dale,
'hey travel unfatigued, and lay their bales
ı Salop's ſtreets, beneath whoſe lofty walls
early Sabrina waits them with her barks,
ınd ſpreads the ſwelling ſheet. For no-where far
rom ſome tranſparent river's naval courſe
ıriſe, and fall, our various hills and vales,
lo-where far diſtant from the maſted wharf.
Ve need not vex the ſtrong laborious hand
Vith toil enormous, as th' Egyptian king,
Vho join'd the ſable waters of the Nile,
'rom Memphis' towers, to th' Erythræan gulph:

Shall join their various ſtores, and amply feed
The mighty brotherhood; while ye proceed,
Active and enterprizing, or to teach
The ſtream a naval courſe, or till the wild,
Or drain the fen, or ſtretch the long canal,
Or plough the fertile billows of the deep.
Why to the narrow circle of our coaſt
Should we ſubmit our limits, while each wind
Aſſiſts the ſtream and ſail, and the wide main
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Or Armine, ancient works: and thence explore,
Through every navigable wave, the ſea,
That laps the green earth round: through Tyne, and Tees,
Through Weare, and Lune, and merchandizing Hull,
And

And Swale, and Aire, whoſe cryſtal waves reflect
The various colours of the tinctur'd web;
Through Ken, ſwift rolling down his rocky dale,
Like giddy youth impetuous, then at Wick
Curbing his train, and, with the ſober pace
Of cautious Eld, meandering to the deep;
Through Dart, and ſullen Exe, whoſe murmuring wave
Envies the Dune and Rother, who have won
The ſerge and kerſie to their blanching ſtreams;
Through Towy, winding under Merlin's towers,
And Uſk, that frequent, among hoary rocks,
On her deep waters paints th' impending ſcene,
Wild torrents, craggs, and woods, and mountain ſnows.
The northern Cambrians, an induſtrious tribe,
Carry their labors on pigmean ſteeds,
Of ſize exceeding not Leiceſtrian ſheep,
Yet ſtrong and ſprightly: over hill and dale,
They travel unfatigued, and lay their bales
In Salop's ſtreets, beneath whoſe lofty walls
Pearly Sabrina waits them with her barks,
And ſpreads the ſwelling ſheet. For no-where far
From ſome tranſparent river's naval courſe
Ariſe, and fall, our various hills and vales,
No-where far diſtant from the maſted wharf.
We need not vex the ſtrong laborious hand
With toil enormous, as th' Egyptian king,
Who join'd the ſable waters of the Nile,
From Memphis' towers, to th' Erythræan gulph:

Or as the monarch of enfeebled Gaul,
Whoſe will imperious forc'd an hundred ſtreams,
Through many a foreſt, many a ſpacious wild,
To ſtretch their ſcanty trains from ſea to ſea,
That ſome unprofitable ſkiff might float
Acroſs irriguous dales, and hollow'd rocks.
Far eaſier pains may ſwell our gentler floods,
And through the centre of the iſle conduct
To naval union. Trent and Severn's wave,
By plains alone diſparted, woo to join
Majeſtic Thamis. With their ſilver urns
The nimble-footed Naiads of the ſprings
Await, upon the dewy lawn, to ſpeed
And celebrate the union; and the light
Wood-nymphs; and thoſe, who o'er the grots preſide,
Whoſe ſtores bituminous, with ſparkling fires,
In Summer's tedious abſence, chear the ſwains,
Long ſitting at the loom; and thoſe beſides,
Who crown, with yellow ſheaves, the farmer's hopes,
And all the genii of commercial toil:
Theſe on the dewy lawns await, to ſpeed
And celebrate the union, that the fleece,
And gloſſy web, to every port around
May lightly glide along. Ev'n now behold,
Adown a thouſand floods, the burden'd barks,
With white ſails gliſtening, through the gloomy woods
Haſte to their harbours. See the ſilver maze
Of ſtately Thamis, ever chequer'd o'er
With deeply-laden barges, gliding ſmooth

And

And conſtant as his ſtream: in growing pomp,
By Neptune ſtill attended, ſlow he rolls
To great Auguſta's mart, where lofty Trade,
Amid a thouſand golden ſpires enthron'd,
Gives audience to the world: the ſtrand around
Cloſe ſwarms with buſy crowds of many a realm.
What bales, what wealth, what induſtry, what fleets!
Lo, from the ſimple fleece how much proceeds.

THE FLEECE.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

OUR manufactures exported. Voyage through the Channel, and by the Coaſt of Spain. View of the Mediterranean. Decay of our Turkey-trade. Addreſs to the factors there. Voyage through the Baltic. The mart of Peterſburg. The ancient channels of commerce to the Indies. The modern courſe thither. Shores of Afric. Reflections on the ſlave trade. The Cape of Good Hope, and the eaſtern coaſt of Africa. Trade to Perſia and Indoſtan precarious, through tyranny and frequent inſurrections. Diſputes between the French and Engliſh, on the coaſt of Coromandel, cenſured. A proſpect of the Spice-iſlands, and of China. Traffick at Canton. Our woollen manufactures known at Pekin, by the caravans from Ruſſia. Deſcription of that journey. Tranſition to the weſtern hemiſphere. Voyage of Raleigh. The ſtate and advantages of our North American colonies. Severe winters in thoſe climates: hence the paſſage through Hudſon's-Bay impracticable. Enquiries for an eaſier paſſage into

into the Pacific ocean. View of the coaſts of South America, and of thoſe tempeſtuous ſeas. Lord Anſon's expedition, and ſucceſs againſt the Spaniards. The naval power of Britain conſiſtent with the welfare of all nations. View of our probable improvements in traffic, and the diſtribution of our woollen manufactures over the whole globe.

NOW, with our woolly treaſures amply ſtor'd,
Glide the tall fleets into the widening main,
A floating foreſt: every ſail, unfurl'd,
Swells to the wind, and gilds the azure ſky.
Meantime, in pleaſing care, the pilot ſteers
Steady; with eye intent upon the ſteel,
Steady, before the breeze, the pilot ſteers:
While gaily o'er the waves the mountain prows
Dance, like a ſhoal of dolphins, and begin
To ſtreak with various paths the hoary deep.
Batavia's ſhallow ſounds by ſome are ſought,
Or ſandy Elb or Weſer, who receive
The ſwain's and peaſant's toil with grateful hand,
Which copious gives return: while ſome explore
Deep Finnic gulphs, and a new ſhore and mart,
The bold creation of that Keſar's power,
Illuſtrious Peter, whoſe magnific toils
Repair the diſtant Caſpian, and reſtore
To trade its ancient ports. Some Thanet's ſtrand,
And Dover's chalky cliff, behind them turn.
Soon ſinks away the green and level beach

Of

Of Rumney mariſh and Rye's ſilent port,
By angry Neptune clos'd, and Vecta's iſle,
Like the pale moon in vapor, faintly bright.
An hundred opening marts are ſeen, are loſt;
Devonia's hills retire, and Edgecomb mount,
Waving its gloomy groves, delicious ſcene.
Yet ſteady o'er the waves they ſteer: and now
The fluctuating world of waters wide,
In boundleſs magnitude, around them ſwells;
O'er whoſe imaginary brim, nor towns,
Nor woods, nor mountain tops, nor aught appears,
But Phœbus' orb, refulgent lamp of light,
Millions of leagues aloft: heaven's azure vault
Bends over-head, majeſtic, to its baſe,
Uninterrupted clear circumference;
Till, riſing o'er the flickering waves, the cape
Of Finiſterre, a cloudy ſpot, appears.
Again, and oft, th' adventurous ſails diſperſe;
Theſe to Iberia, others to the coaſt
Of Luſitania, th' ancient Tharſis deem'd
Of Solomon; fair regions, with the webs
Of Norwich pleas'd, or thoſe of Mancheſter;
Light airy cloathing for their vacant ſwains,
And viſionary monks. We, in return,
Receive Cantabrian ſteel, and fleeces ſoft,
Segovian or Caſtilian, far renown'd;
And gold's attractive metal, pledge of wealth,
Spur of activity, to good or ill
Powerful incentive; or Heſperian fruits,

Fruits

Fruits of ſpontaneous growth, the citron bright,
The fig, and orange, and heart-chearing wine.
Thoſe ſhips, from ocean broad, which voyage through
The gates of Hercules *, find many ſeas,
And bays unnumber'd, opening to their keels;
But ſhores inhoſpitable oft, to fraud
And rapine turn'd, or dreary tracts become
Of deſolation. The proud Roman coaſts,
Fall'n, like the Punic, to the daſhing waves
Reſign their ruins: Tiber's boaſted flood,
Whoſe pompous moles o'erlook'd the ſubject deep,
Now creeps along, through brakes and yellow duſt,
While Neptune ſcarce perceives its murmuring rill:
Such are th' effects, when virtue ſlacks her hand;
Wild Nature back returns: along theſe ſhores
Neglected trade with difficulty toils,
Collecting ſlender ſtores, the ſun-dry'd grape,
Or capers from the rock, that prompt the taſte
Of luxury. Ev'n Egypt's fertile ſtrand,
Bereft of human diſcipline, has loſt
Its ancient luſtre: Alexandria's port,
Once the metropolis of trade, as Tyre,
And elder Sidon, as the Attic town,
Beautiful Athens, as rich Corinth, Rhodes,
Unhonour'd droops. Of all the numerous marts,
That in thoſe glittering ſeas with ſplendor roſe,
Only Byzantium, of peculiar ſite,
Remains in proſperous ſtate; and Tripolis,
And Smyrna, ſacred ever to the Muſe.

To

* The ſtreights of Gibraltar.

To theſe reſort the delegates of trade,
Social in life, a virtuous brotherhood;
And bales of ſofteſt wool from Bradford looms,
Or Stroud, diſpenſe; yet ſee, with vain regret,
Their ſtores, once highly priz'd, no longer now
Or ſought, or valued: copious webs arrive,
Smooth-wov'n of other than Britannia's fleece,
On the throng'd ſtrand alluring; the great ſkill
Of Gaul, and greater induſtry, prevails;
That proud imperious foe. Yet, ah—'tis not—
Wrong not the Gaul; it is the foe within,
Impairs our ancient marts: it is the bribe;
'Tis he, who pours into the ſhops of trade
That impious poiſon: it is he, who gains
The ſacred ſeat of parliament by means,
That viciate and emaſculate the mind;
By ſloth, by lewd intemperance, and a ſcene
Of riot, worſe than that which ruin'd Rome.
This, this the Tartar, and remote Chineſe,
And all the brotherhood of life, bewail.

Meantime (while thoſe, who dare be juſt, oppoſe
The various powers of many-headed vice)
Ye delegates of trade, by patience riſe
O'er difficulties: in this ſultry clime
Note what is found of uſe: the flix of goat,
Red-wool, and balm, and caufee's berry brown,
Or dropping gum, or opium's lenient drug;
Unnumber'd arts await them: trifles oft,
By ſkilful labour, riſe to high eſteem.

Nor

Is now, of commerce, made the ſcene immenſe,
Which daring ſhips frequent, aſſociated,
Like doves, or ſwallows, in th' ethereal flood,
Or, like the eagle, ſolitary ſeen.
Some, with more open courſe, to Indus ſteer;
Some coaſt from port to port, with various men
And manners converſant; of th' angry ſurge,
That thunders loud, and ſpreads the cliffs with foam,
Regardleſs, or the monſters of the deep,
Porpoſe, or grampus, or the ravenous ſhark,
That chace their keels; or threatening rock, o'erhead
Of Atlas old; beneath the threatening rocks,
Reckleſs, they furl their ſails, and bartering take,
Soft flakes of wool; for in ſoft flakes of wool,
Like the Silurian, Atlas' dales abound.
The ſhores of Sus inhoſpitable riſe,
And high Bojador; Zara too diſplays
Unfruitful deſerts; Gambia's wave iniſles
An ouzy coaſt, and peſtilential ills
Diffuſes wide; behind are burning ſands,
Adverſe to life, and Nilus' hidden fount.
On Guinea's ſultry ſand, the drapery light
Of Mancheſter or Norwich is beſtow'd
For clear tranſparent gums, and ductile wax,
And ſnow-white ivory; yet the valued trade,
Along this barbarous coaſt, in telling, wounds
The generous heart, the ſale of wretched ſlaves;
Slaves, by their tribes condemn'd, exchanging death
For life-long ſervitude; ſevere exchange!
Theſe till our fertile colonies, which yield

The

The ſugar-cane, and the Tobago-leaf,
And various new productions, that invite
Increaſing navies to their crouded wharfs.
But let the man, whoſe rough tempeſtuous hours
In this adventurous traffic are involv'd,
With juſt humanity of heart purſue
The gainful commerce: wickedneſs is blind:
Their ſable chieftains may in future times
Burſt their frail bonds, and vengeance execute
On cruel unrelenting pride of heart
And avarice. There are ills to come for crimes.
Hot Guinea too gives yellow duſt of gold,
Which, with her rivers, rolls adown the ſides
Of unknown hills, where fiery-winged winds,
And ſandy deſerts, rous'd by ſudden ſtorms,
All ſearch forbid: howe'er, on either hand,
Vallies and pleaſant plains, and many a tract
Deem'd uninhabitable erſt, are found
Fertile and populous: their ſable tribes,
In ſhade of verdant groves, and mountains tall,
Frequent enjoy the cool deſcent of rain,
And ſoft refreſhing breezes: nor are lakes
Here wanting; thoſe a ſea-wide ſurface ſpread,
Which to the diſtant Nile and Senegal
Send long mæanders: whate'er lies beyond,
Of rich or barren, ignorance o'ercaſts
With her dark mantle. Mon'motapa's coaſt
Is ſeldom viſited; and the rough ſhore
Of Cafres, land of ſavage Hottentots,
Whoſe hands unnatural haſten to the grave

Their

Their aged parents: what barbarity
And brutal ignorance, where ſocial trade
Is held contemptible! Ye gliding ſails,
From theſe inhoſpitable gloomy ſhores
Indignant turn, and to the friendly Cape,
Which gives the chearful mariner good hope
Of proſperous voyage, ſteer: rejoice to view,
What trade, with Belgian induſtry, creates,
Proſpects of civil life, fair towns, and lawns,
And yellow tilth, and groves of various fruits,
Delectable in huſk or gloſſy rind:
There the capacious vaſe from cryſtal ſprings
Repleniſh, and convenient ſtore provide,
Like ants, intelligent of future need.
See, through the fragrance of delicious airs,
That breathe the ſmell of balms, how traffic ſhapes
A winding voyage, by the lofty coaſt
Of Sofala, thought Ophir; in whoſe hills
Ev'n yet ſome portion of its ancient wealth
Remains, and ſparkles in the yellow ſand
Of its clear ſtreams, though unregarded now;
Ophirs more rich are found. With eaſy courſe
The veſſels glide; unleſs their ſpeed be ſtop'd
By dead calms, that oft lie on thoſe ſmooth ſeas
While every zephyr ſleeps: then the ſhrouds drop;
The downy feather, on the cordage hung,
Moves not; the flat ſea ſhines like yellow gold,
Fus'd in the fire; or like the marble floor
Of ſome old temple wide. But where ſo wide,
In old or later time, its marble floor

Did ever temple boaſt as this, which here
Spreads its bright level many a league around?
At ſolemn diſtances its pillars riſe,
Sofal's blue rocks, Mozambic's palmy ſteeps,
And lofty Madagaſcar's glittering ſhores,
Where various woods of beauteous vein and hue,
And gloſſy ſhells in elegance of form,
For Pond's rich cabinet, or Sloan's, are found.
Such calm oft checks their courſe, till this bright ſcene
Is bruſh'd away before the riſing breeze,
That joys the buſy crew, and ſpeeds again
The ſail full-ſwelling to Socotra's iſle,
For aloes fam'd; or to the wealthy marts
Of Ormus or Gombroon, whoſe ſtreets are oft
With caravans and tawny merchants throng'd,
From neighbouring provinces and realms afar;
And fill'd with plenty, though dry ſandy waſtes
Spread naked round; ſo great the power of trade.
Perſia few ports; more happy Indoſtan
Beholds Surat and Goa on her coaſts,
And Bombay's wealthy iſle, and harbour fam'd,
Supine beneath the ſhade of cocoa groves.
But what avails, or many ports or few?
Where wild ambition frequent from his lair
Starts up; while fell revenge and famine lead
To havoc, reckleſs of the tyrant's whip,
Which clanks along the vallies: oft in vain
The merchant ſeeks upon the ſtrand, whom erſt,
Aſſociated by trade, he deck'd and cloath'd;
In vain, whom rage or famine has devour'd,

He

He ſeeks; and with increas'd affection thinks
On Britain. Still howe'er Bombaya's wharfs
Pile-up blue indigo, and, of frequent uſe,
Pungent ſalt-petre, woods of purple grain,
And many-colour'd ſaps from leaf and flower,
And various gums; the clothier knows their worth;
And wool reſembling cotton, ſhorn from trees,
Not to the fleece unfriendly; whether mixt
In warp or woof, or with the line of flax,
Or ſofter ſilk's material: though its aid
To vulgar eyes appears not; let none deem
The fleece, in any traffic, unconcern'd;
By every traffic aided; while each work
Of art yields wealth to exerciſe the loom,
And every loom employs each hand of art.
Nor is there wheel in the machine of trade,
Which Leeds, or Cairo, Lima, or Bombay,
Helps not, with harmony, to turn around,
Though all, unconſcious of the union, act.
Few the peculiars of Canara's realm,
Or ſultry Malabar; where it behoves
The wary pilot, while he coaſts their ſhores,
To mark o'er ocean the thick riſing iſles;
Woody Chaetta, Birter rough with rocks;
Green-riſing Barmur, Mincoy's purple hills;
And the minute Maldivias, as a ſwarm
Of bees in ſummer, on a poplar's trunk,
Cluſtering innumerable; theſe behind
His ſtern receding, o'er the clouds he views
Ceylon's grey peaks, from whoſe volcano's riſe

Dark ſmoke and ruddy flame, and glaring rocks
Daring in air aloft; around whoſe feet
Blue cliffs aſcend, and aromatic groves,
In various proſpect; Ceylon alſo deem'd
The ancient Ophir. Next Bengala's bay,
On the vaſt globe the deepeſt, while the prow
Turns northward to the rich diſputed ſtrand
Of Cor'mandel, where traffic grieves to ſee
Diſcord and avarice invade her realms,
Portending ruinous war, and cries aloud,
Peace, peace, ye blinded Britons, and ye Gauls;
Nation to Nation is a light, a fire,
Enkindling virtue, ſciences, and arts:
But cries aloud in vain. Yet wiſe defence,
Againſt ambition's wide-deſtroying pride,
Madraſs erected, and Saint David's fort,
And thoſe which riſe on Ganges' twenty ſtreams,
Guarding the woven fleece, Calcutta's tower,
And Maldo's and Patana's: from their holds
The ſhining bales our factors deal abroad,
And ſee the country's products, in exchange,
Before them heap'd; cotton's tranſparent webs,
Aloes, and caſſia, ſalutiferous drugs,
Alom, and lacque, and clouded tortoiſeſhell,
And brilliant diamonds, to decorate
Britannia's blooming Nymphs. For theſe, o'er all
The kingdoms round, our draperies are diſpers'd,
O'er Bukor, Cabul, and the Bactrian vales,
And Caſſimere, and Atoc, on the ſtream
Of old Hydaſpes, Porus' hardy realm;

And

And late-diſcover'd Tibet, where the fleece,
By art peculiar, is compreſs'd and wrought
To threadleſs drapery, which, in conic forms,
Of various hues, their gaudy roofs adorns.
The keels which voyage through Molucca's ſtraits,
Amid a cloud of ſpicy odours, ſail,
From Java and Sumatra breath'd, whoſe woods
Yield fiery pepper, that deſtroys the moth
In woolly veſtures: Ternate and Tidore
Give to the feſtal board the fragrant clove
And nutmeg, to thoſe narrow bounds confin'd;
While gracious Nature, with unſparing hand,
The needs of life o'er every region pours.
Near thoſe delicious iſles, the beauteous coaſt
Of China rears its ſummits. Know ye not,
Ye ſons of trade, that ever-flowery ſhore,
Thoſe azure hills, thoſe woods and nodding rocks?
Compare them with the pictures of your chart;
Alike the woods and nodding rocks o'erhang.
Now the tall gloſſy towers of porcelane,
And pillar'd pagods ſhine; rejoic'd they ſee
The port of Canton opening to their prows,
And in the winding of the river moor.
Upon the ſtrand they heap their gloſſy bales,
And works of Birmingham, in braſs or ſteel,
And flint, and ponderous lead from deep cells rais'd,
Fit ballaſt in the fury of the ſtorm,
That tears the ſhrouds, and bends the ſtubborn maſt:
Theſe, for the artiſts of the fleece, procure
Various materials; and, for affluent life,

The flavour'd thea and gloſſy painted vaſe;
Things elegant, ill-titled luxuries,
In temperance us'd, delectable and good.
They too from hence receive the ſtrongeſt thread
Of the green ſilkworm. Various is the wealth
Of that renown'd and ancient land, ſecure
In conſtant peace and commerce; till'd to th' height
Of rich fertility; where, thick as ſtars,
Bright habitations glitter on each hill,
And rock, and ſhady dale; ev'n on the waves
Of copious rivers, lakes, and bordering ſeas,
Riſe floating villages; no wonder; when,
In every province, firm and level roads,
And long canals, and navigable ſtreams,
Ever, with eaſe, conduct the works of toil
To ſure and ſpeedy markets, through the length
Of many a crowded region, many a clime,
To the imperial towers of Cambalu,
Now Pekin, where the fleece is not unknown;
Since Calder's woofs, and thoſe of Exe and Frome,
And Yare, and Avon flow, and rapid Trent,
Thither by Ruſſic caravans are brought,
Through Scythia's numerous regions, waſte and wild,
Journey immenſe! which, to th' attentive ear,
The Muſe, in faithful notes, ſhall brief deſcribe.
From the proud mart of Peterſburg, ere-while
The watery ſeat of deſolation wide,
Iſſue theſe trading caravans, and urge,
Through dazzling ſnows, their dreary trackleſs road;
By compaſs ſteering oft, from week to week,

From

From month to month; whole ſeaſons view their toils.
Neva they paſs, and Keſma's gloomy flood,
Volga, and Don, and Oka's torrent prone,
Threatening in vain; and many a cataract,
In its fall ſtopt, and bound with bars of ice.
Cloſe on the left unnumber'd tracts they view
White with continual froſt; and on the right
The Caſpian-lake, and ever-flowery realms,
Though now abhorr'd, behind them turn, the haunt
Of arbitrary rule, where regions wide
Are deſtin'd to the ſword; and on each hand
Roads hung with carcaſes, or under foot
Thick ſtrown; while, in their rough bewilder'd vales,
The blooming roſe its fragrance breathes in vain,
And ſilver fountains fall, and nightingales
Attune their notes, where none are left to hear.
Sometimes o'er level ways, on eaſy ſleds,
The generous horſe conveys the ſons of trade;
And ever and anon the docile dog;
And now the light rein-deer, with rapid pace,
Skims over icy lakes; now flow they climb
Aloft o'er clouds, and then adown deſcend
To hollow vallies, till the eye beholds
The roofs of Tobol, whoſe hill-crowning walls
Shine, like the riſing moon, through watery miſts:
Tobol, th' abode of thoſe unfortunate
Exiles of angry ſtate, and thralls of war;
Solemn fraternity! where carl, and prince,
Soldier, and ſtateſman, and uncreſted chief,
On the dark level of adverſity,

Converſe familiar; while, amid the cares
And toils for hunger, thirſt, and nakedneſs,
Their little publick ſmiles, and the bright ſparks
Of trade are kindled: trade ariſes oft,
And virtue, from adverſity and want:
Be witneſs, Carthage; witneſs, ancient Tyre;
And thou, Batavia, daughter of diſtreſs.
This, with his hands, which erſt the truncheon held,
The hammer lifts; another bends and weaves
The flexile willow; that the mattoc drives:
All are employ'd; and by their works acquire
Our fleecy veſtures. From their tenements,
Pleas'd and refreſh'd, proceeds the caravan
Through lively-ſpreading cultures, paſtures green,
And yellow tillages in opening woods:
Thence on, through Narim's wilds, a pathleſs road
They force, with rough entangling thorns perplext;
Land of the lazy Oſtiacs, thin diſpers'd,
Who, by avoiding, meet the toils they loathe,
Tenfold augmented; miſerable tribe,
Void of commercial comforts: who, nor corn,
Nor pulſe, nor oil, nor heart-enlivening wine,
Know to procure; nor ſpade, nor ſcythe, nor ſhare,
Nor ſocial aid: beneath their thorny bed
The ſerpent hiſſes, while in thickets nigh
Loud howls the hungry wolf. So on they fare,
And paſs by ſpacious lakes, begirt with rocks
And azure mountains; and the heights admire
Of white Imaus, whoſe ſnow-nodding craggs
Frighten the realms beneath, and from their urns

Pour

Pour mighty rivers down, th' impetuous ſtreams
Of Oby, and Irtis, and Jeniſca, ſwift,
Which ruſh upon the northern pole, upheave
Its frozen ſeas, and lift their hills of ice.
  Theſe rugged paths and ſavage landſcapes paſs'd,
A new ſcene ſtrikes their eyes: among the clouds
Aloft they view, what ſeems a chain of cliffs,
Nature's proud work; that matchleſs work of art,
The wall of Sina, by Chihoham's power,
In earlieſt times, erected. Warlike troops
Frequent are ſeen in haughty march along
Its ridge, a vaſt extent, beyond the length
Of many a potent empire; towers and ports,
Three times a thouſand, lift thereon their brows
At equal ſpaces, and in proſpect 'round
Cities, and plains, and kingdoms, overlook.
  At length the gloomy paſſage they attain
Of its deep-vaulted gates, whoſe opening folds
Conduct at length to Pekin's glittering ſpires
The deſtin'd mart, where joyous they arrive.
  Thus are the textures of the fleece convey'd
To Sina's diſtant realm, the utmoſt bound
Of the flat floor of ſtedfaſt Earth; for ſo
Fabled Antiquity, ere peaceful Trade
Inform'd the opening mind of curious man.
  Now to the other hemiſphere, my Muſe,
A new world found, extend thy daring wing.
Be thou the firſt of the harmonious Nine
From high Parnaſſus, the unweary'd toils

Of induſtry and valour, in that world
Triumphant, to reward with tuneful ſong.
Happy the voyage, o'er th' Atlantic brine,
By active Raleigh made, and great the joy,
When he diſcern'd, above the foamy ſurge,
A riſing coaſt, for future colonies,
Opening her bays, and figuring her capes,
Ev'n from the northern tropic to the pole.
No land gives more employment to the loom,
Or kindlier feeds the indigent; no land
With more variety of wealth rewards
The hand of labour: thither, from the wrongs
Of lawleſs rule, the free-born ſpirit flies;
Thither Affliction, thither Poverty,
And Arts and Sciences: thrice happy clime,
Which Britain makes th' aſylum of mankind!
But joy ſuperior far his boſom warms,
Who views thoſe ſhores in every culture dreſs'd;
With habitations gay, and numerous towns,
On hill and valley; and his countrymen
Form'd into various ſtates, powerful and rich,
In regions far remote: who from our looms
Take largely for themſelves, and for thoſe tribes
Of Indians, ancient tenants of the land,
In amity conjoin'd, of civil life
The comforts taught, and various new deſires,
Which kindle arts, and occupy the poor,
And ſpread Britannia's flocks o'er every dale.
Ye, who the ſhuttle caſt along the loom,
The ſilk-worm's thread inweaving with the fleece,

Pray

Pray for the culture of the Georgian tract,
Nor ſlight the green Savannahs, and the plains
Of Carolina, where thick woods ariſe
Of mulberries, and in whoſe water'd fields
Up-ſprings the verdant blade of thirſty rice.
Where are the happy regions, which afford
More implements of commerce, and of wealth?
Fertile Virginia, like a vigorous bough,
Which overſhades ſome cryſtal river, ſpreads
Her wealthy cultivations wide around,
And, more than many a ſpacious realm, rewards
The fleecy ſhuttle: to her growing marts,
The Iroqueſe, Cheroques, and Oubacks, come,
And quit their feathery ornaments uncouth,
For woolly garments; and the cheers of life,
The cheers, but not the vices, learn to taſte.
Bluſh, Europeans, whom the circling cup
Of Luxury intoxicates; ye routs,
Who, for your crimes, have fled your native land;
And ye voluptuous idle, who, in vain,
Seek eaſy habitations, void of care:
The ſons of nature, with aſtoniſhment,
And deteſtation, mark your evil deeds;
And view, no longer aw'd, your nerveleſs arms,
Unfit to cultivate Ohio's banks.
See the bold emigrants of Accadie,
And Maſſachuſet, happy in thoſe arts
That join the polities of Trade and War,
Bearing the palm in either; they appear

Better

Better exemplars; and that hardy crew,
Who, on the frozen beach of Newfoundland,
Hang their white fish amid the parching winds:
The kindly fleece, in webs of Duffield woof,
Their limbs, benumb'd, enfolds with cheerly warmth,
And frize of Cambria, worn by those, who seek,
Through gulphs and dales of Hudson's winding bay,
The beaver's fur, though oft they seek in vain,
While Winter 's frosty rigor checks approach,
Ev'n in the fiftieth latitude. Say why
(If ye, the travel'd sons of commerce, know),
Wherefore lie bound their rivers, lakes, and dales,
Half the sun's annual course, in chains of ice?
While the Rhine's fertile shore, and Gallic realms,
By the same zone encircled, long enjoy
Warm beams of Phœbus, and, supine, behold
Their plains and hillocks blush with clustering vines.
Must it be ever thus? or may the hand
Of mighty Labor drain their gusty lakes,
Enlarge the brightening sky, and, peopling, warm
The opening vallies, and the yellowing plains?
Or rather shall we burst strong Darien's chain,
Steer our bold fleets between the cloven rocks,
And through the great Pacific every joy
Of civil life diffuse? Are not her isles
Numerous and large? Have they not harbours calm,
Inhabitants, and manners? haply, too,
Peculiar sciences, and other forms
Of trade, and useful products, to exchange
For woolly vestures? 'Tis a tedious course

By

By the Antarctic circle: nor beyond
Thoſe ſea-wrapt gardens of the dulcet reed,
Bahama and Caribbee, may be found
Safe mole or harbour, till on Falkland's iſle
The ſtandard of Britannia ſhall ariſe.
Proud Buenos Aires, low-couched Paraguay,
And rough Corrientes, mark, with hoſtile eye,
The labouring veſſel: neither may we truſt
The dreary naked Patagonian land,
Which darkens in the wind. No traffick there,
No barter for the fleece. There angry ſtorms
Bend their black brows, and, raging, hurl around
Their thunders. Ye adventurous mariners,
Be firm; take courage from the brave. 'Twas there
Perils and conflicts inexpreſſible
Anſon, with ſteady undeſpairing breaſt,
Endur'd, when o'er the various globe he chac'd
His country's foes. Faſt-gathering tempeſts rouz'd
Huge ocean, and involv'd him: all around
Whirlwind, and ſnow, and hail, and horror: now,
Rapidly, with the world of waters, down
Deſcending to the channels of the deep,
He view'd th' uncover'd bottom of th' abyſs;
And now the ſtars, upon the loftieſt point
Toſs'd of the ſky-mix'd ſurges. Oft the burſt
Of loudeſt thunder, with the daſh of ſeas,
Tore the wild-flying ſails and tumbling maſts;
While flames, thick-flaſhing in the gloom, reveal'd
Ruins of decks and ſhrouds, and ſights of death.

Yet

Yet on he far'd, with fortitude his chear,
Gaining, at intervals, ſlow way beneath
Del Fuego's rugged cliffs, and the white ridge,
Above all height, by opening clouds reveal'd,
Of Montegorda, and inacceſſible
Wreck-threatening Staten-lands o'erhanging ſhore,
Enormous rocks on rocks, in ever-wild
Poſture of falling; as when Pelion, rear'd
On Oſſa, and on Oſſa's tottering head
Woody Olympus, by the angry gods
Precipitate on earth were doom'd to fall.
At length, through every tempeſt, as ſome branch,
Which from a poplar falls into a loud
Impetuous cataract, though deep immers'd,
Yet re-aſcends, and glides, on lake or ſtream,
Smooth through the vallies; ſo his way he won
To the ſerene Pacific, flood immenſe,
And rear'd his lofty maſts, and ſpread his ſails.
Then Paita's walls, in waſting flames involv'd,
His vengeance felt, and fair occaſion gave
To ſhew humanity and continence,
To Scipio's not inferior. Then was left
No corner of the globe ſecure to pride
And violence: although the far-ſtretch'd coaſt
Of Chili, and Peru, and Mexico,
Arm'd in their evil cauſe; though fell Diſeaſe,
Un'bating Labor, tedious Time, conſpir'd,
And Heat inclement, to unnerve his force;
Though that wide ſea, which ſpreads o'er half the world,

Deny'd

Deny'd all hoſpitable land or port;
Where, ſeaſons voyaging, no road he found
To moor, no bottom in th' abyſs, whereon
To drop the faſtening anchor; though his brave
Companions ceas'd, ſubdued by toil extreme;
Though ſolitary left in Tinian's ſeas,
Where never was before the dreaded ſound
Of Britain's thunder heard; his wave-worn bark
Met, fought, the proud Iberian, and o'ercame.
So fare it ever with our country's foes!
Rejoice, ye nations, vindicate the ſway
Ordain'd for common happineſs. Wide, o'er
The globe terraqueous, let Britannia pour
The fruits of plenty from her copious horn.
What can avail to her, whoſe fertile earth
By Ocean's briny waves are circumſcrib'd,
The armed hoſt, and murdering ſword of war,
And conqueſt o'er her neighbours? She ne'er breaks
Her ſolemn compacts, in the luſt of rule:
Studious of arts and trade, ſhe ne'er diſturbs
The holy peace of ſtates. 'Tis her delight
To fold the world with harmony, and ſpread,
Among the habitations of mankind,
The various wealth of Toil, and what her fleece,
To clothe the naked, and her ſkilful looms,
Peculiar give. Ye too rejoice, ye ſwains;
Increaſing commerce ſhall reward your cares.
A day will come, if not too deep we drink
The cup, which luxury on careleſs wealth,
Pernicious gift, beſtows; a day will come,

When,

When, through new channels failing, we ſhall clothe
The Californian coaſt, and all the realms
That ſtretch from Anian's ſtreights to proud Japan;
And the green iſles, which on the left ariſe
Upon the glaſſy brine, whoſe various capes
Not yet are figur'd on the ſailors chart:
Then every variation ſhall be told
Of the magnetic ſteel; and currents mark'd,
Which drive the heedleſs veſſel from her courſe.
That portion too of land, a tract immenſe,
Beneath th' Antarctic ſpread, ſhall then be known,
And new plantations on its coaſt ariſe.
Then rigid Winter's ice no more ſhall wound
The only naked animal; but man
With the ſoft fleece ſhall every-where be cloath'd.
Th' exulting Muſe ſhall then, in vigor freſh,
Her flight renew. Mean-while, with weary wing,
O'er Ocean's wave returning, ſhe explores
Siluria's flowery vales, her old delight,
The ſhepherd's haunts, where the firſt ſprings ariſe
Of Britain's happy trade, now ſpreading wide,
Wide as th' Atlantic and Pacific ſeas,
Or as air's vital fluid o'er the globe.

THE

THE COUNTRY WALK.

THE morning 's fair, the luſty ſun
With ruddy cheek begins to run;
And early birds, that wing the ſkies,
Sweetly ſing to ſee him riſe.
I am reſolv'd, this charming day,
In the open field to ſtray;
And have no roof above my head,
But that whereon the gods do tread.
Before the yellow barn I ſee
A beautiful variety
Of ſtrutting cocks, advancing ſtout,
And flirting empty chaff about.
Hens, ducks, and geeſe, and all their brood,
And turkeys gobbling for their food;
While ruſtics thraſh the wealthy floor,
And tempt all to crowd the door.
What a fair face does Nature ſhow?
Auguſta, wipe thy duſty brow;
A landſkip wide ſalutes my ſight,
Of ſhady vales, and mountains bright;
And azure heavens I behold,
And clouds of ſilver and of gold.
And now into the fields I go,
Where thouſand flaming flowers glow;
And every neighbouring hedge I greet,
With honey-ſuckles ſmelling ſweet.
Now o'er the daiſy meads I ſtray,
And meet with, as I pace my way,

Sweetly ſhining on the eye,
A rivulet gliding ſmoothly by;
Which ſhews with what an eaſy tide
The moments of the happy glide.
Here, finding pleaſure after pain,
Sleeping, I ſee a wearied ſwain,
While his full ſcrip lies open by,
That does his healthy food ſupply.
Happy ſwain, ſure happier far
Than lofty kings and princes are!
Enjoy ſweet ſleep, which ſhuns the crown,
With all its eaſy beds of down.
The ſun now ſhows his noon-tide blaze,
And ſheds around me burning rays.
A little onward, and I go
Into the ſhade that groves beſtow;
And on green moſs I lay me down,
That o'er the root of oak has grown;
Where all is ſilent, but ſome flood
That ſweetly murmurs in the wood;
But birds that warble in the ſprays,
And charm ev'n Silence with her lays.
Oh powerful Silence, how you reign
In the Poet's buſy brain!
His numerous thoughts obey the calls
Of the tuneful water-falls,
Like moles, whene'er the coaſt is clear,
They riſe before thee without fear,
And range in parties here and there.

Some

Some wildly to Parnaſſus wing,
And view the fair Caſtalian ſpring;
Where they behold a lonely well,
Where now no tuneful Muſes dwell;
But now and then a ſlaviſh hind
Paddling the troubled pool they find.
Some trace the pleaſing paths of joy,
Others the bliſsful ſcene deſtroy;
In thorny tracks of ſorrow ſtray,
And pine for Clio far away.
But ſtay—Methinks her lays I hear,
So ſmooth! ſo ſweet! ſo deep! ſo clear!
No, 'tis not her voice I find,
'Tis but the echo ſtays behind.
Some meditate ambition 's brow,
And the black gulph that gapes below:
Some peep in courts, and there they ſee
The ſneaking tribe of Flattery.
But, ſtriking to the ear and eye,
A nimble deer comes bounding by!
When ruſhing from yon ruſtling ſpray,
It made them vaniſh all away.
I rouze me up, and on I rove,
'Tis more than time to leave the grove.
The ſun declines, the evening breeze
Begins to whiſper through the trees;
And, as I leave the ſylvan gloom,
As to the glare of day I come,
An old man's ſmoky neſt I ſee,
Leaning on an aged tree;

Whoſe willow walls, and furzy brow,
A little garden ſway below.
Through ſpreading beds of blooming green,
Matted with herbage ſweet, and clean,
A vein of water limps along,
And makes them ever green, and young.
Here he puffs upon his ſpade,
And digs up cabbage in the ſhade:
His tatter'd rags are ſable brown,
His beard and hair are hoary grown:
The dying ſap deſcends apace,
And leaves a wither'd hand and face.
Up * Grongar hill I labour now,
And catch at laſt his buſhy brow.
Oh, how freſh, how pure the air!
Let me breathe a little here.
Where am I, Nature? I deſcry
Thy magazine before me lie!
Temples!—and towns!—and towers!—and woods!
And hills!—and vales!—and fields!—and floods!
Crouding before me, edg'd around
With naked wilds, and barren ground.
See, below, the pleaſant dome,
The Poet's pride, the Poet's home,
Which the ſun-beams ſhine upon,
To the even, from the dawn.
See her woods, where Echo talks,
Her gardens trim, her terras walks,

Her

* A hill in South Wales.

Her wilderneſſes, fragrant brakes,
Her gloomy bowers, and ſhining lakes.
Keep, ye gods, this humble ſeat,
For ever pleaſant, private, neat.
  See yonder hill, upriſing ſteep,
Above the river flow and deep:
It looks from hence a pyramid,
Beneath a verdant foreſt hid;
On whoſe high top there riſes great,
The mighty remnant of a ſeat,
An old green tower, whoſe batter'd brow
Frowns upon the yale below.
  Look upon that flowery plain,
How the ſheep ſurround their ſwain,
How they crowd to hear his ſtrain!
All careleſs with his legs acroſs,
Leaning on a bank of moſs,
He ſpends his empty hours at play,
Which fly as light as down away.
  And there behold a bloomy mead,
A ſilver ſtream, a willow ſhade,
Beneath the ſhade of fiſher ſtand,
Who, with the angle in his hand,
Swings the nibbling fry to land.
  In bluſhes the deſcending ſun
Kiſſes the ſtreams, while ſlow they run;
And yonder hill remoter grows,
Or duſky clouds do interpoſe.
The fields are left, the labouring hind
His weary oxen does unbind;

And vocal mountains, as they low,
Re-echo to the vales below;
The jocund ſhepherds piping come,
And drive the herd before them home;
And now begin to light their fires,
Which ſend up ſmoke in curling ſpires!
While with light hearts all homeward tend,
To * Abergaſney I deſcend.
But, oh! how bleſs'd would be the day,
Did I with Clio pace my way,
And not alone and ſolitary ſtray.

THE ENQUIRY.

YE poor little ſheep, ah! well may ye ſtray,
While ſad is your ſhepherd, and Clio away!
Tell where have you been, have you met with my love,
On the mountain, or valley, or meadow, or grove?
Alas-aday, No—Ye are ſtrav'd, and half dead;
Ye ſaw not my love, or ye all had been fed.
Oh, Sun, did you ſee her?—ah! ſurely you did:
'Mong what willows, or woodbines, or reeds, is ſhe hid?
Ye tall, whiſtling pines, that on yonder hill grow,
And o'erlook the beautiful valley below,
Did you ſee her a-roving in wood or in brake?
Or bathing her fair limbs in ſome ſilent lake?
Ye mountains, that look on the vigorous eaſt,
And the north, and the ſouth, and the wearieſom weſt,
Pray

* The name of a ſeat belonging to the Author's brother.

Pray tell where ſhe hides her, you ſurely do know,
And let not her lover pine after her ſo.
Oh, had I the wings of an eagle, I 'd fly
Along with bright Phœbus all over the ſky;
Like an eagle, look down, with my wings wide diſplay'd,
And dart in my eyes at each whiſpering ſhade:
I 'd ſearch every tuft in my diligent tour,
I 'd unravel the woodbines, and look in each bower,
Till I found out my Clio, and ended my pain,
And made myſelf quiet, and happy again.

AN EPISTLE TO A FAMOUS PAINTER.

DELIGHTFUL partner of my heart,
Maſter of the loveliеſt art!
How ſweet our ſenſes you deceive,
When we, a gazing throng, believe!
Here flows the Po!—The Minis there,
Winding about with ſedgy hair!
And there the Tyber's yellow flood,
Beneath a thick and gloomy wood!
And there Darius' broken ranks
Upon the Grannic's bloody banks;
Who bravely die, or baſely run
From Philip's all-ſubduing ſon!
And there the wounded Porus brought
(The braveſt man that ever fought!)
To Alexander's tent, who eyes
His dauntleſs viſage, as he lies
In death's moſt painful agonies.

To me reveal thy heavenly art,
To me thy myſteries impart.
As yet I but in verſe can paint,
And to th' idea colour faint
What to the open eye you ſhow,
Seeming Nature's living glow!
The beauteous ſhapes of objects near!
Or diſtant ones confus'd in air!
The golden eve, the bluſhing dawn,
Smiling on the lovely lawn!
And pleaſing views of chequer'd glades!
And rivers winding through the ſhades!
And ſunny hills!—and pleaſant plains!
And groups of merry nymphs and ſwains!
Or ſome old building, hid with graſs,
Rearing ſad its ruin'd face;
Whoſe columns, friezes, ſtatues, lie,
The grief and wonder of the eye!
Or ſwift adown a mountain tall:
A foaming cataract's ſounding fall;
Whoſe loud roaring ſtuns the ear
Of the wondering traveller!
Or a calm and quiet bay,
And a level ſhining ſea!
Or ſurges rough, that froth, and roar,
And, angry, daſh the ſounding ſhore!
And veſſels toſt! and billows high!
And lightning flaſhing from the ſky!
Or that which gives me moſt delight,
The fair idea (ſeeming ſight!)

Of

Of warrior fierce, with ſhining blade!
Or orator, with arms diſplay'd!
Tully's engaging air and mien,
Declaiming againſt Cataline.
Or fierce Achilles towering high
Above his foes, who round him die.
Or Hercules, with lion's hide,
And knotty cudgel, thrown aſide,
Lifting Antæus high in air!
Who, in his gripe, expires there!
Or Siſyphus, with toil and ſweat,
And muſcles ſtrain'd, ſtriving to get
Up a ſteep hill a ponderous ſtone,
Which near the top recoils, and rolls impetuous down;
Or beauteous Helen's eaſy air,
With head reclin'd, and flowing hair;
Or comely Paris, gay and young,
Moving with gallant grace along!
Theſe you can do!—I but advance
In a florid ignorance;
And ſay to you, who better know,
You ſhould deſign them ſo and ſo.

TO AARON HILL, ESQ;
On his POEM called GIDEON.

TELL me, wondrous friend, where were you
When Gideon was your lofty ſong!
Where did the heavenly ſpirit bear you,
When your fair ſoul reflected ſtrong

Gideon's

Gideon's actions, as they ſhin'd
Bright in the chambers of your mind!
Say, have you trod Arabia's ſpicy vales,
Or gather'd bays beſide Euphrates' ſtream,
Or lonely ſung with Jordan's water-falls,
While heavenly Gideon was your ſacred theme.
Or have you many ages given
To cloſe retirement and to books!
And held a long diſcourſe with Heaven,
And notic'd Nature in her various looks!
Full of inſpiring wonder and delight,
Slow read I Gideon with a greedy eye!
Like a pleas'd traveller that lingers ſweet
On ſome fair and lofty plain
Where the ſun does brightly ſhine,
And glorious proſpects all around him lie!
On Gideon's pages beautifully ſhine,
Surprizing pictures riſing to my ſight,
With all the life of colours and of line,
And all the force of rounding ſhade and light,
And all the grace of ſomething more divine!
High on a hill, beneath an oak's broad arm,
I ſee a youth divinely fair,
" Penſive he leans his head on his left hand;
" His ſmiling eye ſheds ſweetneſs mix'd with awe,
" His right hand, with a milk-white wand, ſome figure
" ſeems to draw!
" A nameleſs grace is ſcatter'd through his air,
" And o'er his ſhoulders looſely flows his amber-
" colour'd hair!"

Above,

Above, with burning bluſh the morning glows,
The waking world all fair before him lies;
" Slow from the plain the melting dews,
" To kiſs the ſun-beams, climbing, riſe," &c.
Methinks the grove of Baal I ſee,
In terraſs'd ſtages mount up high,
And wave its ſable beauties in the ſky,
" From ſtage to ſtage, broad ſteps of half-hid ſtone,
" With curling moſs and blady graſs o'ergrown,
" Lead awful——
Down in a dungeon deep,
" Where through thick walls, oblique, the broken light
" From narrow loop-holes quivers to the ſight,
" With ſwift and furious ſtride,
" Cloſe-folded arms, and ſhort and ſudden ſtarts,
" The fretful prince, in dumb and ſullen pride,
" Revolves eſcape——
Here in red colours glowing bold,
A warlike figure ſtrikes my eye!
The dreadful ſudden ſight his foes behold
Confounded ſo, they loſe the power to fly;
" Backening they gaze at diſtance on his face,
" Admire his poſture, and confeſs his grace;
" His right hand graſps his planted ſpear," &c.
Alas! my Muſe, through much good-will, you err;
And we the mighty author greatly wrong;
To gather beauties here and there,
As but a ſcatter'd few there were,
While every word 's a beauty in his ſong!

[Thoſe lines in this Poem marked thus " are taken out of the Poem called GIDEON.]

THE

THE CHOICE.

To Mr. Dyer. By Aaron Hill, Esq.

WHILE, charm'd with Aberglaſney's quiet plains,
The Muſes, and their Empreſs, court your ſtrains,
Tir'd of the noiſy town, ſo lately try'd,
Methinks, I ſee you ſmile, on Towy's ſide!
Penſive, her mazy wanderings you unwind,
And, on your river's margin, calm your mind.
Oh!—greatly bleſs'd—whate'er your fate requires,
Your ductile wiſdom tempers your deſires!
Balanc'd within, you look abroad ſerene,
And, marking both extremes, paſs clear between.
Oh! could your lov'd example teach your ſkill,
And, as it moves my wonder, mend my will!
Calm would my paſſions grow;—my lot would pleaſe;
And my ſick ſoul might think itſelf to eaſe!
But, to the future while I ſtrain my eye,
Each preſent good ſlips, undiſtinguiſh'd, by.
Still, what I would, contends with what I can,
And my wild wiſhes leap the bounds of man.
If in my power it lies to limit hope,
And my unchain'd deſires can fix a ſcope,
This were my Choice—Oh, Friend! pronounce me poor;
For I have wants, which wealth can never cure!
Let others, with a narrow'd ſtint of pride,
In ſelfiſh views, a bounded hope divide;

If

If I muſt wiſh at all—Deſires are free,
High, as the Higheſt, I would wiſh to be!
Then might I, ſole ſupreme, act, unconfin'd,
And with unbounded influence bleſs mankind.
Mean is that ſoul, whom its own good can fill!
A proſperous world, alone, could feaſt my will.
He 's poor, at beſt, who others miſery ſees,
And wants the wiſh'd-for power to give them eaſe!
A glory this, unreach'd, but on a throne!
All were enough—and, leſs than all, is none!
This my firſt wiſh:—But ſince 'tis wild, and vain,
To graſp at glittering clouds, with fruitleſs pain,
More ſafely low, let my next proſpect be,
And life's mild evening this fair ſun-ſet ſee.
Far from a Lord's loath'd neighbourhood—a State!
Whoſe little greatneſs is a pride I hate!
On ſome lone wild, ſhould my large houſe be plac'd,
Vaſtly ſurrounded by a healthful waſte!
Steril, and coarſe, the untry'd ſoil ſhould be,
Till forc'd to flouriſh, and ſubdued by me.
Seas, woods, meads, mountains, gardens, ſtreams, and ſkies,
Should, with a changeful grandeur, charm my eyes!
Where-e'er I walk'd, effects of my paſt pains
Should plume the mountain tops, and paint the plains,
Greatly obſcure, and ſhunning courts, or name;
Widely befriended, but eſcaping fame;
Peaceful, in ſtudious quiet, would I live,
Lie hid, for leiſure, and grow rich, to give!

TO MR. SAVAGE,

Son of the late Earl Rivers.

SINK not, my friend, beneath misfortune's weight,
Pleas'd to be found intrinſically great.
Shame on the dull, who think the ſoul looks leſs,
Becauſe the body wants a glittering dreſs.
It is the mind's for-ever bright attire,
The mind's embroidery, that the wiſe admire!
That which looks rich to the groſs vulgar eyes,
Is the fop's tinſel, which the grave deſpiſe.
Wealth dims the eyes of crowds, and while they gaze,
The coxcomb 's ne'er diſcover'd in the blaze!
As few the vices of the wealthy ſee,
So virtues are conceal'd by poverty.
Earl Rivers!—In that name how would'ſt thou ſhine?
Thy verſe, how ſweet! thy fancy, how divine!
Critics and Bards would, by their worth, be aw'd,
And all would think it merit to applaud.
But thou has nought to pleaſe the vulgar eye,
No title haſt, nor what might titles buy.
Thou wilt ſmall praiſe, but much ill-nature find,
Clear to thy errors, to thy beauties blind;
And if, though few, they any faults can ſee,
How meanly bitter will cold cenſure be!
But, ſince we all; the wiſeſt of us, err,
Sure, 'tis the greateſt fault to be ſevere.

A few,

A few, however, yet expect to find,
Among the miſty millions of mankind,
Who proudly ſtoop to aid an injur'd cauſe,
And o'er the ſneer of coxcombs force applauſe.
Who, with felt pleaſure, ſee fair Virtue riſe,
And lift her upwards to the beckoning prize!
Or mark her labouring in the modeſt breaſt,
And honour her the more, the more depreſt.
Thee, Savage, theſe (the juſtly great) admire,
Thee, quick'ning Judgment's phlegm with Fancy's fire!
Thee, ſlow to cenſure, earneſt to commend,
An able critic, but a willing friend.

An EPISTLE to a FRIEND in TOWN *.

HAVE my friends in the town, in the gay buſy town,
Forgot ſuch a man as John Dyer?
Or heedleſs deſpiſe they, or pity the clown,
Whoſe boſom no pageantries fire?

No matter, no matter—content in the ſhades—
(Contented?—why every thing charms me)
Fall in tunes all adown the green ſteep, ye caſcades,
Till hence rigid virtue alarms me.

Till outrage ariſes, or miſery needs
The ſwift, the intrepid avenger;
Till ſacred religion or liberty bleeds,
Then mine be the deed, and the danger.

Alas!

* Among the Poems of Mr. Savage, there is one to Mr. Dyer, in anſwer to his from the country.

Alas! what a folly, what wealth and domain
We heap up in ſin and in ſorrow!
Immenſe is the toil, yet the labour how vain!
Is not life to be over to-morrow?

Then glide on my moments, the few that I have
Smooth-ſhaded, and quiet, and even;
While gently the body deſcends to the grave,
And the ſpirit ariſes to heaven.

TO MR. DYER. BY CLIO*.

I'VE done thy merit and my friendſhip wrong,
In holding back my gratitude ſo long;
The ſoul is ſure to equal tranſport rais'd,
That juſtly praiſes, or is juſtly prais'd:
The generous only can this pleaſure know,
Who taſte the god-like virtue—to beſtow!
I ev'n grow rich, methinks, while I commend;
And feel the very praiſes which I ſend.
Nor jealouſy nor female envy find,
Though all the Muſes are to Dyer kind.
Sing on, nor let your modeſt fears retard,
Whoſe verſe and pencil join, to force reward:
Your claim demands the bays, in double wreath,
Your Poems lighten, and your pictures breathe.
I wiſh to praiſe you, but your beauties wrong;
No theme looks green, in Clio's artleſs ſong:

But

* Among the Poems of Mr. Savage, is an Epiſtle, occaſioned by Mr. Dyer's Picture of this Lady.

But yours will an eternal verdure wear,
For Dyer's fruitful ſoul will flouriſh there.
My humbler lot was in low diſtance laid;
I was, oh, hated thought! a woman made;
For houſhold cares, and empty trifles meant,
The Name does immortality prevent.
Yet let me ſtretch, beyond my ſex, my mind,
And, riſing, leave the fluttering train behind;
Nor art, nor learning, wiſh'd aſſiſtance lends,
But nature, love, and muſic, are my friends.

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THE

THE

POEMS

OF

DAVID MALLET, Esq.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM, LORD MANSFIELD,

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

JANUARY 1, 1759.

NO man, in ancient Rome, my Lord, would have been ſurprized, I believe, to ſee a poet inſcribe his works, either to Cicero, or the younger Pliny; not to mention any more amongſt her moſt celebrated names. They were both, it is true, public magiſtrates of the firſt diſtinction, and had applied themſelves ſeverely to the ſtudy of the laws; in which both eminently excelled. They were, at the ſame time, illuſtrious orators, and employed their eloquence in the ſervice of their clients and their country. But, as they had both embelliſhed their other talents by early cultivating the finer arts, and which has ſpread, we ſee, a peculiar light and grace over all their productions; no ſpecies of polite literature could be foreign to their taſte or patronage. And, in effect, we find they were the friends and protectors of the beſt poets their reſpective ages produced.

It is from a parity of character, my Lord, and which will occur obviouſly to every eye, that I am induced

to place your name at the head of this collection, such as it is, of the different things I have written.

"Nec Phœbo gratior ulla
"Quam ſibi quæ Vari præſcripſit pagina nomen."

And were I as ſure, my Lord, that it is deſerving of your regard, as I am that theſe verſes were not applied with more propriety at firſt than they are now; the publick would univerſally juſtify my ambition in preſenting it to you. But, of that, the public only muſt and will judge, in the laſt appeal. There is but one thing, to beſpeak their favour and your friendſhip, that I dare be poſitive in: without which, you are the laſt perſon in Britain to whom I ſhould have thought of addreſſing it. And this any man may affirm of himſelf, without vanity; becauſe it is equally in every man's power. Of all that I have written, on any occaſion, there is not a line, which I am afraid to own, either as an honeſt man, a good ſubject, or a true lover of my country.

I have thus, my Lord, dedicated ſome few moments, the firſt day of this new year, to ſend you, according to good old cuſtom, a preſent. An humble one, I confeſs it is; and that can have little other value but what ariſes from the diſpoſition of the ſender. On that account, perhaps, it may not be altogether unacceptable; for it is indeed an offering rather of the heart than the head; an effuſion of thoſe ſentiments, which great merit, employed to the beſt purpoſes, naturally creates.

May

May you enjoy, my Lord, through the whole courſe of this and many more years, that ſound health of mind and body, which your important labours for the publick ſo much want, and ſo juſtly merit! And may you ſoon have the ſatisfaction to ſee, what I know you ſo ardently wiſh, this deſtructive war, however neceſſary on our part, concluded by a ſafe and laſting peace! Then, and not till then, all the noble arts, no leſs uſeful than ornamental to human life, and that now languiſh, may again flouriſh, under the eye and encouragement of thoſe few, who think and feel as you do, for the advantage and honour of Great Britain. I am, with the ſincereſt attachment,

MY LORD,

Your moſt faithful

humble ſervant.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

I.

'TWAS at the ſilent, ſolemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at William's feet.

II.

Her face was like an April-morn,
Clad in a wintery cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily-hand,
That held her ſable ſhroud.

III.

So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings muſt wear,
When death has reft their crown.

IV.

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flower,
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
Juſt opening to the view.

V.

But Love had, like the canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early prime:
The roſe grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

VI. Awake!

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full ſore:
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word ſpoke never more!

N. B. In a comedy of Fletcher, called "The "Knight of the burning Peſtle," old Merry-Thought enters repeating the following verſes:

When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were faſt aſleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at William's feet.

This was, probably, the beginning of ſome ballad, commonly known, at the time when that author wrote; and is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. Theſe lines, naked of ornament, and ſimple as they are, ſtruck my fancy: and, bringing freſh into my mind an unhappy adventure, much talked of formerly, gave birth to the foregoing poem; which was written many ago. MALLET.

An elegant Latin imitation of this ballad is printed in the works of Vincent Bourne. N.

EPI-

EPITAPH, on Mr. AIKMAN, and his only SON: who were both interred in the ſame grave.

DEAR to the wife and good, diſprais'd by none,
Here ſleep in peace the father and the ſon.
By virtue, as by nature, cloſe ally'd,
The painter's genius, but without the pride;
Worth unambitious, wit afraid to ſhine,
Honour's clear light, and Friendſhip's warmth divine.
The ſon, fair-riſing, knew too ſhort a date;
But oh, how more ſevere the parent's fate!
He ſaw him torn, untimely, from his ſide,
Felt all a father's anguiſh, wept, and dy'd!

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

THIS humble grave though no proud ſtructures grace,
Yet Truth and Goodneſs ſanctify the place:
Yet blameleſs Virtue, that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented maid! now weeps upon thy tomb.
O ſcap'd from life! O ſafe on that calm ſhore,
Where ſin, and pain, and paſſion are no more!
What never wealth could buy, nor power decree,
Regard and Pity, wait ſincere on thee:
Lo! ſoft Remembrance drops a pious tear;
And holy Friendſhip ſtands a mourner here.

SONG,

SONG. To a SCOTCH TUNE.

THE BIRKS OF ENDERMAY.

I.

THE ſmiling morn, the breathing ſpring,
Invite the tuneful birds to ſing:
And while they warble from each ſpray,
Love melts the univerſal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wiſe,
Like them improve the hour that flies;
And, in ſoft raptures, waſte the day,
Among the ſhades of Endermay.

II.

For ſoon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear:
At this, thy living bloom muſt fade;
As that will ſtrip the verdant ſhade.
Our taſte of pleaſure then is o'er;
The feather'd ſongſters love no more:
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the ſhades of Endermay!

OF VERBAL CRITICISM.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE 1ſt AND 2d EDITIONS.

AS the deſign of the following poem is to rally the abuſe of Verbal Criticiſm, the author could not, without manifeſt partiality, overlook the Editor of Milton, and the Reſtorer of Shakeſpeare. With regard to the latter, he has read over the many and ample ſpecimens with which that Scholiaſt has already obliged the publick: and of theſe, and theſe only, he pretends to give his opinion. But, whatever he may think of the Critic, not bearing the leaſt ill-will to the Man, he deferred printing theſe verſes, though written ſeveral months ago, till he heard that the ſubſcription for a new edition of Shakeſpeare was cloſed.

He begs leave to add likewiſe, that this poem was undertaken and written entirely without the knowledge of the Gentleman to whom it is addreſſed. Only as it is a public teſtimony of his inviolable eſteem for Mr. Pope, on that account, particularly, he wiſhes, it may not be judged to increaſe the number of mean performances, with which the town is almoſt daily peſtered.

AMONG the numerous fools, by fate deſign'd
Oft to diſturb, and oft divert, mankind,
The Reading Coxcomb is of ſpecial note,
By rule a Poet, and a Judge by rote:
Grave ſon of idle Induſtry and Pride,
Whom learning but perverts, and books miſguide.
O fam'd for judging, as for writing well,
That rareſt ſcience, where ſo few excel;

Whoſe

Whoſe life, ſeverely ſcann'd, tranſcends thy lays,
For wit ſupreme is but thy ſecond praiſe:
'Tis thine, O Pope, who chuſe the better part,
To tell how falſe, how vain, the Scholiaſt's art,
Which nor to taſte, nor genius has pretence,
And, if 'tis learning, is not common ſenſe.
In error obſtinate, in wrangling loud,
For trifles eager, poſitive, and proud;
Deep in the darkneſs of dull authors bred,
With all their refuſe lumber'd in his head,
What every dunce from every dunghill drew
Of literary offals, old or new,
Forth ſteps at laſt the ſelf-applauding wight,
Of points and letters, chaff and ſtraws, to write:
Sagely reſolv'd to ſwell each bulky piece
With venerable toys, from Rome and Greece;
How oft, in Homer, Paris curl'd his hair;
If Ariſtotle's cap were round or ſquare;
If in the cave, were Dido firſt was ſped,
To Tyre ſhe turn'd her heels, to Troy her head.
Such the choice anecdotes, profound and vain,
That ſtore a Bentley's and a Burman's brain:
Hence, Plato quoted, or the Stagyrite,
To prove that flame aſcends, and ſnow is white:
Hence, much hard ſtudy, without ſenſe or breeding,
And all the grave impertinence of reading.
If Shakeſpeare ſays, the noon-day ſun is bright,
His Scholiaſt will remark, it then was light;
Turn Caxton, Winkin, each old Goth and Hun,
To rectify the reading of a pun.

Thus

Thus, nicely trifling, accurately dull,
How one may toil, and toil—to be a fool!
But is there then no honour due to age?
Ne reverence to great Shakeſpeare's noble page?
And he, who half a life has read him o'er,
His mangled points and commas to reſtore,
Meets he ſuch ſlight regard in nameleſs lays,
Whom Bufo treats, and Lady Woud-be pays?
Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,
Who firſt created, and yet rules, the ſtage,
Bold to deſign, all-powerful to expreſs,
Shakeſpeare each paſſion drew in every dreſs:
Great above rule, and imitating none;
Rich without borrowing, Nature was his own.
Yet is his ſenſe debas'd by groſs allay:
As gold in mines lies mix'd with dirt and clay.
Now, eagle-wing'd, his heavenward flight he takes;
The big ſtage thunders, and the ſoul awakes:
Now, low on earth, a kindred reptile creeps;
Sad Hamlet quibbles, and the hearer ſleeps.
Such was the Poet: next the Scholiaſt view;
Faint though the colouring, yet the features true.
Condemn'd to dig and dung a barren ſoil,
Where hardly tares will grow with care and toil,
He, with low induſtry, goes gleaning on
From good, from bad, from mean, neglecting none:
His brother book-worm ſo, in ſhelf or ſtall,
Will feed alike on Woolſton and on Paul.
By living clients hopeleſs now of bread,
He pettyfogs a ſcrap from authors dead;

See him on Shakeſpeare pore, intent to ſteal
Poor farce, by fragments, for a third-day meal.
Such that grave bird in northern ſeas is found,
Whoſe name a Dutchman only knows to ſound.
Where-e'er the king of fiſh moves on before,
This humble friend attends from ſhore to ſhore:
With eye ſtill earneſt, and with bill inclin'd,
He picks up what his patron drops behind;
With thoſe choice cates his palate to regale,
And is the careful Tibbald of a whale.
Bleſt genius! who beſtows his oil and pains
On each dull paſſage, each dull book contains;
The toil more grateful, as the taſk more low:
So carrion is the quarry of a crow.
Where his fam'd author's page is flat and poor,
There, moſt exact the reading to reſtore;
By dint of plodding, and by ſweat of face,
A bull to change, a blunder to replace:
Whate'er is refuſe critically gleaning,
And mending nonſenſe into doubtful meaning.

For

V. 78. This remarkable bird is called the Strundt-Jager. Here you ſee how he purchaſes his food: and the ſame author, from whom this account is taken, tells us farther how he comes by his drink. You may ſee him, adds the Dutchman, frequently purſuing a ſort of ſea-mew, called Kulge-Gehef, whom he torments inceſſantly to make him void an excrement; which being liquid, ſerves him, I imagine, for drink. See a Collection of Voyages to the North.

For this, dread Dennis (* and who can forbear,
Dunce or not Dunce, relating it, to ſtare?)
His head though jealous, and his years fourſcore,
Ev'n Dennis praiſes, who ne'er prais'd before!
For this, the Scholiaſt claims his ſhare of fame,
And, modeſt, prints his own with Shakeſpeare's name:
How juſtly, Pope, in this ſhort ſtory view;
Which may be dull, and therefore ſhould be true.

A Prelate, fam'd for clearing each dark text,
Who ſenſe with ſound, and truth with rhetoric mixt,
Once, as his moving theme to rapture warm'd,
Inſpir'd himſelf, his happy hearers charm'd.
The ſermon o'er, the croud remain'd behind,
And freely, man or woman, ſpoke their mind:
All ſaid they lik'd the lecture from their ſoul,
And each, remembering ſomething, prais'd the whole.
At laſt an honeſt ſexton join'd the throng
(For as the theme was large, their talk was long);
Neighbours, he cry'd, my conſcience bids me tell,
Though 'twas the Doctor preach'd,—I toll'd the bell.

In this the Critic's folly moſt is ſhown:
Is there a Genius all-unlike his own,
With learning elegant, with wit well bred,
And, as in books, in men and manners read;
Himſelf with poring erudition blind,
Unknowing, as unknown, of human kind;

V. 89. ——————— * "Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve," &c.—— VIRG.

V. 92. See the Dedication of his Remarks on the Dunciad to Mr. Lewis Theobald.

That Writer he ſelects, with aukward aim
His ſenſe, at once, to mimic and to maim.
So Florio is a fop, with half a noſe:
So fat Weſt Indian Planters dreſs at Beaux.
Thus, gay Petronius was a Dutchman's choice,
And Horace, ſtrange to ſay, tun'd Bentley's voice.
Horace, whom all the Graces taught to pleaſe,
Mix'd mirth with morals, eloquence with eaſe;
His genius ſocial, as his judgement clear;
When frolic, prudent; ſmiling when ſevere;
Secure, each temper, and each taſte to hit,
His was the curious happineſs of wit.
Skill'd in that nobleſt Science, How to live;
Which Learning may direct, but Heaven muſt give:
Grave with Agrippa, with Mæcenas gay;
Among the Fair, but juſt as wiſe as they:
Firſt in the friendſhips of the Great enroll'd,
The St. Johns, Boyles, and Lytteltons, of old.
While Bentley, long to wrangling ſchools confin'd,
And, but by books, acquainted with mankind,
Dares, in the fulneſs of the pedant's pride,
Rhyme, though no genius; though no judge, decide.
Yet he, prime pattern of the captious art,
Out-tibbalding poor Tibbald, tops his part:
Holds high the ſcourge o'er each fam'd author's head;
Nor are their graves a refuge for the dead.
To Milton lending ſenſe, to Horace wit,
He makes them write what never Poet writ:

The

The Roman Muſe arraigns his mangling pen;
And Paradiſe, by him, is loſt again.
Such was his doom impos'd by heaven's decree,
With ears that hear not, eyes that ſhall not ſee,
The low to ſwell, to level the ſublime,
To blaſt all beauty, and beproſe all rhyme.
Great eldeſt-born of Dulneſs, blind and bold!
Tyrant! more cruel than Procruſtes old;
Who, to his iron-bed, by torture, fits,
Their nobler part, the ſouls of ſuffering Wits.
Such is the Man, who heaps his head with bays,
And calls on human kind to ſound his praiſe,
For points tranſplac'd with curious want of ſkill,
For flatten'd ſounds, and ſenſe amended ill.
So wiſe Caligula, in days of yore,
His helmet fill'd with pebbles on the ſhore,
Swore he had rifled ocean's richeſt ſpoils,
And claim'd a trophy for his martial toils.
Yet be his merits, with his faults, confeſt:
Fair-dealing, as the plaineſt, is the beſt.

V. 144. This ſagacious Scholiaſt is pleaſed to create an imaginary editor of Milton; who, he ſays, by his blunders, interpolations, and vile alterations, loſt Paradiſe a ſecond time. This is a poſtulatum which ſurely none of his readers can have the heart to deny him; becauſe otherwiſe he would have wanted a fair opportunity of calling Milton himſelf, in the perſon of this phantom, fool, ignorant, ideot, and the like critical compellations, which he plentifully beſtows on him. But, though he had no taſte in poetry, he was otherwiſe a man of very conſiderable abilities, and of great erudition.

Long lay the Critic's work, with trifles ſtor'd,
Admir'd in Latin, but in Greek ador'd.
Men, ſo well read, who confidently wrote,
Their readers could have ſworn, were men of note:
To paſs upon the croud for great or rare,
Aim not to make them knowing, make them ſtare.
For theſe blind votaries good Bentley griev'd,
Writ Engliſh notes—and mankind undeceiv'd:
In ſuch clear light the ſerious folly plac'd,
Ev'n thou, Browne Willis, thou may'ſt ſee the jeſt.
But what can cure our vanity of mind,
Deaf to reproof, and to diſcovery blind?
Let Crooke, a Brother-Scholiaſt Shakeſpeare call,
Tibbald, to Heſiod-Cooke returns the ball.
So runs the circle ſtill: in this, we ſee
The lackies of the Great and Learn'd agree.
If Britain's nobles mix in high debate,
Whence Europe, in ſuſpenſe, attends her fate;
In mimic feſſion their grave footmen meet,
Reduce an army, or equip a fleet:
And, rivaling the critic's lofty ſtile,
Mere Tom and Dick are Stanhope and Argyll.
Yet thoſe, whom pride and dulneſs join to blind,
To narrow cares in narrow ſpace confin'd,
Though with big titles each his fellow greets,
Are but to wits, as ſcavengers to ſtreets:
The humble black-guards of a Pope or Gay,
To bruſh off duſt, and wipe their ſpots away.
Or, if not trivial, harmful is their art;
Fume to the head, or poiſon to the heart.

Where

Where ancient Authors hint at things obſcene,
The Scholiaſt ſpeaks out broadly what they mean.
Diſcloſing each dark vice, well-loſt to fame,
And adding fuel to redundant flame,
He, ſober pimp to lechery, explains
What Capreæ's Iſle, or V**'s Alcove contains:
Why Paulus, for his ſordid temper known,
Was laviſh, to his father's wife alone:
Why thoſe fond female viſits duly paid
To tuneful Incuba; and what her trade:
How modern love has made ſo many martyrs,
And which keeps oftneſt, Lady C*, or Chartres.
But who their various follies can explain?
The tale is infinite, the taſk were vain.
'Twere to read new-year odes in ſearch of thought;
To ſum the libels Pryn or Withers wrote;
To gueſs, ere one epiſtle ſaw the light,
How many dunces met, and club'd their mite;
To vouch for truth what Welſted prints of Pope,
Or from the brother-boobies ſteal a trope.
That be the part of perſevering Waſſe,
With pen of lead; or, Arnall, thine of braſs;

V. 209. See a Poem publiſhed ſome time ago under that title, ſaid to be the production of ſeveral ingenious and prolific heads; one contributing a ſimile, another a character, and a certain gentleman four ſhrewd lines wholly made up of aſteriſks.

V. 213. See the Preface to his edition of Salluſt; and read, if you are able, the Scholia of ſixteen annotators by him collected, beſides his own.

A text for Henley, or a glofs for Hearne,
Who loves to teach, what no man cares to learn.
How little, knowledge reaps from toils like theſe!
Too doubtful to direct, too poor to pleaſe.
Yet, Critics, would your trifle deſerve a name,
And, fairly uſeful, riſe to honeſt fame;
Firſt, from the head, a load of lumber move,
And, from the volume, all yourſelves approve:
For patch'd and pilfer'd fragments, give us ſenſe,
Or learning, clear from learn'd impertinence,
Where moral meaning, or where taſte preſides,
And wit enlivens but what reaſon guides;
Great without ſwelling, without meanneſs plain;
Serious, not ſilly; ſportive, but not vain;
On trifles ſlight, on things of uſe profound,
In quoting ſober, and in judging ſound.

VERSES preſented to the Prince of ORANGE, on his viſiting OXFORD, in the Year 1734.

RECEIVE, lov'd prince, the tribute of our praiſe,
This haſty welcome, in unfiniſh'd lays.
At beſt, the pomp of ſong, the paint of art,
Diſplay the genius, but not ſpeak the heart;
And oft, as ornament muſt truth ſupply,
Are but the ſplendid colouring of a lye.
Theſe need not here; for to a ſoul like thine,
Truth, plain and ſimple, will more lovely ſhine.

The

The truly good but wish the verse sincere:
They court no flattery, who no censure fear.
Such Nassaus, the fairest, gentlest mind,
In blooming youth the Titus of mankind.
Crouds, who to hail thy wish'd appearance ran,
Forgot the prince, to praise and love the man.
Such sense with sweetness, grandeur mix'd with ease!
Our nobler youth will learn of thee to please.
Thy bright example shall our world adorn,
And charm, in gracious princes, yet unborn.

Nor deem this verse from venal art proceeds,
That vice of courts, the soil for baneful weeds.
Her candor dwells; here honest truths are taught,
To guide and govern, not disguise, the thought.
See these enlighten'd Sages, who preside
O'er learning's empire; see the youth they guide:
Behold, all faces are in transport drest!
But those most wonder, who discern thee best.
At sight of thee, each free-born heart receives
A joy, the sight of princes rarely gives;
From tyrants sprung, and oft themselves design'd,
By Fate, the future Neros of their kind:
But though thy blood, we know, transmitted springs
From laurel'd heroes, and from warrior-kings,
Through that high series, we, delighted, trace
The friends of liberty, and human race!

Oh, born to glad and animate our Isle!
For thee, our heavens look pleas'd, our seasons smile,
For thee, late object of our tender fears,
When thy life droop'd, and Britain was in tears,

All-

All-chearing Health, the goddeſs roſy-fair,
Attended by ſoft ſuns, and vernal air,
Sought thoſe * fam'd ſprings, where, each afflictive hour,
Diſeaſe, and age, and pain, invoke her power:
She came; and, while to thee the current flows,
Pour'd all herſelf, and in thy cup æroſe.
Hence, to thy cheek, that inſtant bloom deriv'd!
Hence, with thy health, the weeping world reviv'd!
Proceed to emulate thy race divine:
A life of action, and of praiſe, be thine.
Aſſert the titles genuine to thy blood,
By Nature, daring; but by reaſon, good.
So great, ſo glorious thy forefathers ſhone,
No ſon of theirs muſt hope to live unknown:
Their deeds will place thy virtue full in ſight;
Thy vice, if vice thou haſt, in ſtronger light.
If to thy fair beginnings nobly true,
Think what the world may claim, and thou muſt do:
The honours, that already grace thy name,
Have fix'd thy choice, and force thee into fame.
Ev'n ſhe, bright Anna, whom thy worth has won,
Inſpires thee what to ſeek and what to ſhun:
Rich in all outward grace, th' exalted fair
Makes the ſoul's beauty her peculiar care.
O, be your nuptials crown'd with glad encreaſe
Of ſons, in war renown'd, and great in peace;
Of daughters, fair and faithful, to ſupply
The patriot-race, till Nature's ſelf ſhall die!

* Bath.

VERSES

VERSES occaſioned by Dr. FRAZER's rebuilding Part of the Univerſity of ABERDEEN.

IN times long paſt, ere Wealth was Learning's foe,
And dar'd deſpiſe the worth he would not know;
Ere mitred pride, which arts alone had rais'd,
Thoſe very arts, in others ſaw, unprais'd;
Friend to mankind, * a prelate, good and great,
The Muſes courted to this ſafe retreat:
Fix'd each fair virgin, decent, in her cell,
With learned leiſure, and with peace to dwell.
The fabric finiſh'd, to the † ſovereign's fame,
His own neglecting, he transfer'd his claim.
Here, by ſucceſſive worthies, well was taught
Whate'er enlightens, or exalts the thought.
With labour planted, and improv'd with care,
The various tree of knowledge flouriſh'd fair:
Soft and ſerene the kindly ſeaſons roll'd,
And Science long enjoy'd her age of gold.
Now, dire reverſe! impair'd by lapſe of years,
A falling waſte the Muſes' ſeat appears.
O'er her gray roofs, with baneful ivy bound,
Time, ſure deſtroyer, walks his hoſtile round:
Silent, and ſlow, and ceaſeleſs in his toil,
He mines each wall, he moulders every pile!

Ruin

* Biſhop Elphinſton.

† Calling it King's College, in compliment to James IV.

Ruin hangs hovering o'er the fated place:
And dumb Oblivion comes with mended pace.
Sad Learning's genius, with a father's fear,
Beheld the total deſolation near:
Behold the Muſes ſtretch the wing to fly;
And fix'd on heaven his ſorrow-ſtreaming eye!
From heaven, in that dark hour, commiſſion'd came
Mild Charity, ev'n there the foremoſt name.
Sweet Pity flew before her, ſoftly bright;
At whoſe felt influence, Nature ſmil'd with light.
"Hear, and rejoice! — the gracious Power begun—
"Already, fir'd by me thy favourite ſon,
"This ruin'd ſcene remarks with filial eyes;
"And, from its fall, bids fairer fabrics riſe.
"Ev'n now, behold! where crumbling fragments grey,
"In duſt deep-bury'd, loſt to memory lay,
"The column ſwells, the well-knit arches bend,
"The round dome widens, and the roofs aſcend!
"Nor ends the bounty thus: by him beſtow'd,
"Here, Science ſhall her richeſt ſtores unload.
"Whate'er, long-hid, Philoſophy has found;
"Or the Muſe ſung, with living lawrel crown'd;
"Or Hiſtory deſcry'd, far-looking ſage,
"In the dark doubtfulneſs of diſtant age;
"Theſe, thy beſt wealth, with curious choice combin'd,
"Now treaſur'd here, ſhall form the ſtudious mind:
"To wits wanted ſuccours give,
"And f n Genius means to live.
"But entle laws of peace;
"Let lo Diſcord ceaſe:
"Their

" Their object Truth, Utility their aim,
" One ſocial ſpirit reign, in all the ſame.
" Thus aided arts ſhall with freſh vigour ſhoot;
" Their cultur'd bloſſoms ripen into fruit;
" Thy faded ſtar diſpenſe a brighter ray,
" And each glad Muſe renew her nobleſt lay."

PROLOGUE

TO THE

SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

SPOKEN BY LORD SANDWICH.

WHEN arts and arms, beneath Eliza's ſmile,
Spread wide their influence o'er this happy iſle;
A golden reign, uncurs'd with party-rage,
That foe to taſte, and tyrant of our age;
Ere all our learning in a libel lay,
And all our talk, in politics, or play:
The ſtateſman oft would ſoothe his toils with wit,
What Spenſer ſung, and Nature's Shakeſpeare writ;
Or to the laurel'd grove, at times, retire,
There, woo the Muſe, and wake the moving lyre.
As fair examples, like aſcending morn,
The world at once enlighten and adorn;
From them diffus'd, the gentle arts of peace
Shot brightening o'er the land, with ſwift encreaſe:

Rough

Rough nature ſoften'd into grace and eaſe;
Senſe grew polite, and ſcience ſought to pleaſe.
Reliev'd from yon rude ſcene of party-din,
Where open Baſeneſs vies with ſecret Sin,
And ſafe embower'd in * Woburn's airy groves,
Let us recall the times our taſte approves;
Awaken to our aid the mourning Muſe;
Through every boſom tender thought infuſe;
Melt angry Faction into moral ſenſe,
And to his gueſts a Bedford's ſoul diſpenſe.
And now, while Spring extends her ſmiling reign,
Green on the mountain, flowery in the plain;
While genial Nature breathes, from hill and dale,
Health, fragrance, gladneſs, in the living gale;
The various ſoftneſs, ſtealing through the heart,
Impreſſions, ſweetly ſocial, will impart.
When ſad Eudocia pours her hopeleſs woe,
The tear of pity will unbidden flow!
When erring Phocyas, whom wild paſſions blind,
Holds up himſelf, a mirror for mankind;
An equal eye on our own hearts we turn,
Where frailties lurk, where fond affections burn:
And, conſcious, Nature is in all the ſame,
We mourn the guilty, while the guilt we blame!

EP

* The Siege of Damaſcus was acted at Woburn, by the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Sandwich, and ſome other perſons of diſtinction, in the month of May, 1743.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

BROTHERS,

A TRAGEDY, BY DR. YOUNG.

TO woman, ſure, the moſt ſevere affliction
Is, from theſe fellows, point-blank contradiction.
Our Bard, without—I wiſh he would appear—
Ud! I would give it him—but you ſhall hear—
Good Sir! quoth I—and curtſey'd as I ſpoke—
Our pit, you know, expects and loves a joke—
'Twere fit to humour them: for, right or wrong,
True Britons never like the ſame thing long.
To-day is fair—they ſtrut, huff, ſwear, harangue:—
To-morrow 's foul—they ſneak aſide, and hang.
Is there a war—peace! peace! is all their cry:
The peace is made—then, blood! they 'll fight and die.
Gallants, in talking thus, I meant no treaſon:
I would have brought, you ſee, the man to reaſon.
But with ſome folks, 'tis labour loſt to ſtrive:
A reaſoning mule will neither lead nor drive.
He hum'd, and haw'd; then, waking from his dream,
Cry'd, I muſt preach to you his moral ſcheme.

A ſcheme, forſooth! to benefit the nation!
Some queer, odd whim of pious propagation! *
Lord! talk ſo, here—the man muſt be a widgeon: —
Drury may propagate—but not Religion.
Yet, after all, to give the Devil his due,
Our Author's ſcheme, though ſtrange, is wholly new:
Well, ſhall the novelty then recommend it?
If not from liking, from caprice befriend it.
For drums and routs, make him a while your paſſion,
A little while let Virtue be the faſhion:
And, ſpite of real or imagin'd blunders,
Ev'n let him live, nine days, like other wonders.

PROLOGUE.

TO

MR. THOMSON'S AGAMEMNON.

WHEN this deciſive night, at length, appears,
The night of every author's hopes and fears,
What ſhifts to bribe applauſe, poor poets try!
In all the forms of wit they court and lye:
Theſe meanly beg it, as an alms; and thoſe,
By boaſtful bluſter dazzle and impoſe.
Nor

* The profits ariſing from this play were intended to be given, by the Author, to the Society for propagating Chriſtian Knowledge.

Nor poorly fearful, nor ſecurely vain,
Ours would, by honeſt ways, that grace obtain;
Would, as a free-born wit, be fairly try'd:
And then—let candor, fairly too, decide.
He courts no friend, who blindly comes to praiſe;
He dreads no foe—but whom his faults may raiſe.
Indulge a generous pride, that bids him own,
He aims to pleaſe, by noble means alone;
By what may win the judgment, wake the heart,
Inſpiring nature, and directing art;
By ſcenes, ſo wrought, as may applauſe command
More from the judging head, than thundering hand.
Important is the moral we would teach—
Oh may this iſland practiſe what we preach—
Vice in its firſt approach with care to ſhun;
The wretch, who once engages, is undone.
Crimes lead to greater crimes, and link ſo ſtreight,
What firſt was accident, at laſt is fate:
Guilt's hapleſs ſervant ſinks into a ſlave;
And Virtue's laſt ſad ſtrugglings cannot ſave.
" As ſuch our fair attempt, we hope to ſee
" Our judges,—here at leaſt—from influence free:
" One place,—unbiaſs'd yet by party-rage,—
" Where only honour votes—the Britiſh ſtage.
" We aſk for juſtice, for indulgence ſue:
" Our laſt beſt licence muſt proceed from you."

IMPROMPTU,

On a LADY, who had paſſed ſome time in playing with a very young child.

WHY, on this leaſt of little Miſſes,
Did Celia waſte ſo many kiſſes?
Quoth Love, who ſtood behind and ſmil'd,
She kiſs'd the father in the child.

EPIGRAM,

On ſeeing two perſons paſs by, in very different equipages.

IN modern, as in ancient days,
See what the Muſes have to brag on:
The Player in his own poſt-chaiſe;
The Poet in a carrier's waggon!

EPIGRAM,

On a certain LORD'S paſſion for a SINGER.

NERINA'S angel-voice delights;
Nerina's devil-face affrights:
How whimſical her Strephon's fate,
Condemn'd at once to like and hate!
But be ſhe cruel, be ſhe kind,
Love! ſtrike her dumb, or make him blind.

A SIMILE IN PRIOR,

Applied to the ſame Perſon.

DEAR Thomas, didſt thou never pop
Thy head into a tin-man's ſhop?
There, Thomas, didſt thou never ſee—
'Tis but by way of ſimile—
A ſquirrel ſpend its little rage,
In jumping round a rowling cage?
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The fooliſh creature thinks it climbs;
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
It never gets two inches higher.
So fares it with this little Peer,
So buſy and ſo buſtling here;
For ever flirting up and down,
And friſking round his cage, the town.
A world of nothing in his chat,
Of who ſaid this, and who did that:
With ſimilies, that never hit;
Vivacity, that has no wit;
Schemes laid this hour, the next forſaken;
Advice oft aſk'd, but never taken:
Still whirl'd, by every riſing whim,
From that to this, from her to him;
And when he hath his circle run,
He ends—juſt where he firſt begun.

ON AN AMOROUS OLD MAN.

STILL hovering round the fair at ſixty-four,
Unfit to love, unable to give o'er;
A fleſh-fly, that juſt flutters on the wing,
Awake to buz, but not alive to ſting;
Briſk where he cannot, backward where he can;
The teazing ghoſt of the departed man.

ON I. H. Esq.

THE youth had wit himſelf, and could afford
A witty neighbour his good word.
Though ſcandal was his joy, he would not ſwear:
An oath had made the ladies ſtare.
At them he duly dreſs'd, but without paſſion:
His only miſtreſs was the faſhion.
Her verſe with fancy glitter'd, cold and faint;
His proſe, with ſenſe, correctly quaint.
Trifles he lov'd; he taſted arts:
At once a fribble, and a man of parts.

A FRAGMENT.

* * *

FAIR morn aſcends: ſoft zephyr's wing
O'er hill and vale renews the ſpring:
Where, ſown profuſely, herb and flower,
Of balmy ſmell, of healing power,

Their

Their ſouls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe freſh life in every gale.
Here, ſpreads a green expanſe of plains,
Where, ſweetly-penſive, Silence reigns;
And there, at utmoſt ſtretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the ſky;
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rolls with ſounding ſweep.
Of human art no traces near,
I ſeem alone with Nature here!
Here are thy walks, O ſacred Health!
The monarch's bliſs, the beggar's wealth;
The ſeaſoning of all good below!
The ſovereign friend in joy or woe!
O thou, moſt courted, moſt deſpis'd,
And but in abſence duly priz'd!
Power of the ſoft and roſy face!
The vivid pulſe, the vermil grace,
The ſpirits when they gayeſt ſhine,
Youth, beauty, pleaſure, all are thine!
O ſun of life! whoſe heavenly ray
Lights up, and chears, our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The ſtorm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till Nature, with thy parting light,
Repoſes late in Death's calm night:
Fled from the trophy'd roofs of ſtate,
Abodes of ſplendid pain and hate;
Fled from the couch, where, in ſweet ſleep,
Hot riot would his anguiſh ſteep,

But toſſes through the midnight-ſhade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid;
For ever fled to ſhady cell,
Where Temperance, where the Muſes dwell;
Thou oft art ſeen, at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn:
Or on the brow of mountain high,
In ſilence feaſting ear and eye,
With ſong and proſpect, which abound
From birds, and woods, and waters round.
But when the ſun, with noontide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;
While Heat ſits fervent on the plain,
With Thirſt and Languor in his train;
All nature ſickening in the blaze:
Thou, in the wild and woody maze,
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighbouring ſteep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing coolneſs has her ſeat.
There, plung'd amid the ſhadows brown,
Imagination lays him down;
Attentive, in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flowery nook;
The chidings of the headlong brook;
The green leaf ſhivering in the gale;
The warbling hill, the lowing vale;
The diſtant woodman's echoing ſtroke;
The thunder of the falling oak.

From

From thought to thought in viſion led,
He holds high converſe with the dead;
Sages, or Poets. See they riſe!
And ſhadowy ſkim before his eyes.
Hark! Orpheus ſtrikes the lyre again,
That ſoften'd ſavages to men:
Lo! Socrates, the ſent of heaven,
To whom its moral will was given.
Fathers and friends of human kind,
They form'd the nations, or refin'd;
With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlightening truth, adorning art.
While thus I mus'd beneath the ſhade,
At once the ſounding breeze was laid:
And Nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe.
Dumb ſilence grew upon the hour;
A browner night involv'd the bower:
When, iſſuing from the inmoſt wood,
Appear'd fair Freedom's genius good.
O Freedom! ſovereign boon of heaven;
Great charter, with our being given;
For which the patriot, and the ſage,
Have plann'd, have bled through every age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
Who could not give, nor can reclaim,
What but from God immediate came!

* * * *

CUPID AND HYMEN:

OR THE

WEDDING-DAY.

THE riſing morn, ſerenely ſtill,
Had brightening ſpread o'er vale and hill,
Not thoſe looſe beams that wanton play,
To light the mirth of giddy May;
Nor ſuch red heats as burn the plain,
In ardent Summer's feveriſh reign:
But rays, all equal, ſoft and ſober,
To ſuit the ſecond of October;
To ſuit the pair, whoſe wedding-day
This ſun now gilds with annual ray.
Juſt then, where our good-natur'd Thames is
Some four ſhort miles above St. James's,
And deigns, with ſilver-ſtreaming wave,
Th' abodes of earth-born pride to lave,
Aloft in air two gods were ſoaring;
While Putney-cits beneath lay ſnoring,
Plung'd deep in dreams of ten per cent,
On ſums to their dear country lent:
Two gods of no inferior fame,
Whom ancient wits with reverence name;
Though wiſer moderns much diſparage—
I mean the Gods of Love and Marriage.

But

But Cupid firſt, his wit to ſhew,
Aſſuming a mere modern beau,
Whoſe utmoſt aim is idle mirth,
Look'd—juſt as coxcombs look on earth:
Then rais'd his chin, then cock'd his hat,
To grace this common-place chit-chat;
How! on the wing, by break of dawn!
Dear brother—there he forc'd a yawn—
To tell men, ſunk in ſleep profound,
They muſt, ere night, be gag'd and bound!
Who, having once put on thy chain,
'Tis odds, may ne'er ſleep ſound again.
So ſay the wits: but wiſer folks
Still marry, and contemn their jokes:
They know, each better bliſs is thine,
Pure nectar, genuine from the vine!
And Love's own hand that nectar pours,
Which never fails, nor ever ſours!
Well, be it ſo: yet there are fools,
Who dare demur to formal rules;
Who laugh profanely at their betters,
And find no freedom plac'd in fetters;
But, well or ill, jog on through life
Without that ſovereign bliſs, a wife.
Leave theſe at leaſt, theſe ſad dogs free,
To ſtroll with Bacchus and with me;
And ſup, in Middleſex, or Surrey,
On coarſe cold beef, and Fanny Murray.
Thus Cupid—and with ſuch a leer,
You would have ſworn 'twas Ligonier.

While Hymen ſoberly reply'd,
Yet with an air of conſcious pride:
Juſt come from yonder wretched ſcene,
Where all is venal, falſe, and mean,
(Looking on London as he ſpoke)
I marvel not at thy dull joke;
Nor, in ſuch cant, to hear thee vapour,
Thy quiver lin'd with South-ſea paper;
Thine arrows feather'd, at the tail,
With India-bonds, for hearts on ſale;
Their other ends too, as is meet,
Tip'd with gold points from Lombard-ſtreet.
But could'ſt thou for a moment quit
Theſe airs of faſhionable wit,
And re-aſſume thy nobler name—
Look that way, where I turn my flame—
He ſaid, and held his torch inclin'd,
Which, pointed ſo, ſtill brighter ſhin'd—
Behold yon couple, arm in arm,
Whom I, eight years, have known to charm;
And, while they wear my willing chains,
A god dares ſwear that neither feigns.
This morn that bound their mutual vow,
That bleſt them firſt, and bleſſes now,
They grateful hail! and, from the ſoul,
Wiſh thouſands o'er both heads may roll;
Till, from life's banquet, either gueſt,
Embracing, may retire to reſt.
Come then, all raillery laid aſide,
Let this their day ſerenely glide:

With

With mine thy ſerious aim unite,
And both ſome proper gueſts invite;
That not one minute's running ſand
May find their pleaſures at a ſtand.
At this ſevere and ſad rebuke,
Enough to make a coxcomb puke;
Poor Cupid, bluſhing, ſhrug'd and winc'd,
Not yet conſenting, though convinc'd:
For 'tis your witling's greateſt terror,
Ev'n when he feels, to own, his error.
Yet, with a look of arch grimace,
He took his penitential face:
Said, 'twas, perhaps, the ſurer play,
To give your grave good ſouls their way:
That, as true humour was grown ſcarce,
He choſe to ſee a ſober farce;
For, of all cattle and all fowl,
Your ſolemn-looking aſs and owl
Rais'd much more mirth, he durſt aver it,
Than thoſe jack-puddings, pug and parrot.
He ſaid, and eaſtward ſpread his wing,
From London ſome few friends to bring.
His brother too, with ſober cheer,
For the ſame end did weſtward ſteer:
But firſt, a penſive love forlorn,
Who three long weeping years has borne
His torch revers'd, and all around,
Where once it flam'd, with cypreſs bound,
Sent off, to call a neighbouring friend,
On whom the mournful train attend:

And bid him, this one day, at leaſt,
For ſuch a pair, at ſuch a feaſt,
Strip off the ſable veil, and wear
His once-gay look and happier air.
But Hymen, ſpeeding forward ſtill,
Obſerv'd * a man on Richmond-hill,
Who now firſt tries a country life;
Perhaps, to fit him for a wife.
But, though not much on this he reckon'd,
The paſſing god look'd in and beckon'd:
He knows him rich in ſocial merit,
With independent taſte and ſpirit;
Though he will laugh with men of whim,
For fear ſuch men ſhould laugh at him.
But lo, already on his way,
In due obſervance of the day,
A friend and favourite of the Nine,
Who can, but ſeldom cares to ſhine,
And one ſole virtue would arrive at—
To keep his many virtues private.
Who tends, well pleas'd, yet as by ſtealth,
His lov'd companions eaſe and health:
Or in his garden, barring out
The noiſe of every neighbouring rout,
At penſive hour of eve and prime,
Marks how the various hand of time
Now feeds and rears, now ſtarves and ſlaughters,
His vegetable ſons and daughters.

While

* A. Mitchell, Eſq; Miniſter at the court of Pruſſia.

While theſe are on their way, behold!
Dan Cupid, from his London-fold,
Firſt ſeeks and ſends his new Lord Warden *
Of all the nymphs in Covent-Garden:
Brave as the ſword he wears in fight;
Sincere, and briefly in the right;
Whom never miniſter or king
Saw meanly cringing in their ring.
A ſecond ſee! of ſpecial note,
Plump Comus † in a colonel's coat;
Whom we, this day, expect from far,
A jolly firſt-rate man of war;
On whom we boldly dare repoſe,
To meet our friends, or meet our foes.
Or comes a brother in his ſtead?
Strong-body'd too, and ſtrong of head:
Who, in whatever path he goes,
Still looks right on before his noſe;
And holds it little leſs than treaſon,
To baulk his ſtomach or his reaſon.
True to his miſtreſs and his meat,
He eats to love, and loves to eat.

Laſt

* The late General Skelton. He had juſt then purchaſed a houſe in Henrietta-ſtreet.

† The late Col. Caroline Scott; who, though extremely corpulent, was uncommonly active; and who, to much ſkill, ſpirit, and bravery, as an officer, joined the greateſt gentleneſs of manners as a companion and friend. He died a ſacrifice to the public, in the ſervice of the Eaſt-India Company, at Bengal, in the year 1755.

Laſt comes a virgin—pray admire her!
Cupid himſelf attends, to ſquire her:
A welcome gueſt! we much had miſt her;
For 'tis our Kitty, or his ſiſter.
But, Cupid, let no knave or fool
Snap up this lamb, to ſhear her wool;
No teague of that unbluſhing band,
Juſt landed, or about to land;
Thieves from the womb, and train'd at nurſe,
To ſteal an heireſs or a purſe.
No ſcraping, ſaving, ſawcy cit,
Sworn foe of breeding, worth, and wit;
No half-form'd inſect of a Peer,
With neither land nor conſcience clear;
Who if he can, 'tis all he can do,
Juſt ſpell the motto on his landau.
From all, from each of theſe defend her;
But thou and Hymen both befriend her,
With truth, taſte, honour, in a mate,
And much good ſenſe, and ſome eſtate.
But now, ſuppoſe th' aſſembly met,
And round the table cordial ſet;
While in fair order, to their wiſh,
Plain Neatneſs ſends up every diſh,
And Pleaſure at the ſide-board ſtands,
A nectar'd goblet in his hands,
To pour libations, in due meaſure,
As Reaſon wills when join'd with Pleaſure—
Let theſe white moments all be gay,
Without one cloud of dim allay;

In every face let joy be ſeen,
As truth ſincere, as hope ſerene:
Let Friendſhip, Love, and Wit combine,
To flavor both the meat and wine,
With that rich reliſh to each ſenſe,
Which they, and they alone, diſpenſe;
Let Muſic too their mirth prolong,
With warbled air and feſtive ſong:
Then, when at eve, the ſtar of love
Glows with ſoft radiance from above,
And each companionable gueſt
Withdraws, repleniſh'd, not oppreſt,
Let each, well-pleas'd, at parting ſay—
My life be ſuch a wedding-day!

EPIGRAM:

Written at TUNBRIDGE WELLS, 1760.

WHEN Churchill led his legions on,
Succeſs ſtill follow'd where he ſhone.
And are thoſe triumphs, with the dead,
All from his houſe, for ever fled?
Not ſo: by ſofter ſurer arms,
They yet ſurvive in beauty's charms;
For, look on blooming Pembroke's face,
Even now he triumphs in his race.

ODE

IN THE

MASQUE OF ALFRED:

Sung by a SHEPHERDESS who has loſt her Lover in the Wars.

A Youth, adorn'd with every art,
To warm and win the coldeſt heart,
In ſecret mine poſſeſt.
The morning bud that faireſt blows,
The vernal oak that ſtraiteſt grows,
His face and ſhape expreſt.

In moving ſounds he told his tale,
Soft as the ſighings of the gale,
That wakes the flowery year.
What wonder he could charm with eaſe,
Whom happy Nature taught to pleaſe,
Whom Honour made ſincere.

At morn he left me—fought—and fell!
The fatal evening heard his knell,
And ſaw the tears I ſhed:
Tears that muſt ever, ever fall;
For ah! no ſighs the paſt recall,
No cries awake the dead!

THE

EXCURSION.

A

POEM.

IN

TWO CANTOS.

a

CONTENTS.

CANTO I.

INVOCATION, addreſſed to Fancy. Subject propoſed; a ſhort excurſive ſurvey of the Earth and Heavens. The poem opens with a deſcription of the face of Nature in the different ſcenes of morning, ſunriſe, noon, with a thunder-ſtorm, evening, night, and a particular night-piece, with the character of a friend deceaſed.

With the return of morning Fancy continues her excurſion, firſt northward—A view of the arctic continent and the deſerts of Tartary—From thence ſouthward: a general proſpect of the globe, followed by another of the mid-land part of Europe, ſuppoſe Italy. A city there upon the point of being ſwallowed up by an earthquake: ſigns that uſher it in: deſcribed in its cauſes and effects at length—Eruption of a burning mountain, happening at the ſame time and from the ſame cauſes, likewiſe deſcribed.

CANTO II.

Contains, on the ſame plan, a ſurvey of the ſolar ſyſtem, and of the fixed ſtars.

This poem is among the author's earlieſt performances. Whether the writing may, in ſome degree, atone for the irregularity of the compoſition, which he confeſſes, and does not even attempt to excuſe, is ſubmitted entirely to the candor of the reader.

THE

THE EXCURSION.

CANTO I.

COMPANION of the Muſe, creative power,
Imagination! at whoſe great command
Ariſe unnumber'd images of things,
Thy hourly offspring: thou, who canſt at will
People with air-born ſhapes the ſilent wood,
And ſolitary vale, thy own domain,
Where Contemplation haunts; Oh come, invok'd,
To waft me on thy many-tinctur'd wing,
O'er Earth's extended ſpace: and thence, on high,
Spread to ſuperior Worlds thy bolder flight,
Excurſive, unconfin'd. Hence from the haunts
Of vice and folly, vanity and man —
To yon expanſe of plains, where Truth delights,
Simple of heart; and, hand in hand with her,
Where blameleſs Virtue walks. Now parting Spring,
Parent of beauty and of ſong, has left,
His mantle, flower-embroider'd on the ground.
While Summer laughing comes, and bids the Months
Crown his prime ſeaſon with their choiceſt ſtores;
Freſh roſes opening to the ſolar ray,
And fruits ſlow-ſwelling on the loaded bough.
Here let me frequent roam, preventing morn,
Attentive to the cock, whoſe early throat,

Heard from the diſtant village in the vale,
Crows chearly out, far-ſounding through the gloom.
Night hears from where, wide-hovering in mid-ſky,
She rules the ſable hour: and calls her train
Of viſionary fears, the ſhrouded ghoſt,
The dream diſtreſsful, and th' incumbent hag,
That riſe to Fancy's eye in horrid forms,
While reaſon ſlumbering lies. At once they fly,
As ſhadows paſs, nor is their path beheld.
And now, pale-glimmering on the verge of heaven,
From eaſt to north in doubtful twilight ſeen,
A whitening luſtre ſhoots its tender beam;
While ſhade and ſilence yet involve the ball.
Now ſacred Morn, aſcending, ſmiles ſerene
A dewy radiance, brightening o'er the world.
Gay daughter of the air, for ever young,
For ever pleaſing! lo, ſhe onward comes,
In fluid gold and azure looſe-array'd,
Sun-tinctur'd, changeful hues. At her approach,
The weſtern grey of yonder breaking clouds
Slow-reddens into flame: the riſing miſts,
From off the mountain's brow, roll blue away
In curling ſpires; and open all his woods,
High waving in the ſky: th' uncolour'd ſtream,
Beneath her glowing ray, tranſlucent ſhines.
Glad Nature feels her through her boundleſs realms
Of life and ſenſe: and calls forth all her ſweets,
Fragrance and ſong. From each unfolding flower
Tranſpires the balm of life, that Zephyr wafts,
Delicious, on his roſy wing: each bird,

Or

Or high in air, or ſecret in the ſhade,
Rejoicing warbles wild his mattin hymn.
While beaſts of chace, by ſecret inſtinct mov'd,
Scud o'er the lawns, and, plunging into night,
In brake, or cavern, ſlumber out the day.
Invited by the chearful morn abroad,
See, from his humble roof, the good Man comes
To taſte her freſhneſs, and improve her riſe
In holy muſing. Rapture in his eye,
And kneeling wonder ſpeak his ſilent ſoul,
With gratitude o'erflowing, and with praiſe!
Now Induſtry is up. The village pours
Her uſeful ſons abroad to various toil:
The labourer here, with every inſtrument
Of future plenty arm'd; and there the ſwain,
A rural king amid his ſubject-flocks,
Whoſe bleatings wake the vocal hills afar.
The traveller, too, purſues his early road,
Among the dews of morn. Aurora calls:
And all the living landſcape moves around.
But ſee, the fluſh'd horizon flames intenſe
With vivid red, in rich profuſion ſtream'd
O'er heaven's pure arch. At once the clouds aſſume
Their gayeſt liveries; theſe with ſilvery beams
Fring'd lovely, ſplendid thoſe in liquid gold:
And ſpeak their ſovereign's ſtate. He comes, behold!
Fountain of light and colour, warmth and life!
The King of Glory! round his head divine,
Diffuſive ſhowers of radiance circling flow,
As o'er the Indian wave up-riſing fair

He looks abroad on Nature, and inveſts,
Where'er his univerſal eye ſurveys,
Her ample boſom, earth, air, ſea, and ſky,
In one bright robe, with heavenly tinctures gay.
From this hoar hill, that climbs above the plain,
Half-way up heaven ambitious, brown with woods
Of broadeſt ſhade, and terraſs'd round with walks,
Winding and wild, that deep embowering riſe,
Maze above maze, through all its ſhelter'd height;
From hence, th' aëreal concave without cloud,
Tranſlucent, and in pureſt azure dreſt;
The boundleſs ſcene beneath, hill, dale, and plain;
The precipice abrupt; the diſtant deep,
Whoſe ſhores remurmur to the ſounding ſurge;
The neareſt foreſt in wide circuit ſpread,
Solemn receſs, whoſe ſolitary walks,
Fair Truth and Wiſdom love; the bordering lawn,
With flocks and herds enrich'd; the daiſy'd vale;
The river's cryſtal, and the meadow's green —
Grateful diverſity! allure the eye
Abroad, to rove amid ten thouſand charms.
These ſcenes, where every Virtue, every Muſe
Delighted range, ſerene the ſoul, and lift,
Borne on devotion's wing, beyond the pole,
To higheſt heaven her thought; to Nature's God,
Firſt ſource of all things lovely, all things good,
Eternal, infinite! before whoſe throne
Sits ſovereign Bounty, and through heaven and earth
Careleſs diffuſes plenitude of bliſs.

Him

Him all things own: he ſpeaks, and it is day.
Obedient to his nod, alternate night
Obſcures the world. The ſeaſons at his call
Succeed in train, and lead the year around.
While reaſon thus and rapture fill the heart;
Friends of mankind, good angels, hovering near,
Their holy influence, deep-infuſing, lend;
And in ſtill whiſpers, ſoft as Zephyr's breath
When ſcarce the green leaf trembles, through her powers
Inſpire new vigour, purer light ſupply,
And kindle every virtue into flame.
Celeſtial intercourſe! ſuperior bliſs,
Which vice ne'er knew! health of th' enliven'd ſoul,
And heaven on earth begun! Thus ever fix'd
In ſolitude, may I, obſcurely ſafe,
Deceive mankind, and ſteal through life along,
As ſlides the foot of Time, unmark'd, unknown!
Exalted to his noon the fervent ſun,
Full-blazing o'er the blue immenſe, burns out
With fierce effulgence. Now th' embowering maze
Of vale ſequeſter'd, or the fir-crown'd ſide
Of airy mountain, whence with lucid lapſe
Falls many a dew-fed ſtream, invites the ſtep
Of muſing poet, and ſecures repoſe
To weary pilgrim. In the flood of day,
Oppreſſive brightneſs deluging the world,
Sick Nature pants: and from the cleaving earth
Light vapours, undulating through the air,
Contagious fly, engendering dire diſeaſe,

Red plague, and fever; or, in fogs aloft
Condenſing, ſhew a ruffling tempeſt nigh.
And ſee, exhaling from th' atlantic ſurge,
Wild world of waters, diſtant clouds aſcend
In vapory confluence, deepening cloud on cloud;
Then rolling duſk along to eaſt and north,
As the blaſt bears them on his humid wing,
Draw total night and tempeſt o'er the noon!
Lo, bird and beaſt, impreſs'd by Nature's hand
In homeward-warnings through each feeling nerve,
Haſte from the hour of terror and of ſtorm.
The Thunder now, from forth his cloudy ſhrine,
Amid conflicting elements, where Dread
And Death attend, the ſervants of his nod,
Firſt, in deaf murmurs, ſounds the deep alarm,
Heard from afar, awakening awful thought.
Dumb ſadneſs fills this nether world: the gloom
With double blackneſs lours; the tempeſt ſwells;
And expectation ſhakes the heart of man.
Where yonder clouds in duſky depth extend
Broad o'er the ſouth; fermenting in their womb,
Pregnant with fate, the fiery tempeſt ſwells,
Sulphureous ſteam and nitrous, late exhal'd
From mine or unctuous ſoil: and lo, at once,
Forth darted in ſlant ſtream, the ruddy flaſh,
Quick-glancing, ſpreads a moment's horrid day.
Again it flames expanſive; ſheets the ſky,
Wide and more wide, with mournful light around,
On all ſides burning; now the face of things
Diſcloſing; ſwallow'd now in tenfold night.

Again

Again the thunder's voice, with pealing roar,
From cloud to cloud continuous roll'd along,
Amazing burſts! Air, ſea, and ſhore reſound.
Horror ſits ſhuddering in the felon-breaſt,
And feels the deathful flaſh before it flies:
Each ſleeping ſin, excited, ſtarts to view;
And all is ſtorm within. The Murderer, pale
With conſcious guilt, though hid in deepeſt ſhade,
Hears and flies wild, purſued by all his fears:
And ſees the bleeding ſhadow of the Slain
Riſe hideous, glaring on him through the gloom!
Hark! through th' aëreal vault, the ſtorm inflam'd
Comes nearer, hoarſely loud, abrupt and fierce,
Peal hurl'd on peal inceſſant, burſt on burſt:
Torn from its baſe, as if the general frame
Were tumbling into chaos—There it fell,
With whirlwind-wing, in red diffuſion flaſh'd.
Deſtruction marks its path. Yon riven oak
Is hid in ſmouldering fires: ſurpriz'd beneath,
The traveller ill-omen'd proſtrate falls,
A livid courſe. Yon cottage flames to heaven:
And in its fartheſt cell, to which the hour,
All-horrible, had ſped their ſteps, behold!
The parent breathleſs lies; her orphan-babes
Shuddering and ſpeechleſs round—O Power divine!
Whoſe will, unerring, points the bolt of fate!
Thy hand, though terrible, ſhall man decide
If puniſhment, or mercy, dealt the blow?
Appeas'd at laſt, the tumult of the ſkies
Subſides, the thunder's falling roar is huſh'd:

At once the clouds fly ſcattering, and the ſun
Breaks out with boundleſs ſplendor o'er the world.
Parent of light and joy! to all things he
New life reſtores, and from each drooping field
Draws the redundant rain, in climbing miſts
Faſt-riſing to his ray; till every flower
Lift up its head, and Nature ſmiles reviv'd.
At firſt 'tis awful ſilence over all,
From ſenſe of late-felt danger; till confirm'd,
In grateful chorus mixing, beaſt and bird
Rejoice aloud to heaven: on either hand,
The woodlands warble, and the valleys low.
So paſs the ſongful hours: and now the ſun,
Declin'd, hangs verging on the weſtern main,
Whoſe fluctuating boſom, bluſhing red
The ſpace of many ſeas beneath his eye,
Heaves in ſoft ſwellings murmuring to the ſhore.
A circling glory glows around his diſk
Of milder beams: part, ſtreaming o'er the ſky,
Inflame the diſtant azure: part below
In level lines ſhoot through the waving wood,
Clad half in light, and half in pleaſing ſhade,
That lengthens o'er the lawn. Yon evening clouds,
Lucid or duſk, with flamy purple edg'd,
Float in gay pomp the blue horizon round,
Amuſive, changeful, ſhifting into ſhapes
Of viſionary beauty, antique towers
With ſhadowy domes and pinnacles adorn'd;
Or hills of white extent, that riſe and ſink
As ſportful Fancy lifts: till late, the ſun

From

From human eye, behind earth's ſhading orb
Total withdrawn, th' aërial landſcape fades.
Diſtinction fails: and in the darkening weſt,
The laſt light, quivering, dimly dies away.
And now th' illuſive flame, oft ſeen at eve,
Upborne and blazing on the light-wing'd gale,
Glides o'er the lawn, betokening Night's approach,
Ariſing awful o'er the eaſtern ſky,
Onward ſhe comes with ſilent ſtep and ſlow,
In her brown mantle wrapt, and brings along
The ſtill, the mild, the melancholy hour,
And Meditation, with his eye on heaven.
Muſing, in ſober mood, of Time and Life,
That fly with unreturning wing away
To that dark world, untravel'd and unknown,
Eternity! through deſert ways I walk;
Or to the cypreſs-grove, at twilight ſhun'd
By paſſing ſwains. The chill breeze murmurs low,
And the boughs ruſtle round me where I ſtand,
With fancy all-arous'd.—Far on the left,
Shoots up a ſhapeleſs rock of duſky height,
The raven's haunt: and down its woody ſteep,
A daſhing flood in headlong torrent hurls
His ſounding waters; white on every cliff
Hangs the light foam, and ſparkles through the gloom.
Behind me riſes huge a reverend pile
Sole on this blaſted heath, a place of tombs,
Waſte, deſolate, where Ruin dreary dwells.
Brooding o'er ſightleſs ſculls, and crumbling bones,
Ghaſtful he ſits, and eyes with ſtedfaſt glare,

(Sad

(Sad trophies of his power, where ivy twines
Its fatal green around) the falling roof,
The time-ſhook arch, the column grey with moſs,
The leaning wall, the ſculptur'd ſtone defac'd,
Whole monumental flattery, mix'd with duſt,
Now hides the name it vainly meant to raiſe.
All is dread ſilence here, and undiſturb'd,
Save what the wind ſighs, and the wailing owl
Screams ſolitary to the mournful moon,
Glimmering her weſtern ray through yonder iſle,
Where the ſad ſpirit walks with ſhadowy foot
His wonted round, or lingers o'er his grave.
Hail, midnight-ſhades! hail, venerable dome!
By age more venerable; ſacred ſhore,
Beyond Time's troubled ſea, where never wave,
Where never wind of paſſion, or of guilt,
Of ſuffering or of ſorrow, ſhall invade
The calm ſound night of thoſe who reſt below.
The weary are at peace: the ſmall and great,
Life's voyage ended, meet and mingle here.
Here ſleeps the priſoner ſafe, nor feels his chain,
Nor hears th' oppreſſor's voice. The poor and old,
With all the ſons of mourning, fearleſs now
Of want or woe, find unalarm'd repoſe.
Proud greatneſs, too, the tyranny of power,
The grace of beauty, and the force of youth,
And name and place, are here—for ever loſt!
But, at near diſtance, on the mouldering wall
Behold a monument, with emblem grac'd,
And fair inſcription: where with head declin'd,

And

And folded arms, the Virtues weeping round
Lean o'er a beauteous youth who dies below.
Thyrſis—'tis he! the wiſeſt and the beſt!
Lamented ſhade! whom every gift of heaven
Profuſely bleſt: all learning was his own.
Pleaſing his ſpeech, by Nature taught to flow,
Perſuaſive ſenſe and ſtrong, ſincere and clear.
His manners greatly plain; a noble grace,
Self-taught, beyond the reach of mimic Art,
Adorn'd him: his calm temper winning mild;
Nor Pity ſofter, nor was Truth more bright.
Conſtant in doing well, he neither ſought
Nor ſhun'd applauſe. No baſhful merit figh'd
Near him neglected: ſympathizing he
Wip'd off the tear from Sorrow's clouded eye
With kindly hand, and taught her heart to ſmile.
'Tis morning: and the ſun, his welcome light,
Swift, from beyond dark ocean's orient ſtream,
Caſts through the air, renewing Nature's face
With heaven-born beauty. O'er her ample breaſt,
O'er ſea and ſhore, light Fancy ſpeeds along,
Quick as the darted beam, from pole to pole,
Excurſive traveller. Now beneath the north,
Alone with Winter in his inmoſt realm,
Region of horrors! Here, amid the roar
Of winds and waves, the drifted turbulence
Of hail-mix'd ſnows, reſides th' ungenial Power,
For ever ſilent, ſhivering, and forlorn!
From Zembla's cliffs on to the ſtraits ſurmiz'd
Of Anian eaſtward, where both worlds oppoſe

Their

Their ſhores contiguous, lies the polar ſea,
One glittering waſte of ice, and on the morn
Caſts cold a chearleſs light. Lo, hills of ſnow,
Hill behind hill, and alp on alp, aſcend,
Pil'd up from eldeſt age, and to the ſun
Impenetrable; riſing from afar
In miſty proſpect dim, as if on air
Each floating hill, an azure range of clouds.
Yet here, even here, in this diſaſtrous clime,
Horrid and harbourleſs, where all life dies,
Adventurous mortals, urg'd by thirſt of gain,
Through floating iſles of ice and fighting ſtorms,
Roam the wild waves, in ſearch of doubtful ſhores,
By Weſt or Eaſt; a path yet unexplor'd.

Hence eaſtward to the Tartar's cruel coaſt,
By utmoſt ocean waſh'd, on whoſe laſt wave
The blue ſky leans her breaſt, diffus'd immenſe
In ſolitary length the Deſert lies,
Where Deſolation keeps his empty court.
No bloom of ſpring, o'er all the thirſty vaſt,
Nor ſpiry graſs is found; but ſands inſtead
In ſteril hills, and rough rocks riſing grey.

A land of fears! where viſionary forms
Of grieſly ſpectres from air, flood, and fire,
Swarm: and before them ſpeechleſs Horror ſtalks!
Here, night by night, beneath the ſtarleſs duſk,
The ſecret hag and ſorcerer unbleſt
Their ſabbath hold, and potent ſpells compoſe,
Spoils of the violated grave: and now,
Late, at the hour that ſevers night from morn,

When

When ſleep has ſilenc'd every thought of man,
They to their revels fall, infernal throng!
And as they mix in circling dance, or turn
To the four winds of heaven with haggard gaze,
Shot ſtreaming from the boſom of the north,
Opening the hollow gloom, red meteors blaze,
To lend them light, and diſtant thunders roll,
Heard in low murmurs through the lowering ſky.
From theſe ſad ſcenes, the waſte abodes of death,
With devious wing, to fairer climes remote
Southward I ſtray: where Caucaſus in view,
Bulwark of nations, in broad eminence
Upheaves from realm to realm a hundred hills,
On from the Caſpian to the Euxine ſtretch'd,
Pale-glittering with eternal ſnows to heaven.
From this chill ſteep, which midnight's higheſt ſhades
Scarce climb to darken, rough with murmuring woods,
Imagination travels with quick eye
Unbounded o'er the globe, and wondering views
Her rolling ſeas and intermingled iſles;
Her mighty continents out-ſtretch'd immenſe,
Where Europe, Aſia, Afric, of old fame,
Their regions numberleſs extend: and where,
To fartheſt point of weſt, Columbus late,
Through untry'd oceans borne to ſhores unknown,
Moor'd his firſt keel adventurous, and beheld
A new, a fair, a fertile world ariſe!
But nearer ſcenes of happy rural view,
Green dale, and level down, and bloomy hill,
The Muſe's walk, on which the ſun's bright eye

Propitious looks, invite her willing ſtep.
Here ſee, around me ſmiling, myrtle groves,
And mountains crown'd with aromatic woods
Of vegetable gold, with vales amidſt,
Laviſh of flowers and fragrance; where ſoft Spring,
Lord of the year, indulges to each field
The fanning breeze, live ſpring, and ſheltering grove.
In theſe bleſt plains, a ſpacious city ſpreads
Its round extent magnificent, and ſeems
The ſeat of empire. Dazzling in the ſky,
With far-ſeen blaze her towery ſtructures ſhine,
Elaborate works of art! each opening gate
Sends forth its thouſands: Peace and Plenty round
Environ her. In each frequented ſchool
Learning exalts his head; and Commerce pours
Into her arms a thouſand foreign realms.
How fair and fortunate! how worthy all
Of laſting bliſs ſecure! Yet all muſt fail,
O'erturn'd and loſt—nor ſhall their place be found!
A ſullen calm unuſual, dark and dead,
Ariſes inauſpicious o'er the heavens.
The beamleſs ſun looks wan; a ſighing cold
Winters the ſhadow'd air; the birds on high,
Shrieking, give ſign of fearful change at hand:
And now, within the boſom of the globe,
Where ſulphur ſtor'd, and nitre peaceful ſlept,
For ages, in their ſubterranean bed,
Ferments th' approaching tempeſt. Vapory ſtreams,
Inflammable, perhaps by winds ſublim'd,
Their deadly breath apply. Th' enkindled maſs,

Mine fir'd by mine in train, with boundleſs rage,
With horror unconceiv'd, diſploded burſts
Its central priſon—Shook from ſhore to ſhore,
Reels the broad continent with all its load,
Hills, foreſts, cities. The lone deſert quakes:
Her ſavage ſons howl to the thunder's groan,
And lightning's ruddy glare: while from beneath,
Deaf diſtant roarings, through the wide profound,
Rueful are heard, as when Deſpair complains.
  Gather'd in air, o'er that proud Capital,
Frowns an involving cloud of gloomy depth,
Caſting dun night and terror o'er the heads
Of her inhabitants. Aghaſt they ſtand,
Sad-gazing on the mournful ſkies around;
A moment's dreadful ſilence! Then loud ſcreams
And eager ſupplications rend the ſkies.
Lo, crouds on crouds, in hurry'd ſtream along,
From ſtreet to ſtreet, from gate to gate roll'd on,
This, that way burſt in waves, by horror wing'd
To diſtant hill or cave: while half the globe,
Her frame convulſive rocking to and fro,
Trembles with ſecond agony. Upheav'd
In ſurges, her vext ſurface rolls a ſea.
Ruin enſues: towers, temples, palaces,
Flung from their deep foundations, roof on roof,
Cruſh'd horrible, and pile on pile o'erturn'd,
Fall total—In that univerſal groan,
Sounding to heaven, expir'd a thouſand lives,
O'erwhelm'd at once, one undiſtinguiſh'd wreck!

Sight full of fate! up from the centre torn,
The ground yawns horrible a hundred mouths,
Flaſhing pale flames—down through the gulphs profou
Screaming, whole crouds of every age and rank,
With hands to heaven rais'd high imploring aid,
Prone to th' abyſs deſcend; and o'er their heads
Earth ſhuts her ponderous jaws. Part loſt in night
Return no more: part on the waſting wave,
Borne through the darkneſs of th' infernal world,
Far diſtant riſe, emerging with the flood;
Pale as aſcending ghoſts caſt back to day,
A ſhuddering band! Diſtraction in each eye
Stares wildly motionleſs: they pant, they catch
A gulph of air, and graſp with dying aim
The wreck that drives along, to gain from fate,
Short interval! a moment's doubtful life.
For now earth's ſolid ſphere aſunder rent
With final diſſolution, the huge maſs
Fails undermin'd—down, down th' extenſive ſeat
Of this fair city, down her buildings ſink!
Sinks the full pride her ample walls enclos'd,
In one wild havock craſh'd, with burſt beyond
Heaven's loudeſt thunder! Uproar unconceiv'd!
Image of Nature's general frame deſtroy'd!
How greatly terrible, how dark and deep
The purpoſes of heaven! At once o'erthrown,
White age and youth, the guilty and the juſt,
O, ſeemingly ſevere! promiſcuous fall.
Reaſon, whoſe daring eye in vain explores
The fearful providence, confus'd, ſubdued

T

To silence and amazement, with due praise
Acknowledges th' Almighty, and adores
His will unerring, wisest, justest, best!
The country mourns around with alter'd look.
Fields, where but late the many-colour'd Spring
Sat gaily dreſt, amid the vernal breath
Of roſes, and the ſong of nightingales,
Soft-warbled, ſilent languiſh now and die.
Rivers engulph'd their ample channels leave
A ſandy tract; and goodly mountains, hurl'd
In whirlwind from their ſeat, obſtruct the plain
With rough incumbrance; or through depths of earth
Fall ruinous, with all their woods immers'd.
Sulphureous damps of dark and deadly power,
Steam'd from th' abyſs, fly ſecret over-head,
Wounding the healthful air; whence foul diſeaſe,
Murrain and rot, in tainted herds and flocks:
In man ſore ſickneſs, and the lamp of life
Dim'd and diminiſh'd; or more fatal ill
Of mind, unſettling reaſon overturn'd.
Here into madneſs work'd, and boiling o'er
Outrageous fancies, like the troubled ſea
Foaming out mud and filth: here downward ſunk
To folly, and in idle muſing wrapt;
Now chacing with fond aim the flying cloud;
Now numbering up the drops of falling rain.
A while the fiery Spirit in its cell
Inſidious ſlumbers, till ſome chance unknown,
Perhaps ſome rocky fragment from the roof
Detach'd, and roll'd with rough colluſion down

Its echoing vault, ſtrikes out the fatal ſpark
That blows it into rage. Shakes earth again,
Wide through her entrails torn. To all ſides flaſh'd,
The flames bear downward on the central deep,
Immeaſurable ſource, whence ocean fills
His numerous ſeas, and pours them round the globe.
The liquid orb, through all its dark expanſe,
In dire commotion boils; and burſting way
Up through th' unſounded bottoms of the main,
Where never tempeſt ruffled, lifts the deeps,
At once, in billowy mountains to the ſky,
With raving violence. And now their ſhores,
Rebellowing to the ſurge, they ſwallow fierce,
O'erſwelling mound and cliff: now ſwift and ſtrange,
With refluent wave retreating, leave the beach
A naked of ſands waſte—Mean time, behold!
Yon neighbouring Mountain riſing bleak and bare,
Its double top in ſteril aſhes hid,
But green around its baſe with oil and wine,
Gives ſign of ſtorm and deſolation near:
Store-houſe of fate! from whoſe infernal womb,
With fiery minerals and metallic ore
Pernicious fraught, aſcends eternal ſmoke:
Now wavering looſe in air; now borne on high,
A duſky column heightening to the ſun!
Imagination's eye looks down diſmay'd
The ſteepy gulph, pale-flaming and profound,
With hourly tumult vext, but now incens'd
To ſevenfold fury. Firſt, diſcordant ſounds,
As of a clamouring multitude enrag'd,

The dash of floods, and hollow howl of winds
Through wintery woods or cavern'd ruins heard,
Rise from the distant depth where uproar reigns.
Anon, with black eruption, from its jaws,
A night of smoke, thick-driving, wave on wave,
In stormy flow, and cloud involving cloud,
Rolls surging forth, extinguishing the day;
With vollied sparkles mix'd, and whirling drifts
Of stones and cinders rattling up the air.
Instant, in one broad burst, a stream of fire,
Red-issuing, floods the hemisphere around.
Nor pause, nor rest: again the mountain groans,
Amazing, from its inmost caverns shook:
Again, with loudening rage, intensely fierce,
Disgorges pyramids of quivering flame,
Spire after spire enormous, and torn rocks,
Flung out in thundering ruins to the sky.

But see, in second pangs, the roaring hill
From forth its depth a cloudy pillar shoots,
Gradual and vast, in one ascending trunk
Of length immense, heav'd by the force of fire,
On its own base direct, aloft in air,
Beyond the soaring eagle's sunward flight.
Still as it swells, through all the dark extent,
With wonder seen! ten thousand lightnings play
In flash'd vibrations; and from height to height
Incessant thunders roar. No longer now
Protruded by th' explosive breath below,
At once the shadowy summit breaks away
To all sides round, in billows broad and black,

As of a turbid ocean ſtir'd by winds,
A vapory deluge hiding earth and heaven.
Thus all day long: and now the beamleſs ſun
Sets as in blood. A dreadful pauſe enſues;
Deceitful calm, portending fiercer ſtorm.
Sad night at once, with all her deep-dy'd ſhades,
Falls back and boundleſs o'er the ſcene. Suſpenſe
And terror rule the hour. Behold, from far,
Imploring heaven with ſupplicating hands
And ſtreaming eyes, in mute amazement fix'd,
Yon peopled City ſtands; each ſadden'd face
Turn'd towards the hill of fears: and hark! once more
The riſing tempeſt ſhakes its ſounding vaults,
Now faint in diſtant murmurs, now more near
Rebounding horrible, with all the roar
Of winds and ſeas; or engines big with death,
That, planted by the murderous hand of War
To ſhake the round of ſome proud capital,
At once diſploded, in one burſting peal
Their mortal thunders mix. Along the ſky,
From eaſt to ſouth, a ruddy hill of ſmoke
Extends its ridge, with diſmal light inflam'd:
Mean while, the fluid Lake that works below,
Bitumen, ſulphur, ſalt, and iron-ſcum,
Heaves up its boiling tide. The labouring mount
Is torn with agonizing throes—at once,
Forth from its ſide diſparted, blazing pours
A mighty river, burning in prone waves,
That glimmer through the night, to yonder plain.
Divided there, a hundred torrent-ſtreams,

Each

Each ploughing up its bed, roll dreadful on,
Reſiſtleſs. Villages, and woods, and rocks,
Fall flat before their ſweep. The region round,
Where myrtle-walks and groves of golden fruit
Roſe fair, where harveſt wav'd in all its pride,
And where the vineyard ſpread her purple ſtore,
Maturing into nectar, now deſpoil'd.
Of herb, leaf, fruit, and flower, from end to end,
Lies buried under fire, a glowing ſea!

Thus roaming with adventurous wing the globe,
From ſcene to ſcene excurſive, I behold
In all her workings, beauteous, great, or new,
Fair Nature, and in all with wonder trace
The ſovereign Maker, firſt, ſupreme, and beſt,
Who actuates the whole: at whoſe command,
Obedient fire and flood tremendous riſe,
His miniſters of vengeance, to reprove,
And ſcourge the nations. Holy are his ways,
His works unnumber'd, and to all proclaim
Unfathom'd wiſdom, goodneſs unconfin'd.

THE EXCURSION.

CANTO II.

ENDLESS the wonders of creating power,
On earth, but chief on high through heaven diſplay'd!
There ſhines the full magnificence unveil'd

Of Majeſty divine: refulgent there
Ten thouſand ſuns blaze forth, with each his train
Of worlds dependent, all beneath the eye
And equal rule of one eternal Lord.
To thoſe bright climes, awakening all her powers,
And ſpreading her unbounded wing, the Muſe
Aſcending ſoars, on through the fluid ſpace,
The buoyant atmoſphere; whoſe vivid breath,
Soul of all ſublunary life, pervades
The realms of Nature, to her inmoſt depths
Diffus'd with quickening energy. Now ſtill,
From pole to pole th' aëreal ocean ſleeps,
One limpid vacancy: now rouz'd to rage
By bluſtering meteors, wind, hail, rain, or cloud
With thunderous fury charg'd, its billows riſe,
And ſhake the nether orb. Still as I mount,
A path the vulture's eye hath not obſerv'd,
Nor foot of eagle trod, th' ethereal ſphere
Receding flies approach; its circling arch
Alike remote, tranſlucent, and ſerene.
Glorious expanſion! by th' Almighty ſpread,
Whoſe limits who hath ſeen! or who with him
Hath walk'd the ſun-pav'd circuit from old time,
And viſited the hoſt of heaven around!
Gleaming a borrow'd light, from whence how ſmall
The ſpeck of earth, and dim air circumfus'd!
Mutable region, vext with hourly change.
But here, unruffled calm her even reign
Maintains external: here the lord of day,
The neighbouring ſun, ſhines out in all his ſtrength,

Not

Noon without night. Attracted by his beam,
I thither bend my flight, tracing the source
Where morning springs; whence her innumerous streams
Flow lucid forth, and roll through trackless ways
Their white waves o'er the sky. The fountain-orb,
Dilating as I rise, beyond the ken
Of mortal eye, to which earth, ocean, air,
Are but a central point, expands immense,
A shoreless sea of fluctuating fire,
That deluges all ether with its tide.
What power is that, which to its circle bounds
The violence of flame! in rapid whirls
Conflicting, floods with floods, as if to leave
Their place, and, bursting, overwhelm the world!
Motion incredible! to which the rage
Of oceans, when whole winter blows at once
In hurricane, is peace. But who shall tell
That radiance beyond measure, on the sun
Pour'd out transcendent! those keen-flashing rays
Thrown round his state, and to yon worlds afar
Supplying days and seasons, life and joy!
Such Virtue He, the Majesty of Heaven,
Brightness original, all-bounteous king,
Hath to his creature lent, and crown'd his sphere
With matchless glory. Yet not all alike
Resplendent: in these liquid regions pure,
Thick mists, condensing, darken into spots,
And dim the day. Whence that malignant light,
When Cæsar bled, which sadden'd all the year,
With long eclipse. Some at the centre rise

In

In ſhady circles, like the moon beheld
From earth, when ſhe her unenlighten'd face
Turns thitherward opaque: a ſpace they brood
In congregated clouds; then breaking float
To all ſides round. Dilated ſome and denſe,
Broad as earth's ſurface each, by ſlow degrees
Spread from the confines of the light along,
Uſurping half the ſphere, and ſwim obſcure
On to its adverſe coaſt; till there they ſet,
Or vaniſh ſcatter'd: meaſuring thus the time,
That round its axle whirls the radiant orb.
Faireſt of beings! firſt-created light!
Prime cauſe of beauty! for from thee alone,
The ſparkling gem, the vegetable race,
The nobler worlds that live and breathe, their charms,
The lovely hues peculiar to each tribe,
From thy unfailing ſource of ſplendor draw!
In thy pure ſhine, with tranſport I ſurvey
This firmament, and theſe her rolling worlds,
Their magnitudes, and motions: thoſe how vaſt!
How rapid theſe! with ſwiftneſs unconceiv'd,
From weſt to eaſt in ſolemn pomp revolv'd,
Unerring, undiſturb'd; the ſun's bright train,
Progreſſive through the ſky's light fluent borne
Around their centre. Mercury the firſt,
Near bordering on the day, with ſpeedy wheel
Flies ſwifteſt on, inflaming where he comes,
With ſevenfold ſplendor, all his azure road.
Next Venus to the weſtward of the ſun,
Full orb'd, her face, a golden plain of light,

Circles

Circles her larger round. Fair morning-ſtar!
That leads on dawning day to yonder world,
The ſeat of man, hung in the heavens remote,
Whoſe northern hemiſphere, deſcending, ſees
The ſun ariſe; as through the zodiac roll'd,
Full in the middle path oblique ſhe winds
Her annual orb: and by her ſide the Moon,
Companion of her flight, whoſe ſolemn beams,
Nocturnal, to her darken'd globe ſupply
A ſofter day-light; whoſe attractive power
Swells all her ſeas and oceans into tides,
From the mid-deeps o'erflowing to their ſhores.
Beyond the ſphere of Mars, in diſtant ſkies,
Revolves the mighty magnitude of Jove,
With kingly ſtate, the rival of the ſun.
About him round, four planetary moons,
On earth with wonder all night long beheld,
Moon above moon, his fair attendants, dance.
Theſe, in th' horizon, ſlow-aſcending climb
The ſteep of heaven, and, mingling in ſoft flow,
Their ſilver radiance, brighten as they riſe.
Thoſe oppoſite roll downward from their noon
To where the ſhade of Jove, outſtretch'd in length,
A duſky cone immenſe, darkens the ſky
Through many a region. To theſe bounds arriv'd,
A gradual pale creeps dim o'er each ſad orb,
Fading their luſtre; till they ſink involv'd
In total night, and diſappear eclips'd.
By this, the Sage, who, ſtudious of the ſkies,
Heedful explores theſe late-diſcover'd worlds,

By

By this obſerv'd, the rapid progreſs finds
Of light itſelf: how ſwift the headlong ray
Shoots from the ſun's height through unbounded ſpace,
At once enlightning air, and earth, and heaven.
Laſt, outmoſt Saturn walks his frontier-round,
The boundary of worlds; with his pale moons,
Faint-glimmering through the darkneſs night has thrown,
Deep-dy'd and dead, o'er this chill globe forlorn:
An endleſs deſert, where extreme of cold
Eternal ſits, as in his native ſeat,
On wintery hills of never-thawing ice!
Such Saturn's earth; and yet ev'n here the ſight,
Amid theſe doleful ſcenes, new matter finds
Of wonder and delight! a mighty ring,
On each ſide riſing from th' horizon's verge,
Self-pois'd in air, with its bright circle round
Encompaſſeth his orb. As night comes on,
Saturn's broad ſhade, caſt on its eaſtern arch,
Climbs ſlowly to its height: and at th' approach
Of morn returning, with like ſtealthy pace
Draws weſtward off; till though the lucid round,
In diſtant view th' illumin'd ſkies are ſeen.
Beauteous appearance! by th' Almighty's hand
Peculiar faſhion'd.—Thine theſe noble works,
Great, univerſal Ruler! earth and heaven
Are thine, ſpontaneous offspring of thy will,
Seen with tranſcendent raviſhment ſublime,
That lifts the ſoul to thee! a holy joy,
By reaſon prompted, and by reaſon ſwell'd
Beyond all height—for thou art infinite!

Thy

Thy virtual energy the frame of things
Pervading actuates: as at firſt thy hand
Diffus'd through endleſs ſpace this limpid ſky,
Vaſt ocean without ſtorm, where theſe huge globes
Sail undiſturb'd, a rounding voyage each;
Obſervant all of one unchanging law.
Simplicity divine! by this ſole rule,
The Maker's great eſtabliſhment, theſe worlds
Revolve harmonious, world attracting world
With mutual love, and to their central ſun
All gravitating: now with quicken'd pace
Deſcending tow'rd the primal orb, and now
Receding flow, excurſive from his bounds.

This ſpring of motion, this hid power infus'd
Through univerſal nature, firſt was known
To thee, great Newton! Britain's juſteſt pride,
The boaſt of human race; whoſe towering thought,
In her amazing progreſs unconfin'd,
From truth to truth aſcending, gain'd the height
Of ſcience, whither mankind from afar
Gaze up aſtoniſh'd. Now beyond that height,
By death from frail mortality ſet free,
A pure intelligence he wings his way
Through wondrous ſcenes, new-open'd in the world
Inviſible, amid the general quire
Of ſaints and angels, rapt with joy divine,
Which fills, o'erflows, and raviſhes the ſoul!
His mind's clear viſion from all darkneſs purg'd,
For God himſelf ſhines forth immediate there,
Through thoſe eternal climes, the frame of things,

In

In its ideal harmony, to him
Stands all reveal'd.—
But how ſhall mortal wing
Attempt this blue profundity of heaven,
Unfathomable, endleſs of extent!
Where unknown ſuns to unknown ſyſtems riſe,
Whoſe numbers who ſhall tell? ſtupenduous hoſt!
In flaming millions through the vacant hung,
Sun beyond ſun, and world to world unſeen,
Meaſureleſs diſtance, unconceiv'd by thought!
Awful their order; each the central fire
Of his ſurrounding ſtars, whoſe whirling ſpeed,
Solemn and ſilent, through the pathleſs void,
Nor change, nor error knows. But, their ways,
By reaſon, bold adventurer, unexplor'd,
Inſtructed can declare! What ſearch ſhall find
Their times and ſeaſons! their appointed laws,
Peculiar! their inhabitants of life,
And of intelligence, from ſcale to ſcale
Harmonious riſing and in fix'd degree;
Numberleſs orders, each reſembling each,
Yet all diverſe!—Tremendous depth and height
Of wiſdom and of power, that this great whole
Fram'd inexpreſſible, and ſtill preſerves,
An infinite of wonders!—Thou, ſupreme,
Firſt, Independent Cauſe, whoſe preſence fills
Nature's vaſt circle, and whoſe pleaſure moves,
Father of human kind! the Muſe's wing
Suſtaining guide, while to the heights of heaven,
Roaming the interminable vaſt of ſpace,

She

She riſes, tracing thy almighty hand
In its dread operations. Where is now
The ſeat of mankind, earth? where her great ſcenes
Of wars and triumphs? empires fam'd of old,
Aſſyrian, Roman? or of later name,
Peruvian, Mexican, in that new world,
Beyond the wide Atlantic, late diſclos'd?
Where is their place?—Let proud Ambition pauſe,
And ſicken at the vanity that prompts
His little deeds:—With earth, thoſe nearer orbs,
Surrounding planets, late ſo glorious ſeen,
And each a world, are now for ſight too ſmall;
Are almoſt loſt to thought. The ſun himſelf,
Ocean of flame, but twinkles from afar,
A glimmering ſtar amid the train of night!
While in theſe deep abyſſes of the ſky,
Spaces incomprehenſible, new ſuns,
Crown'd with unborrow'd beams, illuſtrious ſhine;
Arcturus here, and here the Pleiades,
Amid the northern hoſt: nor with leſs ſtate,
At ſumleſs diſtance, huge Orion's orbs,
Each in his ſphere refulgent, and the noon
Of Syrius, burning through the ſouth of heaven.
Myriads beyond, with blended rays, inflame
The Milky Way, whoſe ſtream of vivid light,
Pour'd from innumerable fountains round,
Flows trembling, wave on wave, from ſun to ſun,
And whitens the long path to heaven's extreme:
Diſtinguiſh'd tract! But as with upward flight,
Soaring, I gain th' immenſurable ſteep,

Contiguous ſtars, in bright profuſion ſown
Through theſe wide fields, all broaden into ſuns,
Amazing, ſever'd each by gulphs of air,
In circuit ample as the ſolar heavens.
From this dread eminence, where endleſs day,
Day without cloud abides, alone and fill'd
With holy horror, trembling I ſurvey
Now downward through the univerſal ſphere
Already paſt; now up to the heights untry'd,
And of th' enlarging proſpect find no bound!
About me on each hand new wonders riſe
In long ſucceſſion; here pure ſcenes of light,
Dazzling the view; here nameleſs worlds afar,
Yet undiſcover'd: there a dying ſun,
Grown dim with age, whoſe orb of flame extinct,
Incredible to tell! thick, vapory miſts,
From every ſhore exhaling, mix obſcure
Innumerable clouds, diſpreading ſlow,
And deepening ſhade on ſhade; till the faint globe,
Mournful of aſpect, calls in all his beams.
Millions of lives, that live but in his light,
With horror ſee, from diſtant ſpheres around,
The ſource of day expire, and all his worlds
At once involv'd in everlaſting night!
Such this dread revolution: heaven itſelf,
Subject to change, ſo feels the waſte of years.
So this cerulian round, the work divine
Of God's own hand, ſhall fade; and empty night
Reign ſolitary, where theſe ſtars now roll
From weſt to eaſt their periods: where the train

Of

Of comets wander their eccentric ways,
With infinite excurſion, through th' immenſe
Of æther, traverſing from ſky to ſky
Ten thouſand regions in their winding road,
Whoſe length to trace imagination fails!
Various their paths; without reſiſtance all
Through theſe free ſpaces borne: of various face;
Enkindled this with beams of angry light,
Shot circling from its orb in ſanguine ſhowers:
That, through the ſhade of night, projecting huge,
In horrid trail, a ſpire of duſky flame,
Embody'd miſts and vapours, whoſe fir'd maſs
Keen-vibrates, ſtreaming a red length of air.
While diſtant orbs, with wonder and amaze,
Mark its approach, and night by night alarm'd
Its dreaded progreſs watch, as of a foe
Whoſe march is ever fatal; in whoſe train
Famine, and war, and deſolating plague,
Each on his pale horſe rides; the miniſters
Of angry heaven, to ſcourge offending worlds!
But lo! where one, from ſome far world return'd,
Shines out with ſudden glare through yonder ſky,
Region of darkneſs, where a ſun's loſt globe,
Deep-overwhelm'd with night, extinguiſh'd lies.
By ſome hid power attracted from his path,
Fearful commotion! into that duſk tract,
The devious comet, ſteep deſcending, falls
With all his flames, rekindling into life
Th' exhauſted orb: and ſwift a flood of light
Breaks forth diffuſive through the gloom, and ſpreads

In orient ſtreams to his fair train afar
Of moving fires, from night's dominion won,
And wondering at the morn's unhop'd return.
In ſtill amazement loſt, th' awaken'd mind
Contemplates this great view, a ſun reſtor'd
With all his worlds! while thus at large her flight
Ranges theſe untrac'd ſcenes, progreſſive borne
Far through ethereal ground, the boundleſs walk
Of ſpirits, daily travellers from heaven;
Who paſs the myſtic gulph to journey here,
Searching th' Almighty Maker in his works
From worlds to worlds, and, in triumphant quire
Of voice and harp, extolling his high praiſe.
Immortal natures! cloath'd with brightneſs round,
Empyreal, from the ſource of light effus'd,
More orient than the noon-day's ſtainleſs beam.
Their will unerring; their affections pure,
And glowing fervent warmth of love divine,
Whoſe object God alone: for all things elſe,
Created beauty, and created good,
Illuſive all, can charm the ſoul no more.
Sublime their intellect, and without ſpot,
Enlarg'd to draw Truth's endleſs proſpect in,
Ineffable, eternity and time;
The train of beings, all by gradual ſcale
Deſcending, ſumleſs orders and degrees;
Th' unſounded depth, which mortals dare not try,
Of God's perfections; how theſe heavens firſt ſprung
From unprolific night; how mov'd and rul'd

In

In number, weight, and meaſure; what hid laws,
Inexplicable, guide the moral world.
Active as flame, with prompt obedience all
The will of heaven fulfil: ſome his fierce wrath
Bear through the nations, peſtilence and war:
His copious goodneſs ſome, life, light, and bliſs,
To thouſands. Some the fate of empires rule,
Commiſſion'd, ſheltering with their guardian wings
The pious monarch, and the legal throne.
Nor is the ſovereign, nor th' illuſtrious great,
Alone their care. To every leſſening rank
Of worth propitious, theſe bleſt minds embrace
With univerſal love the juſt and good,
Wherever found; unpriz'd, perhaps unknown,
Depreſt by fortune, and with hate purſued,
Or inſult from the proud oppreſſor's brow.
Yet dear to heaven, and meriting the watch
Of angels o'er his unambitious walk,
At morn or eve, when Nature's faireſt face,
Calmly magnificent, inſpires the ſoul
With virtuous raptures, prompting to forſake
The ſin-born vanities, and low purſuits,
That buſy human-kind; to view their ways
With pity; to repay, for numerous wrongs,
Meekneſs and charity. Or, rais'd aloft,
Fir'd with ethereal ardor, to ſurvey
The circuit of creation, all theſe ſuns
With all their worlds: and ſtill from height to height,
By things created riſing, laſt aſcend

To that Firſt Cauſe, who made, who governs all,
Fountain of being, ſelf-exiſtent power,
All-wiſe, all-good, who from eternal age
Endures, and fills th' immenſity of ſpace;
That infinite diffuſion, where the mind
Conceives no limits; undiſtinguiſh'd void,
Invariable, where no land-marks are,
No paths to guide Imagination's flight.

AMYNTOR

AND

THEODORA:

OR,

THE HERMIT.

ADDRESSED TO

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

PREFACE.

THE following poem was originally intended for the ſtage, and planned out, ſeveral years ago, into a regular tragedy. But the author found it neceſſary to change his firſt deſign, and to give his work the form it now appears in; for reaſons with which it might be impertinent to trouble the public: though, to a man who thinks and feels in a certain manner, thoſe reaſons were invincibly ſtrong.

As the ſcene of the piece is laid in the moſt remote and unfrequented of all the Hebrides, or weſtern iſles that ſurround one part of Great-Britain; it may not be improper to inform the reader, that he will find a particular account of it, in a little treatiſe publiſhed near half a century ago, under the title of a Voyage to St. Kilda. The Author, who had himſelf been upon the ſpot, deſcribes at length the ſituation, extent, and produce of that ſolitary iſland; ſketches out the natural hiſtory of the birds of ſeaſon that tranſmigrate thither annually, and relates the ſingular cuſtoms that ſtill prevailed among the inhabitants: a race of people then the moſt uncorrupted in their manners, and therefore the leaſt unhappy in their lives, of any, perhaps, on the face of the whole earth. To whom might have been applied what an ancient hiſtorian ſays of certain barbarous nations, when he compares them with their more civilized neighbours: "plus valuit apud Hos "ignorantia vitiorum, quam apud Græcos omnia "philoſophorum præcepta."

They live together, as in the greateſt ſimplicity of heart, ſo in the moſt inviolable harmony and union of ſentiments. They have neither ſilver nor gold; but barter among themſelves for the few neceſſaries they may reciprocally want. To ſtrangers they are extremely hoſpitable, and no leſs charitable to their own poor; for whoſe relief each family in the iſland contributes its ſhare monthly, and at every feſtival ſends them beſides a portion of mutton or beef. Both ſexes have a genius to poetry; and compoſe not only ſongs, but pieces of a more elevated turn, in their own language, which is very emphatical. One of thoſe iſlanders, having been prevailed with to viſit the greateſt trading town in North-Britain, was infinitely aſtoniſhed at the length of the voyage, and at the mighty kingdoms, for ſuch he reckoned the larger iſles, by which they ſailed. He would not venture himſelf into the ſtreets of that city without being led by the hand. At ſight of the great church, he owned that it was indeed a lofty rock; but inſiſted that, in his native country of St. Kilda, there were others ſtill higher. However the caverns formed in it, ſo he named the pillars and arches on which it is raiſed, were hollowed, he ſaid, more commodiouſly than any he had ever ſeen there. At the ſhake occaſioned in the ſteeple, and the horrible din that ſounded in his ears upon tolling out the great bells, he appeared under the utmoſt conſternation, believing the frame of nature was falling to pieces about him. He thought the perſons who wore maſks, not diſtinguiſhing whether they were men or women, had been

been guilty of ſome ill thing, for which they did not dare to ſhew their faces. The beauty and ſtateline ſs of the trees which he ſaw then for the firſt time, as in his own iſland there grows not a ſhrub, equally ſurprized and delighted him: but he obſerved, with a kind of terror, that as he paſſed among their branches, they pulled him back again. He had been perſuaded to drink a pretty large doſe of ſtrong waters; and upon finding himſelf drowſy after it, and ready to fall into a ſlumber, which he fancied was to be his laſt, he expreſſed to his companions the great ſatisfaction he felt in ſo eaſy a paſſage out of this world: for, ſaid he, it is attended with no kind of pain.

Among ſuch ſort of men it was that Aurelius ſought refuge from the violence and cruelty of his enemies.

The time appears to have been towards the latter part of the reign of King Charles the ſecond: when thoſe who governed Scotland under him, with no leſs cruelty than impolicy, made the people of that country deſperate; and then plundered, impriſoned, or butchered them, for the natural effects of ſuch deſpair. The beſt and worthieſt men were oft the objects of their moſt unrelenting fury. Under the title of fanatics, or ſeditious, they affected to herd, and of courſe perſecuted, whoever wiſhed well to his country, or ventured to ſtand up in defence of the laws and a legal government. I have now in my hands the copy of a warrant, ſigned by King Charles himſelf, for military execution upon them without proceſs or conviction: and I know that the original is ſtill kept in the ſecretary's office for that part of the united kingdom. Thus much I thought it neceſſary

to

to ſay, that the reader may not be miſled to look upon the relation given by Aurelius in the ſecond canto, as drawn from the wantonneſs of imagination, when it hardly ariſes to ſtrict hiſtorical truth.

What reception this poem may meet with, the author cannot foreſee: and, in his humble, but happy retirement, he needs not be over-anxious to know. He has endeavoured to make it one regular and conſiſtent whole; to be true to nature in his thoughts, and to the genius of the language in his manner of expreſſing them. If he has ſucceeded in theſe points, but above all in effectually touching the paſſions, which, as it is the genuine province, ſo is it the great triumph, of poetry; the candor of his more diſcerning readers will readily overlook miſtakes or failures in things of leſs importance.

TO MRS. MALLET.

THOU faithful partner of a heart thy own,
Whoſe pain, or pleaſure, ſprings from thine alone;
Thou, true as honour, as compaſſion kind,
That, in ſweet union, harmonize thy mind:
Here, while thy eyes, for ſad Amintor's woe,
And Theodora's wreck, wich tears o'erflow,
O may thy friend's warm wiſh to heaven prefer'd
For thee, for him, by gracious heaven be heard!
So her fair hour of fortune ſhall be thine,
Unmix'd; and all Amyntor's fondneſs mine.
So, through long vernal life, with blended ray,
Shall Love light up, and Friendſhip cloſe our day:
Till, ſummon'd late this lower heaven to leave,
One ſigh ſhall end us, and one earth receive.

AMYN-

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA: OR, THE HERMIT.

CANTO I.

FAR in the watery waſte, where his broad wave
From world to world the vaſt Atlantic rolls,
On from the piny ſhores of Labrador
To frozen Thulé eaſt, her airy height
Aloft to heaven remoteſt Kilda lifts;
Laſt of the ſea-girt Hebrides, that guard,
In filial train, Britannia's parent-coaſt.
Thrice happy land! though freezing on the verge
Of arctic ſkies; yet, blameleſs ſtill of arts
That poliſh, to deprave, each ſofter clime,
With ſimple nature, ſimple virtue bleſt!
Beyond Ambition's walk: where never War
Uprear'd his ſanguine ſtandard; nor unſheath'd,
For wealth or power, the deſolating ſword.
Where Luxury, ſoft ſyren, who around
To thouſand nations deals her nectar'd cup
Of pleaſing bane, that ſoothes at once and kills,
Is yet a name unknown. But calm content

That

That lives to reaſon; ancient Faith that binds
The plain community of guileleſs hearts
In love and union; Innocence of ill
Their guardian genius: theſe, the powers that rule
This little world, to all its ſons ſecure
Man's happieſt life; the ſoul ſerene and ſound
From Paſſion's rage, the body from diſeaſe.
Red on each cheek behold the roſe of health;
Firm in each ſinew Vigor's pliant ſpring,
By Temperance brac'd to peril and to pain,
Amid the floods they ſtem, or on the ſteep
Of upright rocks their ſtraining ſteps ſurmount,
For food or paſtime. Theſe light up their morn,
And cloſe their eve in ſlumber ſweetly deep,
Beneath the north, within the circling ſwell
Of oceans raging round. But laſt and beſt,
What Avarice, what Ambition ſhall not know,
True Liberty is theirs, the heaven-ſent gueſt,
Who in the cave, or on th' uncultur'd wild,
With Independence dwells; and Peace of mind,
In youth, in age, their ſun that never ſets.
Daughter of heaven and nature, deign thy aid,
Spontaneous Muſe! O whether from the depth
Of evening foreſt, brown with broadeſt ſhade;
Or from the brow ſublime of vernal alp
As morning dawns; or from the vale at noon,
By ſome ſoft ſtream that ſlides with liquid foot
Through bowery groves, where Inſpiration ſits
And liſtens to thy lore, auſpicious come!
O'er theſe wild waves, o'er this unharbour'd ſhore,

Thy

Thy wing high-hovering ſpread; and to the gale,
The boreal ſpirit breathing liberal round
From echoing hill to hill, the lyre attune
With anſwering cadence free, as beſt beſeems
The tragic theme my plaintive verſe unfolds.
Here, good Aurelius—and a ſcene more wild
The world around, or deeper ſolitude,
Affliction could not find—Aurelius here,
By fate unequal and the crime of war
Expell'd his native home, the ſacred vale
That ſaw him bleſt, now wretched and unknown,
Wore out the ſlow remains of ſetting life
In bitterneſs of thought: and with the ſurge,
And with the ſounding ſtorm, his murmur'd moan
Would often mix—Oft as remembrance ſad
Th' unhappy paſt recall'd; a faithful wife,
Whom Love firſt choſe, whom Reaſon long endear'd,
His ſoul's companion and his ſofter friend;
With one fair daughter, in her roſy prime,
Her dawn of opening charms, defenceleſs left
Within a tyrant's graſp! his foe profeſs'd;
By civil madneſs, by intemperate zeal
For differing rites, embitter'd into hate,
And cruelty remorſeleſs!—Thus he liv'd:
If this was life, to load the blaſt with ſighs;
Hung o'er its edge, to ſwell the flood with tears,
At midnight hour: for midnight frequent heard
The lonely mourner, deſolate of heart,
Pour all the huſband, all the father forth
In unavailing anguiſh; ſtretch'd along

The

The naked beach; or ſhivering on the cliff,
Smote with the wintery pole in bitter ſtorm,
Hail, ſnow, and ſhower, dark-drifting round his head.
Such were his hours; till Time, the wretch's friend,
Life's great phyſician, ſkill'd alone to cloſe,
Where ſorrow long has wak'd, the weeping eye,
And from the brain, with baleful vapours black,
Each ſullen ſpectre chace, his balm at length,
Lenient of pain, through every fever'd pulſe
With gentleſt hand infus'd. A penſive calm
Aroſe, but unaſſur'd: as, after winds
Of ruffling wing, the ſea ſubſiding flow
Still trembles from the ſtorm. Now Reaſon firſt,
Her throne reſuming, bid Devotion raiſe
To heaven his eye; and through the turbid miſts,
By ſenſe dark-drawn between, adoring own,
Sole arbiter of fate, one Cauſe ſupreme,
All-juſt, all-wiſe, who bids what ſtill is beſt,
In cloud or ſun-ſhine; whoſe ſevereſt hand
Wounds but to heal, and chaſtens to amend.
Thus, in his boſom, every weak exceſs,
The rage of grief, the felneſs of revenge,
To healthful meaſure temper'd and reduc'd
By Virtue's hand; and in her brightening beam
Each error clear'd away, as fen-born fogs
Before th' aſcending ſun; through faith he lives
Beyond Time's bounded continent, the walks
Of Sin and Death. Anticipating heaven
In pious hope; he ſeems already there,
Safe on her ſacred ſhore; and ſees beyond,

In radiant view, the world of light and love,
Where Peace delights to dwell; where one fair morn
Still orient ſmiles, and one diffuſive ſpring,
That fears no ſtorm and ſhall no winter know,
Th' immortal year empurples. If a ſigh
Yet murmurs from his breaſt; 'tis for the pangs
Thoſe deareſt names, a wife, a child, muſt feel,
Still ſuffering in his fate: 'tis for a foe,
Who, deaf himſelf to mercy, may of heaven
That mercy, when moſt wanted, aſk in vain.
The ſun, now ſtation'd with the lucid Twins,
O'er every ſouthern clime had pour'd profuſe
The roſy year; and in each pleaſing hue,
That greens the leaf, or through the bloſſom glows
With florid light, his faireſt month array'd:
While Zephyre, while the ſilver-footed dews,
Her ſoft attendants, wide o'er field and grove
Freſh ſpirit breathe, and ſhed perfuming balm.
Nor here, in this chill region, on the brow
Of winter's waſte dominion, is unfelt
The ray ethereal, or unhail'd the riſe
Of her mild reign. From warbling vale and hill,
With wild-thyme flowering, betony, and balm,
Blue lavender, and carmel's ſpicy root,
Song, fragrance, health, ambroſiate every breeze.
But,

Line 132. The root of this plant, otherwiſe named "argatilis ſylvaticus," is aromatic; and by the natives reckoned cordial to the ſtomach. See Martin's Weſtern Iſles of Scotland, p. 180.

But, high above, the ſeaſon full exerts
Its vernant force in yonder peopled rocks,
To whoſe wild ſolitude, from worlds unknown,
The birds of paſſage tranſmigrating come,
Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,
At Nature's ſummons their aëreal ſtate
Annual to found; and in bold voyage ſteer,
O'er this wide ocean, through yon pathleſs ſky,
One certain flight to one appointed ſhore:
By heaven's directive ſpirit, here to raiſe
Their temporary realm; and form ſecure,
Where food awaits them copious from the wave,
And ſhelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues:
Each tribe apart, and all on taſks of love,
To hatch the pregnant egg, to rear and guard
Their helpleſs infants, piouſly intent.
Led by the day abroad, with lonely ſtep,
And ruminating ſweet and bitter thought,
Aurelius, from the weſtern bay, his eye
Now rais'd to this amuſive ſcene in air,
With wonder mark'd; now caſt with level ray
Wide o'er the moving wilderneſs of waves,
From pole to pole through boundleſs ſpace diffus'd,
Magnificently dreadful! where, at large,
Leviathan, with each inferior name
Of ſea-born kinds, ten thouſand thouſand tribes,
Finds endleſs range for paſture and for ſport.
Amaz'd he gazes, and adoring owns
The hand Almighty, who its channel'd bed
Immeaſurable ſunk, and pour'd abroad,

Fenc'd

Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid ſphere;
With every wind to waft large commerce on,
Join pole to pole, conſociate ſever'd worlds,
And link in bonds of intercourſe and love
Earth's univerſal family. Now roſe
Sweet evening's ſolemn hour. The ſun declin'd
Hung golden o'er this nether firmament;
Whoſe broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
Gave back his beamy viſage to the ſky
With ſplendor undiminiſh'd; and each cloud,
White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne
In fair aëreal landſcape. Here, alone
On earth's remoteſt verge, Aurelius breath'd
The healthful gale, and felt the ſmiling ſcene
With awe-mix'd pleaſure, muſing as he hung
In ſilence o'er the billows huſh'd beneath.
When lo! a ſound, amid the wave-worn rocks,
Deaf-murmuring roſe, and plaintive roll'd along
From cliff to cavern: as the breath of winds,
At twilight-hour, remote and hollow heard
Through wintery pines, high-waving o'er the ſteep
Of ſky-crown'd Apenine. The Sea-pye ceas'd
At once to warble. Screaming, from his neſt
The Fulmar ſoar'd, and ſhot a weſtward flight
From ſhore to ſea. On came, before her hour,
Invading night, and hung the troubled ſky
With fearful blackneſs round *. Sad ocean's face
A curling undulation ſhivery ſwept
From wave to wave: and now impetuous roſe,

* See Martin's voyage to St. Kilda, p. 58.

Thick cloud and ſtorm and ruin on his wing,
The raging South, and headlong o'er the deep
Fell horrible, with broad-deſcending blaſt.
Aloft, and ſafe beneath a ſheltering cliff,
Whoſe moſs-grown ſummit on the diſtant flood
Projected frowns, Aurelius ſtood appall'd:
His ſtunn'd ear ſmote with all the thundering main!
His eye with mountains ſurging to the ſtars!
Commotion infinite. Where yon laſt wave
Blends with the ſky its foam, a ſhip in view
Shoots ſudden forth, ſteep falling from the clouds:
Yet diſtant ſeen and dim; till, onward borne
Before the blaſt, each growing ſail expands,
Each maſt aſpires, and all th' advancing frame
Bounds on his eye diſtinct. With ſharpen'd ken
Its courſe he watches, and in awful thought
That power invokes, whoſe voice the wild winds hear,
Whoſe nod the ſurge reveres, to look from heaven,
And ſave, whoelſe muſt periſh, wretched men,
In this dark hour, amid the dread abyſs,
With fears amaz'd, by horrors compaſs'd round.
But O, ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads!
For death beſtrides the billow, nor your own,
Nor others' offer'd vows can ſtay the flight
Of inſtant fate. And, lo! his ſecret ſeat,
Where never ſun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidſt
A cavern's jaws voraginous and vaſt,
The ſtormy Genius of the deep forſakes:
And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,
Aſcending baleful, bids the tempeſt ſpread,

Turbid

Turbid and terrible with hail and rain,
Its blackeſt pinion, pour its loudening blaſts
In whirlwind forth, and from their loweſt depth
Upturn the world of waters. Round and round
The tortur'd ſhip, at his imperious call,
Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl: her guiding helm
Breaks ſhort; her maſts in craſhing ruin fall;
And each rent ſail flies looſe in diſtant air.
Now, fearful moment! o'er the foundering hull,
Half ocean heav'd, in one broad billowy curve,
Steep from the clouds with horrid ſhade impends—
Ah! ſave them, heaven! it burſts in deluge down
With boundleſs undulation. Shore and ſky
Rebellow to the roar. At once engulph'd,
Veſſel and crew beneath its torrent ſweep
Are ſunk, to riſe no more. Aurelius wept:
The tear unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek.
He turn'd his ſtep; he fled the fatal ſcene,
And brooding, in ſad ſilence, o'er the ſight
To him alone diſclos'd, his wounded heart
Pour'd out to heaven in ſighs: Thy will be done,
Not mine, ſupreme Diſpoſer of Events!
But death demands a tear, and man muſt feel
For human woes: the reſt ſubmiſſion checks.

Not diſtant far, where this receding bay *
Looks northward on the pole, a rocky arch
Expands its ſelf-pois'd concave; as the gate,
Ample, and broad, and pillar'd maſſy-proof,

* See Martin's voyage to St. Kilda, p. 20.

Of ſome unfolding temple. On its height
Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks,
That, o'er the green roof ſpread, their fragrant food
Untended crop. As through this cavern'd path,
Involv'd in penſive thought Aurelius paſt,
Struck with ſad echoes from the ſounding vault
Remurmur'd ſhrill, he ſtopt, he rais'd his head;
And ſaw th' aſſembled natives in a ring,
With wonder and with pity bending o'er
A ſhipwreck'd man. All-motionleſs on earth
He lay. The living luſtre from his eye,
The vermil hue extinguiſh'd from his cheek:
And in their place, on each chill feature ſpread,
The ſhadowy cloud and ghaſtlineſs of death
With pale ſuffuſion ſat. So looks the moon,
So faintly wan, through hovering miſts at eve,
Grey autumn's train. Faſt from his hairs diſtill'd
The briny wave: and cloſe within his graſp
Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long
Had ſtem'd the flood with agonizing breaſt,
And ſtruggled ſtrong for life. Of youthful prime
He ſeem'd, and built by Nature's nobleſt hand;
Where bold proportion, and where ſoftening grace,
Mix'd in each limb, and harmoniz'd his frame.
Aurelius, from the breathleſs clay, his eye
To heaven imploring rais'd: then, for he knew
That life, within her central cell retir'd,
May lurk unſeen, diminiſh'd but not quench'd,
He bid tranſport it ſpeedy through the vale,
To his poor cell that lonely ſtood and low,

Safe

Safe from the north beneath a ſloping hill:
An antique frame, orbicular, and rais'd
On columns rude; its roof with reverend moſs
Light-ſhaded o'er; its front in ivy hid,
That mantling crept aloft. With pious hand
They turn'd, they chaf'd his frozen limbs, and fum'd
The vapory air with aromatic ſmells:
Then, drops of ſovereign efficacy, drawn
From mountain plants, within his lips infus'd.
Slow, from the mortal trance, as men from dreams
Of direful viſion, ſhuddering he awakes:
While life, to ſcarce-felt motion, faintly lifts
His fluttering pulſe, and gradual o'er his cheek
The roſy current wins its refluent way.
Recovering to new pain, his eyes he turn'd
Severe on heaven, on the ſurrounding hills
With twilight dim, and on the croud unknown
Diſſolv'd in tears around: then clos'd again,
As loathing light and life. At length, in ſounds
Broken and eager, from his heaving breaſt
Diſtraction ſpoke—Down, down with every ſail.
Mercy, ſweet heaven! —Ha! now whole ocean ſweeps
In tempeſt o'er our heads—My ſoul's laſt hope!
We will not part—Help! help! yon wave, behold!
That ſwells betwixt, has borne her from my ſight.
O, for a ſun to light this black abyſs!
Gone—loſt—for ever loſt! He ceas'd. Amaze
And trembling on the pale aſſiſtants fell:
Whom now, with greeting and the words of peace,
Aurelius bid depart. A pauſe enſued,

Mute, mourniful, ſolemn. On the ſtranger's face
Obſervant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard;
Watchful his ear, each murmur, every breath,
Attentive ſeiz'd; now eager to begin
Conſoling ſpeech; now doubtful to invade
The ſacred ſilence due to grief ſupreme.
Then thus at laſt: O from devouring ſeas,
By miracle eſcap'd! if, with thy life,
Thy ſenſe return'd, can yet diſcern the Hand,
All-wonderful, that through yon raging ſea,
Yon whirling weſt of tempeſt, led thee ſafe;
That Hand divine with grateful awe confeſs,
With proſtrate thanks adore. When thou, alas!
Waſt number'd with the dead, and clos'd within
Th' unfathom'd gulph; when human hope was fled,
And human help in vain—th' Almighty Voice,
Then bade deſtruction ſpare, and bade the deep
Yield up its prey: that, by his mercy ſav'd,
That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race,
A monument of wonder as of love,
May juſtify; to all the ſons of men,
Thy brethren, ever preſent in their need,
Such praiſe delights him moſt—
He hears me not.
Some ſecret anguiſh, ſome tranſcendent woe,
Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,
Through the clos'd lids, now rolls in bitter ſtream!
Yet, ſpeak thy ſoul, afflicted as thou art!
For know, by mournful privilege 'tis mine,
Myſelf moſt wretched and in ſorrow's ways
Severely

Severely train'd, to ſhare in every pang
The wretched feel; to ſoothe the ſad of heart;
To number tear for tear, and groan for groan,
With every ſon and daughter of diſtreſs.
Speak then, and give thy labouring boſom vent:
My pity is, my friendſhip ſhall be, thine;
To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,
Through reaſon's paths, to happineſs and heaven.
The hermit thus: and, after ſome ſad pauſe
Of muſing wonder, thus the Man unknown.
What have I heard?— On this untravel'd ſhore,
Nature's laſt limit, hem'd with oceans round
Howling and harbourleſs, beyond all faith
A comforter to find! whoſe language wears
The garb of civil life; a friend, whoſe breaſt
The gracious meltings of ſweet pity move!
Amazement all! my grief to ſilence charm'd
Is loſt in wonder—But, thou good unknown,
If woes, for ever wedded to deſpair,
That wiſh no cure, are thine, behold in me
A meet companion; one whom earth and heaven
Combine to curſe; whom never future morn
Shall light to joy, nor evening with repoſe
Deſcending ſhade—O, ſon of this wild world!
From ſocial converſe though for ever barr'd,
Though chill'd with endleſs winter from the pole,
Yet warm'd by goodneſs, form'd to tender ſenſe
Of human woes, beyond what milder climes,
By fairer ſuns attemper'd, courtly boaſt;
O ſay, did e'er thy breaſt, in youthful life,

Touch'd by a beam from Beauty all-divine,
Did e'er thy boſom her ſweet influence own,
In pleaſing tumult pour'd through every vein,
And panting at the heart, when firſt our eye
Receives impreſſion! Then, as paſſion grew,
Did heaven conſenting to thy wiſh indulge
That bliſs no wealth can bribe, no power beſtow,
That bliſs of angels, love by love repaid?
Heart ſtreaming full to heart in mutual flow
Of faith and friendſhip, tenderneſs and truth—
If theſe thy fate diſtinguiſh'd, thou wilt then,
My joys conceiving, image my deſpair,
How total! how extreme! For this, all this,
Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood,
Lies loſt and bury'd there—O, awful heaven!
Who to the wind and to the whelming wave
Her blameleſs head devoted, thou alone
Canſt tell what I have loſt—O, ill-ſtarr'd maid!
O, moſt undone Amyntor! — Sighs and tears,
And heart-heav'd groans, at this, his voice ſuppreſs'd:
The reſt was agony and dumb deſpair.

Now o'er their heads damp night her ſtormy gloom
Spread, ere the glimmering twilight was expir'd,
With huge and heavy horror cloſing round
In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful ſcene,
The moving tale, Aurelius deeply felt:
And thus reply'd, as one in Nature ſkill'd,
With ſoft aſſenting ſorrow in his look,
And words to ſoothe, not combat hopeleſs love.

Amyntor, by that heaven who ſees thy tears!
By faith and friendſhip's ſympathy divine!
Could I the ſorrows heal I more than ſhare,
This boſom, truſt me, ſhould from thine transfer
Its ſharpeſt grief. Such grief, alas! how juſt?
How long in ſilent anguiſh to deſcend,
When reaſon and when fondneſs o'er the tomb
Are fellow-mourners? He, who can reſign,
Has never lov'd: and wert thou to the ſenſe,
The ſacred feeling of a loſs like thine,
Cold and inſenſible, thy breaſt were then
No manſion for humanity, or thought
Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love,
And tender pity; whoſe kind tear adorns
The clouded cheek, and ſanctifies the ſoul
They ſoften, not ſubdue. We both will mix,
For her thy virtue lov'd, thy truth laments,
Our ſocial ſighs: and ſtill, as morn unveils
The brightening hill, or evening's miſty ſhade
Its brow obſcures, her gracefulneſs of form,
Her mind all-lovely, each enobling each,
Shall be our frequent theme. Then ſhalt thou hear
From me, in ſad return, a tale of woes,
So terrible—Amyntor, thy pain'd heart,
Amid its own, will ſhudder at the ills
That mine has bled with—But behold! the dark
And drowſy hour ſteals faſt upon our talk.
Here break we off: and thou, ſad mourner, try
Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm
With timely ſleep. Each gracious wing from heaven

Of

Of thoſe that miniſter to erring man,
Near-hovering, huſh thy paſſions into calm;
Serene thy ſlumbers with preſented ſcenes
Of brighteſt viſion; whiſper to thy heart
That holy peace which goodneſs ever ſhares:
And to us both be friendly as we need.

CANTO II.

NOW midnight roſe, and o'er the general ſcene,
Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackeſt veil,
Vapour and cloud. Around th' unſleeping iſle,
Yet howl'd the whirlwind, yet the billow groan'd;
And, in mix'd horror, to Amyntor's ear
Borne through the gloom, his ſhrieking ſenſe appall'd.
Shook by each blaſt, and ſwept by every wave,
Again pale memory labours in the ſtorm:
Again from her is torn, whom more than life
His fondneſs lov'd. And now, another ſhower
Of ſorrow, o'er the dear unhappy maid,
Effuſive ſtream'd; till late, through every power
The ſoul ſubdued ſunk ſad to ſlow repoſe:
And all her darkening ſcenes, by dim degrees,
Were quench'd in total night. A pauſe from pain
Not long to laſt: for Fancy, oft awake
While Reaſon ſleeps, from her illuſive cell
Call'd up wild ſhapes of viſionary fear,
Of viſionary bliſs, the hour of reſt
To mock with mimic ſhews. And lo! the deeps

In

In airy tumult ſwell. Beneath a hill
Amyntor heaves of overwhelming ſeas;
Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,
The billow's back. Anon, the ſhadowy world
Shifts to ſome boundleſs continent unknown,
Where ſolitary, o'er the ſtarleſs void,
Dumb ſilence broods. Through heaths of dreary length,
Slow on he drags his ſtaggering ſtep infirm
With breathleſs toil; hears torrent floods afar
Roar through the wild; and, plung'd in central caves,
Falls headlong many a fathom into night.
Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,
And brightening with their glow the brown abyſs,
Roſe Theodora. Smiling, in her eye
Sat, without cloud, the ſoft-conſenting ſoul,
That, guilt unknowing, had no wiſh to hide.
A ſpring of ſudden myrtles flowering round
Their walk embower'd; while nightingales beneath
Sung ſpouſals, as along th' enamel'd turf
They ſeem'd to fly, and interchang'd their ſouls,
Melting in mutual ſoftneſs. Thrice his arms
The Fair encircled: thrice ſhe fled his graſp,
And fading into darkneſs mix'd with air—
O, turn! O, ſtay thy flight! — ſo loud he cry'd,
Sleep and its train of humid vapours fled.
He groan'd, he gaz'd around: his inward ſenſe
Yet glowing with the viſion's vivid beam,
Still, on his eye, the hovering ſhadow blaz'd;
Her voice ſtill murmur'd in his tinkling ear;
Grateful deception! till returning thought

Left broad awake, amid th' incumbent lour
Of mute and mournful night, again he felt
His grief inflam'd throb freſh in every vein.
To frenzy ſtung, upſtarting from his couch,
The vale, the ſhore, with darkling ſtep he roam'd,
Like ſome drear ſpectre from the grave unbound:
Then, ſcaling yonder cliff, prone o'er its brow
He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood
Scarce from that height diſcern'd. Nor reaſon's voice,
Nor ow'd ſubmiſſion to the will of heaven,
Reſtrains him; but, as paſſion whirls his thought,
Fond expectation, that perchance eſcap'd,
Though paſſing all belief, the frailer ſkiff,
To which himſelf had borne th' unhappy Fair,
May yet be ſeen. Around, o'er ſea and ſhore,
He roll'd his ardent eye; but nought around
On land or wave within his ken appears,
Nor ſkiff, nor floating corſe, on which to ſhed
The laſt ſad tear, and lay the covering mold!
And now, wide open'd by the wakeful hours
Heaven's orient gate, forth on her progreſs comes
Aurora ſmiling, and her purple lamp
Lifts high o'er earth and ſea: while, all-unveil'd,
The vaſt horizon on Amyntor's eye
Pours full its ſcenes of wonder, wildly great,
Magnificently various. From this ſteep,
Diffus'd immenſe in rolling proſpect lay
The northern deep. Amidſt, from ſpace to ſpace,
Her numerous iſles, rich gems of Albion's crown,
As flow th' aſcending miſts diſperſe in air,

Shoot

Shoot gradual from her boſom: and beyond,
Like diſtant clouds blue-floating on the verge
Of evening ſkies, break forth the dawning hills.
A thouſand landſcapes! barren ſome and bare,
Rock pil'd on rock, amazing, up to heaven,
Of horrid grandeur: ſome with ſounding aſh,
Or oak broad-ſhadowing, or the ſpiry growth
Of waving pine high-plum'd, and all beheld
More lovely in the ſun's adorning beam;
Who now, fair-riſing o'er yon eaſtern cliff,
The vernal verdure tinctures gay with gold.
Mean while Aurelius, wak'd from ſweet repoſe,
Repoſe that Temperance ſheds in timely dews
On all who live to her, his mournful gueſt
Came forth to hail, as hoſpitable rites
And Virtue's rule enjoin: but firſt to him,
Spring of all charity, who gave the heart
With kindly ſenſe to glow, his matin-ſong,
Superior duty, thus the ſage addreſt:
Fountain of light! from whom yon orient ſun
Firſt drew his ſplendor; Source of life and love!
Whoſe ſmile now wakes o'er earth's rekindling face
The boundleſs bluſh of ſpring; O, Firſt and Beſt!
Thy eſſence, though from human ſight and ſearch,
Though from the climb of all created thought,
Ineffably remov'd; yet man himſelf,
Thy loweſt child of reaſon, man may read
Unbounded power, intelligence ſupreme,
The Maker's hand, on all his works impreſt,
In characters coëval with the ſun,

And with the ſun to laſt; from world to world,
From age to age, in every clime, diſclos'd,
Sole revelation through all time the ſame.
Hail, univerſal Goodneſs! with full ſtream
For ever flowing from beneath the throne
Through earth, air, ſea, to all things that have life:
From all that live on earth, in air and ſea,
The great community of Nature's ſons,
To thee, firſt Father, ceaſeleſs praiſe aſcend!
And in the reverent hymn my grateful voice
Be duly heard, among thy works not leaſt,
Nor loweſt; with intelligence inform'd,
To know thee, and adore; with free-will crown'd,
Where Virtue leads, to follow and be bleſt.
O, whether by thy prime decree ordain'd
To days of future life; or whether now
The mortal hour is inſtant, ſtill vouchſafe,
Parent and friend, to guide me blameleſs on
Through this dark ſcene of error and of ill,
Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to chear.
All elſe, of me unaſk'd, thy will ſupreme
With-hold or grant: and let that will be done.
This from the ſoul in ſilence breath'd ſincere,
The hill's ſteep ſide with firm elaſtic ſtep
He lightly ſcal'd: ſuch health the frugal board,
The morn's freſh breath that exerciſe reſpires
In mountain-walks, and conſcience free from blame,
Our life's beſt cordial, can through age prolong.
There, loſt in thought, and ſelf-abandon'd, lay
The man unknown; nor heard approach his hoſt,

Nor

Nor rais'd his drooping head. Aurelius mov'd
By ſoft compaſſion, which the ſavage ſcene,
Shut up and barr'd amid ſurrounding ſeas
From human commerce, quicken'd into ſenſe
Of ſharper ſorrow, thus apart began.
O ſight, that from the eye of wealth or pride,
Ev'n in their hour of vaineſt thought, might draw
A feeling tear! Whom yeſterday beheld
By love and fortune crown'd, of all poſſeſt
That Fancy, tranc'd in faireſt viſion, dreams;
Now loſt to all, each hope that ſoftens life,
Each bliſs that chears; there, on the damp earth ſpread,
Beneath a heaven unknown, behold him now!
And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,
The proud, be taught, what now the wretched feel,
The happy have to fear. O man forlorn,
Too plain I read thy heart, by fondneſs drawn
To this ſad ſcene, to ſights that but inflame
Its tender anguiſh—
Hear me, heaven! exclaim'd
The frantic mourner, could that anguiſh riſe
To madneſs and to mortal agony,
I yet would bleſs my fate; by one kind pang,
From what I feel, the keener pangs of thought
For ever freed. To me the ſun is loſt:
To me the future flight of days and years
Is darkneſs, is deſpair—But who complains
Forgets that he can die. O, ſainted maid!
For ſuch in heaven thou art, if from thy ſeat
Of holy reſt, beyond theſe changeful ſkies,

If names on earth moſt ſacred once and dear,
A lover and a friend, if yet theſe names
Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown
Thy lifeleſs limbs: that I—O grief ſupreme!
O fate remorſeleſs! was thy lover ſav'd
For ſuch a taſk?—that I thoſe dear remains,
With maiden-rites adorn'd, at laſt may lodge
Beneath the hallow'd vault; and, weeping there
O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to cloſe
Theſe eyes in peace, and mix this duſt with thine!
Such, and ſo dire, reply'd the cordial friend
In pity's look and language, ſuch, alas!
Were late my thoughts. Whate'er the human heart
Can moſt afflict, grief, agony, deſpair,
Have all been mine, and with alternate war
This boſom ravag'd. Hearken then, good youth;
My ſtory mark, and from another's fate,
Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,
Sad as it ſeems, to balance and to bear.
In me, a man behold, whoſe morn ſerene,
Whoſe noon of better life, with honour ſpent,
In virtuous purpoſe, or in honeſt act,
Drew fair diſtinction on my public name,
From thoſe among mankind, the nobler few,
Whoſe praiſe is fame: but there, in that true ſource
Whence happineſs with pureſt ſtream deſcends,
In home found peace and love, ſupremely bleſt!
Union of hearts, conſent of wedded wills,
By friendſhip knit, by mutual faith ſecur'd,

Our

Our hopes and fears, our earth and heaven the ſame!
At laſt, Amyntor, in my failing age,
Fallen from ſuch height, and with the felon-herd,
Robbers and outlaws, number'd—thought that ſtill
Stings deep the heart, and clothes the cheek with ſhame!
Then doom'd to feel what guilt alone ſhould fear,
The hand of public vengeance; arm'd by rage,
Not juſtice; rais'd to injure, not redreſs;
To rob, not guard; to ruin, not defend:
And all, O ſovereign Reaſon! all deriv'd
From Power that claims thy warrant to do wrong!
A right divine to violate unblam'd
Each law, each rule, that, by himſelf obſerv'd,
The God preſcribes whoſe ſanction kings pretend!
O Charles! O monarch! in long exile train'd,
Whole hopeleſs years, th' oppreſſor's hand to know
How hateful and how hard; thyſelf reliev'd,
Now hear thy people, groaning under wrongs
Of equal load, adjure thee by thoſe days
Of want and woe, of danger and deſpair,
As heaven has thine, to pity their diſtreſs!
Yet, from the plain good meaning of my heart,
Be far th' unhallow'd licence of abuſe;
Be far the bitterneſs of faintly zeal,
That impious hid behind the patriot's name
Maſks hate and malice to the legal throne,
In juſtice founded, circumſcrib'd by laws,
The prince to guard—but guard the people too:
Chief, one prime good to guard inviolate,
Soul of all worth, and ſum of human bliſs,

Fair Freedom, birth-right of all thinking kinds,
Reaſon's great charter, from no king deriv'd,
By none to be reclaim'd, man's right divine,
Which God, who gave, indelible pronounc'd.
But if, diſclaiming this his heaven-own'd right,
This firſt beſt tenure by which monarchs rule;
If, meant the bleſſing, he becomes the bane,
The wolf, not ſhepherd, of his ſubject-flock,
To grind and tear, not ſhelter and protect,
Wide-waſting where he reigns—to ſuch a prince,
Allegiance kept were treaſon to mankind;
And loyalty, revolt from virtue's law.
For ſay, Amyntor, does juſt heaven enjoin
That we ſhould homage hell? or bend the knee
To earthquake, or volcano, when they rage,
Rend earth's firm frame, and in one boundleſs grave
Engulph their thouſands? Yet, O grief to tell!
Yet ſuch, of late, o'er this devoted land,
Was public rule. Our ſervile ſtripes and chains,
Our ſighs and groans reſounding from the ſteep
Of wintery hill, or waſte untravel'd heath,
Laſt refuge of our wretchedneſs, not guilt,
Proclaim'd it loud to heaven: the arm of power
Extended fatal, but to cruſh the head
It ought to ſcreen, or with a parent's love
Reclaim from error; not with deadly hate,
The tyrant's law, exterminate who err.
In this wide ruin were my fortunes ſunk:
Myſelf, as one contagious to his kind,
Whom nature, whom the ſocial life renounc'd,

Un-

Unſummon'd, unimpleaded, was to death,
To ſhameful death adjudg'd; againſt my head
The price of blood proclaim'd, and at my heels
Let looſe the murderous cry of human hounds.
And this blind fury of commiſſion'd rage,
Of party-vengeance, to a fatal foe,
Known and abhorr'd for deeds of direſt name,
Was given in charge: a foe, whom blood-ſtain'd zeal
For what—O hear it not, all-righteous heaven!
Leſt thy rouz'd thunder burſt—for what was deem'd
Religion's cauſe, had ſavag'd to a brute,
More deadly fell than hunger ever ſtung
To prowl in wood or wild. His band he arm'd,
Sons of perdition, miſcreants with all guilt
Familiar, and in each dire art of death
Train'd ruthleſs up. As tigers on their prey,
On my defenceleſs lands thoſe fiercer beaſts
Devouring fell: nor that ſequeſter'd ſhade,
That ſweet receſs, where Love and Virtue long
In happy league had dwelt, which war itſelf
Beheld with reverence, could their fury ſcape;
Deſpoil'd, defac'd, and wrapt in waſteful flames:
For flame and rapine their conſuming march,
From hill to vale, by daily ruin mark'd.
So, borne by winds along, in baleful cloud,
Embody'd locuſts from the wing deſcend
On herb, fruit, flower, and kill the ripening year:
While, waſte behind, deſtruction on their track
And ghaſtly famine wait. My wife and child
He drag'd, the ruffian drag'd—O heaven! do I,

A man, ſurvive to tell it? At the hour
Sacred to reſt, amid the ſighs and tears
Of all who ſaw and curs'd his coward-rage,
He forc'd, unpitying, from their midnight-bed,
By menace, or by torture, from their fears
My laſt retreat to learn; and ſtill detains
Beneath his roof accurſt. That beſt of wives!
Emilia! and our only pledge of love,
My blooming Theodora!—Manhood there,
And nature bleed—Ah! let not buſy thought
Search thither, but avoid the fatal coaſt:
Diſcovery, there, once more my peace of mind
Might wreck; once more to deſperation ſink
My hopes in heaven. He ſaid: but O ſad Muſe!
Can all thy moving energy, of power
To ſhake the heart, to freeze th' arreſted blood,
With words that weep, and ſtrains that agonize;
Can all this mournful magic of thy voice
Tell what Amyntor feels? O heaven! art thou—
What have I heard?—Aurelius! art thou he?—
Confuſion! horror!—that moſt wrong'd of men!
And, O moſt wretched too! alas, no more,
No more a father—On that fatal flood,
Thy Theodora—At theſe words he fell.
A deadly cold ran freezing through his veins:
And life was on the wing her loath'd abode
For ever to forſake. As on his way
The traveller, from heaven by lightning ſtruck,
Is fix'd at once immoveable; his eye
With terror glaring wild; his ſtiffening limbs

In ſudden marble bound: ſo ſtood, ſo look'd
The heart-ſmote parent at this tale of death,
Half-utter'd, yet too plain. No ſigh to riſe,
No tear had force to flow; his ſenſes all,
Through all their powers, ſuſpended, and ſubdued
To chill amazement. Silence for a ſpace—
Such diſmal ſilence ſaddens earth and ſky
Ere firſt the thunder breaks—on either ſide
Fill'd up this interval ſevere. At laſt,
As from ſome viſion that to frenzy fires
The ſleeper's brain, Amyntor waking wild,
A poniard, hid beneath his various robe,
Drew furious forth—Me, me, he cry'd, on me
Let all thy wrongs be viſited; and thus
My horrors end—then madly would have plung'd
The weapon's hoſtile point.—His lifted arm,
Aurelius, though with deep diſmay and dread
And anguiſh ſhook, yet his ſuperior ſoul
Collecting, and reſuming all himſelf,
Seiz'd ſudden: then peruſing with ſtrict eye,
And beating heart, Amyntor's blooming form;
Nor from his air or feature gathering aught
To wake remembrance, thus at length beſpoke.
  O dire attempt! Whoe'er thou art, yet ſtay
Thy hand ſelf-violent; nor thus to guilt,
If guilt is thine, accumulating add
A crime that nature ſhrinks from, and to which
Heaven has indulg'd no mercy. Sovereign Judge!
Shall man firſt violate the law divine,
That plac'd him here dependent on thy nod,

Reſign'd, unmurmuring, to await his hour
Of fair diſmiſſion hence; ſhall man do this,
Then dare thy preſence, ruſh into thy ſight,
Red with the ſin, and recent from the ſtain,
Of unrepented blood? Call home thy ſenſe;
Know what thou art, and own his hand moſt juſt,
Rewarding or afflicting—But ſay on.
My ſoul, yet trembling at thy frantic deed,
Recals thy words, recals their dire import:
They urge me on; they bid me aſk no more—
What would I aſk? My Theodora's fate,
Ah me! is known too plain. Have I then ſin'd,
Good heaven! beyond all grace—But ſhall I blame
His rage of grief, and in myſelf admit
Its wild exceſs? Heaven gave her to my wiſh;
That gift Heaven has reſum'd: righteous in both,
For both his providence be ever bleſt!

By ſhame repreſs'd, with riſing wonder fill'd,
Amyntor, ſlow-recovering into thought,
Submiſſive on his knee, the good man's hand
Graſp'd cloſe, and bore with ardour to his lips.
His eye, where fear, confuſion, reverence ſpoke,
Through ſwelling tears, what language cannot tell,
Now roſe to meet, now ſhun'd the Hermit's glance,
Shot awful at him: till, the various ſwell
Of paſſion ebbing, thus he faltering ſpoke:

What haſt thou done? why ſav'd a wretch unknown?
Whom knowing ev'n thy goodneſs muſt abhor.
Miſtaken man! the honour of thy name,
Thy love, truth, duty, all muſt be my foes.

I am

I am—Aurelius! turn that look aſide,
That brow of terror, while this wretch can ſay,
Abhorrent ſay, he is—Forgive me, heaven!
Forgive me, virtue! if I would renounce
Whom nature bids me reverence—by her bond,
Rolando's ſon: by your more ſacred ties,
As to his crimes, an alien to his blood;
For crimes like his—
Rolando's ſon? Juſt heaven!
Ha! here? and in my power? A war of thoughts,
All terrible ariſing, ſhakes my frame
With doubtful conflict. By one ſtroke to reach
The father's heart, though ſeas are ſpread between,
Were great revenge!—Away: revenge? on whom?
Alas! on my own ſoul; by rage betray'd
Ev'n to the crime my reaſon moſt condemns
In him who ruin'd me. Deep-mov'd he ſpoke;
And his own poniard o'er the proſtrate youth
Suſpended held. But, as the welcome blow,
With arms diſplay'd, Amyntor ſeem'd to court,
Behold, in ſudden confluence gathering round
The natives ſtood; whom kindneſs hither drew,
The man unknown, with each relieving aid
Of love and care, as ancient rites ordain,
To ſuccour and to ſerve. Before them came
Montano, venerable ſage, whoſe head
The hand of time with twenty winters' ſnow
Had ſhower'd; and to whoſe intellectual eye
Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,
Stands in fair light diſclos'd. Him, after pauſe,

Aurelius drew apart, and in his care
Amyntor plac'd; to lodge him and ſecure;
To ſave him from himſelf, as one, with grief
Tempeſtuous, and with rage, diſtemper'd deep.
This done, nor waiting for reply, alone
He ſought the vale, and his calm cottage gain'd.

CANTO III.

WHERE Kilda's ſouthern hills their ſummit lift
With triple fork to heaven, the mounted ſun
Full, from the midmoſt, ſhot in dazzling ſtream
His noon-tide ray. And now, in lowing train,
Were ſeen ſlow-pacing weſtward o'er the vale
The milky mothers, foot purſuing foot,
And nodding as they move; their oozy meal,
The bitter healthful herbage of the ſhore,
Around its rocks to graze: * for, ſtrange to tell!
The hour of ebb, though ever varying found,
As yon pale planet wheels from day to day
Her courſe inconſtant, their ſure inſtinct feels,
Intelligent of times; by heaven's own hand,

To

* The cows often feed on the alga marina: and they can diſtinguiſh exactly the tide of ebb from the tide of flood; though, at the ſame time, they are not within view of the ſhore. When the tide has ebbed about two hours, then they ſteer their courſe directly to the neareſt ſhore, in their uſual order, one after another. I had occaſion to make this obſervation thirteen times in one week. Martin's Weſtern Iſles of Scotland, p. 156.

To all its creatures equal in its care,
Unerring mov'd. Theſe ſigns obſerv'd, that guide
To labour and repoſe a ſimple race,
Theſe native ſigns to due repaſt at noon,
Frugal and plain, had warn'd the temperate iſle:
All but Aurelius. He, unhappy man,
By nature's voice ſolicited in vain,
Nor hour obſerv'd, nor due repaſt partook.
The child no more! the mother's fate untold!
Both in black proſpect riſing to his eye—
'Twas anguiſh there; 'twas here diſtracting doubt!
Yet, after long and painful conflict borne,
Where nature, reaſon, oft the doubtful ſcale
Inclin'd alternate, ſummoning each aid
That virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm
Superior riſing, in the might of Him,
Who ſtrength from weakneſs, as from darkneſs light,
Omnipotent can draw; again reſign'd,
Again he ſacrific'd, to heaven's high will,
Each ſoothing weakneſs of a parent's breaſt;
The ſigh ſoft memory prompts; the tender tear,
That, ſtreaming o'er an object lov'd and loſt,
With mournful magic tortures and delights,
Relieves us, while its ſweet oppreſſion loads,
And, by admitting, blunts the ſting of woe.
As reaſon thus the mental ſtorm ſeren'd,
And through the darkneſs ſhot her ſun-bright ray
That ſtrengthens while it chears; behold from far
Amyntor ſlow-approaching! on his front,
O'er each ſunk feature ſorrow had diffus'd

Attraction,

Attraction, ſweetly ſad. His noble port,
Majeſtic in diſtreſs, Aurelius mark'd;
And, unreſiſting, felt his boſom flow
With ſocial ſoftneſs. Strait, before the door
Of his moſs-ſilver'd cell they ſat them down
In counterview: and thus the youth began.
With patient ear, with calm attention, mark
Amyntor's ſtory: then, as juſtice ſees,
On either hand, her equal balance weigh,
Abſolve him, or condemn—But oh, may I,
A father's name, when truth forbids to praiſe,
Unblam'd pronounce? that name to every ſon
By heaven made ſacred; and by Nature's hand,
With Honour, Duty, Love, her triple pale,
Fenc'd ſtrongly round, to bar the rude approach
Of each irreverent thought.—Theſe eyes, alas!
The curs'd effects of ſanguinary zeal
Too near beheld: its madneſs how extreme;
How blind its fury, by the prompting prieſt,
Each tyrant's ready inſtrument of ill,
Train'd on to holy miſchief. Scene abhorr'd!
Fell Cruelty let looſe in Mercy's name:
Intolerance, while o'er the free-born mind
Her heavieſt chains were caſt, her iron ſcourge
Severeſt hung, yet daring to appeal
That Power whoſe law is meekneſs; and, for deeds
That outrage heaven, belying heaven's command.
Flexile of will, misjudging, though ſincere,
Rolando caught the ſpread infection, plung'd
Implicit into guilt, and headlong urg'd

His

His courſe unjuſt to violence and rage.
Unmanly rage! when nor the charm divine
Of Beauty, nor the Matron's ſacred age,
Secure from wrongs could innocence ſecure,
Found reverence or diſtinction. Yet, ſuſtain'd
By conſcious worth within, the matchleſs pair
Their threatening fate, impriſonment and ſcorn
And death denounc'd, unſhrinking, unſubdued
To murmur or complaint, ſuperior bore,
With patient hope, with fortitude reſign'd,
Not built on pride, not courting vain applauſe;
But calmly conſtant, without effort great,
What reaſon dictates, and what heaven approves.
But how proceed, Aurelius? in what ſounds
Of gracious cadence, of aſſuaſive power,
My further ſtory clothe? O could I ſteal
From Harmony her ſofteſt-warbled ſtrain
Of melting air! or Zephire's vernal voice!
Or Philomela's ſong, when love diſſolves
To liquid blandiſhment his evening-lay,
All nature ſmiling round! then might I ſpeak;
Then might Amyntor, unoffending, tell,
How unperceiv'd and ſecret through his breaſt,
As morning riſes o'er the midnight-ſhade,
What firſt was ow'd humanity to *both*,
Aſſiſting piety and tender thought,
Grew ſwift and ſilent into love for *one*:
My ſole offence—if love can then offend,
When virtue lights and reverence guards its flame.

O Theo-

O Theodora! who thy world of charms,
That ſoul of ſweetneſs, that ſoft glow of youth,
Warm on thy cheek, and beaming from thine eye,
Unmov'd could ſee? that dignity of eaſe,
That grace of air, by happy nature thine!
For all in thee was native; from within
Spontaneous flowing, as ſome equal ſtream
From its unfailing ſource! and then too ſeen
In milder lights; by ſorrow's ſhading hand
Touch'd into power more exquiſitely ſoft,
By tears adorn'd, intender'd by diſtreſs.
O ſweetneſs without name! when Love looks on
With Pity's melting eye, that to the ſoul
Endears, ennobles her, whom fate afflicts,
Or fortune leaves unhappy! Paſſion then
Refines to Virtue: then a purer train
Of heaven-inſpir'd emotions, undebas'd
By ſelf-regard, or thought of due return,
The breaſt expanding, all its powers exalt
To emulate what reaſon beſt conceives
Of love celeſtial; whoſe prevenient aid
Forbids approaching ill; or gracious draws,
When the lone heart with anguiſh inly bleeds,
From pain its ſting, its bitterneſs from woe!
By this plain courtſhip of the honeſt heart
To pity mov'd, at length my pleaded vows
The gentle maid with unreluctant ear
Would oft admit; would oft endearing crown
With ſmiles of kind aſſent, with looks that ſpoke,
In bluſhing ſoftneſs, her chaſte boſom touch'd

To

To mutual love. O fortune's faireſt hour!
O ſeen, but not enjoy'd, juſt hail'd and loſt
Its flattering brightneſs! Theodora's form,
Event unfear'd! had caught Rolando's eye:
And Love, if wild Deſire, of Fancy born,
By furious paſſions nurs'd, that ſacred name
Profanes not, Love his ſtubborn breaſt diſſolv'd
To tranſient goodneſs. But my thought ſhrinks back,
Reluctant to proceed: and filial awe,
With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime
The veil of ſilence and oblivious night
Permitted throw. His impious ſuit repell'd,
Aw'd from her eye, and from her lip ſevere
Daſh'd with indignant ſcorn; each harbour'd thought
Of ſoft emotion or of ſocial ſenſe,
Love, Pity, Kindneſs, alien to a ſoul
That Bigot-rage emboſoms, fled at once:
And all the ſavage reaſſum'd his breaſt.
'Tis juſt, he cry'd: who thus invites diſdain,
Deſerves repulſe; he who, by ſlave-like arts,
Would meanly ſteal what force may nobler take,
And, greatly daring, dignify the deed.
When next we meet, our mutual bluſh to ſpare,
Thine from diſſembling, from baſe flattery mine,
Shall be my care. This threat, by brutal ſcorn
Keen'd and embitter'd, terrible to both,
To one prov'd fatal. Silent-waſting grief,
The mortal worm that on Emilia's frame
Had prey'd unſeen, now deep through all her powers
Its poiſon ſpread, and kill'd their vital growth.

Sickening,

Of ever-moving fires that round her burn!
By death's dark empire! by the ſheeted duſt
That once was man, now mouldering here below!
But chief by her's, at whoſe nocturnal tomb,
Reverent we kneel! and by her nobler part,
Th' unbody'd ſpirit hovering near, perhaps,
As witneſs to our vows! nor time, nor chance,
Nor aught but death's inevitable hand,
Shall e'er divide our loves.—I led her thence:
To where, ſafe-ſtation'd in a ſecret bay,
Rough of deſcent, and brown with pendent pines
That murmur'd to the gale, our bark was moor'd.
We ſail'd—But, O my father; can I ſpeak
What yet remains? yon ocean black with ſtorm!
Its uſeleſs ſails rent from the groaning pine!
The ſpeechleſs crew aghaſt! and that loſt fair!
Still, ſtill I ſee her! feel her heart pant thick!
And hear her voice, in ardent vows to heaven
For me alone prefer'd; as on my arm,
Expiring, ſinking with her fears ſhe hung!
I kiſs'd her pale cold cheek! with tears adjur'd,
And won at laſt, with ſums of profer'd gold,
The boldeſt mariners, this precious charge
Inſtant to ſave; and, in the ſkiff ſecur'd,
Their oars acroſs the foamy flood to ply
With unremitting arm. I then prepar'd
To follow her—That moment, from the deck,
A ſea ſwell'd o'er, and plung'd me in the gulph.
Nor me alone: its broad and billowing ſweep
Muſt have involv'd her too. Myſterious heaven!

My

My fatal love on her devoted head
Drew down—it muſt be ſo! the judgment due
To me and mine: or was Amyntor ſav'd
For its whole quiver of remaining wrath?
For ſtorms more fierce? for pains of ſharper ſting?
And years of death to come?—Nor further voice,
Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief ſupply'd:
With arms outſpread, with eyes in hopeleſs gaze
To heaven uplifted, motionleſs and mute
He ſtood, the mournful ſemblance of deſpair.
  The lamp of day, though from mid-noon declin'd,
Still flaming with full ardor, ſhot on earth
Oppreſſive brightneſs round; till in ſoft ſteam,
From ocean's boſom his light vapours drawn,
With grateful intervention o'er the ſky
Their veil diffuſive ſpread; the ſcene abroad
Soft-ſhadowing, vale and plain, and dazzling hill.
Aurelius, with his gueſt, the weſtern cliff
Aſcending ſlow, beneath its marble roof,
From whence in double ſtream a lucid ſource
Roll'd ſounding forth, and, where with dewy wing
Freſh breezes play'd, ſought refuge and repoſe,
Till cooler hours ariſe. The ſubject iſle
Her village-capital, where health and peace
Are tutelary gods; her ſmall domain
Of arable and paſture, vein'd with ſtreams
That branching bear refreſhful moiſture on
To field and mead; her ſtraw-roof'd temple rude,
Where piety, not pride, adoring kneels,

Lay full in view. From ſcene to ſcene around
Aurelius gaz'd; and, ſighing, thus began.
Not we alone; alas! in every clime,
The human race are ſons of ſorrow born.
Heirs of tranſmitted labour and diſeaſe,
Of pain and grief, from ſire to ſon deriv'd,
All have their mournful portion; all muſt bear
Th' impos'd condition of their mortal ſtate,
Viciſſitude of ſuffering. Caſt thine eye
Where yonder vale, Amyntor, ſloping ſpreads
Full to the noon-tide beam its primroſe-lap,
From hence due eaſt. Amyntor look'd, and ſaw,
Not without wonder at a ſight ſo ſtrange,
Where thrice three females, earneſt each and arm'd
With rural inſtruments, the ſoil prepar'd
For future harveſt. Theſe the trenchant ſpade,
To turn the mold and break th' adheſive clods,
Employ'd aſſiduous. Thoſe, with equal pace,
And arm alternate, ſtrew'd its freſh-lap white
With fruitful Ceres: while, in train behind,
Three more th' incumbent harrow heavy on
O'er-labour'd drew, and cloſ'd the toilſome taſk.
Behold! Aurelius thus his ſpeech renew'd,
From that ſoft ſex, too delicately fram'd
For toils like theſe, the taſk of rougher man,
What yet neceſſity demands ſevere.
Twelve ſuns have purpled theſe encircling hills
With orient beams, as many nights along
Their dewy ſummits drawn th' alternate veil
Of darkneſs, ſince, in unpropitious hour,

The

The huſbands of thoſe widow'd mates, who now
For both muſt labour, launch'd, in queſt of food,
Their iſland-ſkiff adventurous on the deep.
Them, while the ſweeping net ſecure they plung'd
The finny race to ſnare, whoſe foodful ſhoals
Each creek and bay innumerable croud,
As annual on from ſhore to ſhore they move
In watery caravan; them, thus intent,
Dark from the ſouth a guſt of furious wing,
Upſpringing, drove to ſea: and left in tears,
This little world of brothers and of friends!
But when, at evening-hour, disjointed planks,
Borne on the ſurging-tide, and broken oars,
To ſight, with fatal certainty, reveal'd
The wreck before ſurmiz'd; one general groan,
To heaven aſcending, ſpoke the general breaſt
With ſharpeſt anguiſh pierc'd. Their ceaſeleſs plaint,
Through theſe hoarſe rocks, on this reſounding ſhore,
At morn was heard: at midnight too were ſeen,
Diſconſolate on each chill mountain's height,
The mourners ſpread, exploring land and ſea
With eager gaze — till from yon leſſer iſle,
Yon round of moſs-clad hills, Borera nam'd—
Full north, behold! above the ſoaring lark,
Its dizzy cliffs aſpire, hung round and white
With curling miſts—at laſt from yon hoar hills,
Inflaming the brown air with ſudden blaze,
And ruddy undulation, thrice three fires,
Like meteors waving in a moonleſs ſky,

Our eyes, yet unbelieving, ſaw diſtinct,
Succeſſive kindled, and from night to night
Renew'd continuous. Joy, with wild exceſs,
Took her gay turn to reign; and Nature now
From rapture wept: yet ever and anon
By ſad conjecture damp'd, and anxious thought
How from yon rocky priſon to releaſe
Whom the deep ſea immures (their only boat
Deſtroy'd) and whom th' inevitable ſiege
Of hunger muſt aſſault. But hope ſuſtains
The human heart: and now their faithful wives,
With love-taught ſkill and vigour not their own,
On yonder field th' autumnal year prepare.
Amyntor, who the tale diſtreſsful heard
With ſympathizing ſorrow, on himſelf,
On his ſeverer fate, now pondering deep,
Rapt by ſad thought the hill unheeding left;
And reach'd, with ſwerving ſtep, the diſtant ſtrand.
Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,
Or ſailing level on the polar gale
That cool with evening roſe, a thouſand wings,
The ſummer-nations of theſe pregnant cliffs,
Play'd ſportive round, and to the ſun outſpread
Their various plumage; or in wild notes hail'd
His parent-beam that animates and chears
All living kinds. He, glorious from amidſt

A pom

* The author who relates this ſtory adds, that the produce of grain that ſeaſon was the moſt plentiful that had ſeen for many years before. Vide Martin's Deſcription of the Weſtern Iſles of Scotland, p. 286.

A pomp of golden clouds, th' Atlantic flood
Beheld oblique, and o'er its azure breaſt
Wav'd one unbounded bluſh: a ſcene to ſtrike
Both ear and eye with wonder and delight!
But, loſt to outward ſenſe, Amyntor paſs'd
Regardleſs on, through other walks convey'd
Of baleful proſpect; which pale Fancy rais'd
Inceſſant to herſelf, and ſabled o'er
With darkeſt night, meet region for deſpair!
Till northward, where the rock its ſea-waſh'd baſe
Projects athwart and ſhuts the bounded ſcene,
Rounding its point, he rais'd his eyes and ſaw,
At diſtance ſaw, deſcending on the ſhore,
Forth from their anchor'd boat, of men unknown
A double band, who by their geſtures ſtrange
There fix'd with wondering: for at once they knelt
With hands upheld; at once, to heaven, as ſeem'd,
One general hymn pour'd forth of vocal praiſe.
Then, ſlowly riſing, forward mov'd their ſteps;
Slow as they mov'd, behold! amid the train,
On either ſide ſupported, onward came
Pale and of piteous look, a penſive maid;
As one by waſting ſickneſs ſore aſſail'd,
Or plung'd in grief profound—Oh, all ye powers!
Amyntor ſtartling, cry'd, and ſhot his ſoul
In rapid glance before him on her face.
Illuſion! no—it cannot be. My blood
Runs chill: my feet are rooted here—and ſee!
To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form.
The ſpirits who this ocean waſte and wild

Still hover round, or walk theſe iſles unſeen,
Preſenting oft in pictur'd viſion ſtrange
The dead or abſent, have yon ſhape adorn'd,
So like my love, of unſubſtantial air,
Embody'd featur'd it with all her charms—
And lo! behold! its eyes are fix'd on mine
With gaze tranſported—Ha! ſhe faints, ſhe falls!
He ran, he flew: his claſping arms receiv'd
Her ſinking weight—O earth, and air, and ſea!
'Tis ſhe! 'tis Theodora! Power divine,
Whoſe goodneſs knows no bound, thy hand is here,
Omnipotent in mercy! As he ſpoke,
Adown his cheek, through ſhivering joy and doubt,
The tear faſt-falling ſtream'd. My love! my life!
Soul of my wiſhes! ſav'd beyond all faith!
Return to life and me. O fly, my friends,
Fly, and from yon tranſlucent fountain bring
The living ſtream. Thou dearer to my ſoul
Than all the ſumleſs wealth this ſea entombs,
My Theodora, yet awake: 'tis I,
'Tis poor Amyntor calls thee! At that name,
That potent name, her ſpirit from the verge
Of death recall'd, ſhe trembling rais'd her eyes;
Trembling, his neck with eager graſp entwin'd,
And murmur'd out his name: then ſunk again;
Then ſwoon'd upon his boſom, through exceſs
Of bliſs unhop'd, too mighty for her frame.
The roſe-bud thus, that to the beam ſerene
Of morning glad unfolds her tender charms,
Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.

Moments

Moments of dread ſuſpenſe—but ſoon to ceaſe!
For now, while on her face theſe men unknown
The ſtream, with cool aſperſion, buſy caſt,
His eyes beheld, with wonder and amaze,
Beheld in them—his friends! th' adventurous few,
Who bore her to the ſkiff! whoſe daring ſkill
Had ſav'd her from the deep! As, o'er her cheek,
Rekindling life, like morn, its light diffus'd
In dawning purple; from their lips he learn'd,
How to yon iſle, yon round of moſs-clad hills,
Borea nam'd, before the tempeſt borne,
Theſe iſlanders, thrice three, then priſon'd there,
(So heaven ordain'd) with utmoſt peril run,
With toil invincible, from ſhelve and rock
Their boat preſerv'd, and to this happy coaſt
Its prow directed ſafe—He heard no more:
The reſt already known, his every ſenſe,
His full-collected ſoul, on her alone
Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while theſe ſounds,
This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear.
Amyntor! O my life's recover'd hope!
My ſoul's deſpair and rapture! — can this be?
Am I on earth? and do theſe arms indeed
Thy real form enfold? Thou dreadful deep!
Ye ſhores unknown! ye wild impending hills!
Dare I yet truſt my ſenſe? — O yes, 'tis he!
'Tis he himſelf! My eyes, my bounding heart,
Confeſs their living lord! What ſhall I ſay?
How vent the boundleſs tranſport that expands
My labouring thought? th' unutterable bliſs,
Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death

The breaſt they charm?—Amyntor, O ſupport
This ſwimming brain: I would not now be torn
Again from life and thee; nor cauſe thy heart
A ſecond pang. At this, dilated high
The ſwell of joy, moſt fatal where its force
Is felt moſt exquiſite, a timely vent
Now found, and broke in tender dews away
Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er its charge,
With ſheltering wing, ſolicitouſly good,
The guardian-genius hovers, ſo the youth,
On her lov'd face, aſſiduous and alarm'd,
In ſilent fondneſs dwelt: while all his ſoul,
With trembling tenderneſs of hope and fear
Pleaſingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her;
The rouz'd emotions warring in her breaſt,
Attempering, to compoſe, and gradual fit
For further joy her ſoft impreſſive frame.

O happy! though as yet thou know'ſt not half
The bliſs that waits thee! but, thou gentle mind,
Whoſe ſigh is pity, and whoſe ſmile is love,
For all who joy or ſorrow, arm thy breaſt
With that beſt temperance, which from fond exceſs,
When rapture lifts to dangerous height its powers,
Reflective guards. Know then—and let calm thought
On wonder wait—ſafe refug'd in this iſle,
Thy god-like father lives! and lo—but curb,
Repreſs the tranſport that o'erheaves thy heart;
'Tis he—look yonder—he, whoſe reverend ſteps
The mountain's ſide deſcend!—Abrupt from his
Her hand ſhe drew; and, as on wings upborne,
Shot o'er the ſpace between. He ſaw, he knew,

Aſtoniſh'd knew, before him, on her knee,
His Theodora! To his arms he rais'd
The loſt lov'd fair, and in his boſom preſs'd.
My father! — O my child! at once they cry'd:
Nor more. The reſt ecſtatic ſilence ſpoke,
And Nature from her inmoſt ſeat of ſenſe
Beyond all utterance mov'd. On this bleſt ſcene,
Where emulous in either boſom ſtrove
Adoring gratitude, earth, ocean, air,
Around with ſoftening aſpect ſeem'd to ſmile;
And heaven, approving, look'd delighted down.
Nor theirs alone this bliſsful hour: the joy,
With inſtant flow, from ſhore to ſhore along
Diffuſive ran; and all th' exulting iſle
About the new-arriv'd was pour'd abroad,
To hope long loſt, by miracle regain'd!
In each plain boſom Love and Nature wept:
While each a ſire, a huſband, or a friend,
Embracing held and kiſs'd.
Now, while the ſong,
The choral hymn, in wildly-warbled notes,
What Nature dictates when the full heart prompts,
Beſt harmony, their grateful ſouls effus'd
Aloud to heaven; Montano, reverend Seer,
(Whoſe eye prophetic far through time's abyſs
Could ſhoot its beam, and there the births of fate,
Yet immature and in their cauſes hid,
Illumin'd ſee) a ſpace abſtracted ſtood:
His frame with ſhivery horror ſtirr'd, his eyes
From outward viſion held, and all the man
Entranc'd

Entranc'd in wonder at th' unfolding ſcene,
On fluid air, as in a mirror ſeen,
And glowing radiant, to his mental ſight.
They fly! he cry'd, they melt in air away,
The clouds that long fair Albion's heaven o'ercaſt!
With tempeſt delug'd, or with flame devour'd
Her drooping plains: while dawning roſy round
A purer morning lights up all her ſkies!
He comes, behold! the great deliverer comes!
Immortal William, borne triumphant on,
From yonder orient, o'er propitious ſeas,
White with the ſails of his unnumber'd fleet,
A floating foreſt, ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore!
See! with ſpread wing Britannia's genius flies,
Before his prow; commands the ſpeeding gales
To waft him on; and, o'er the hero's head,
Inwreath'd with olive bears the lawrel-crown,
Bleſt emblem, peace with liberty reſtor'd!
And hark! from either ſtrand, which nations hide,
To welcome in true freedom's day renew'd
What thunders of acclaim! Aurelius, man
By heaven belov'd, thou too that ſacred ſun
Shalt live to hail; ſhalt warm thee in his ſhine!
I ſee thee on the flowery lap diffus'd
Of thy lov'd vale, amid a ſmiling race
From this bleſt pair to ſpring: whom equal faith,
And equal fondneſs, in ſoft league ſhall hold
From youth to reverend age; the calmer hours
Of thy laſt day to ſweeten and adorn;
Through life thy comfort, and in death thy crown!

TO THE

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH *.

YOUR Grace has given leave, that theſe few Poems ſhould appear in the world under the patronage of your name. But this leave would have been refuſed, I know, had you expected to find your own praiſes, however juſt, in any part of the preſent addreſs. I do not ſay it, my Lord, in the ſtile of compliment. Genuine modeſty, the companion and the grace of true merit, may be ſurely diſtinguiſhed from the affectation of it: as ſurely as the native glowing of a fine complection from that artificial colouring, which is uſed, in vain, to ſupply what Nature had denied, or has reſumed.

Yet, permit me juſt to hint, my Lord, while I reſtrain my pen from all enlargement, that if the faireſt public character muſt be raiſed upon private virtue, as ſurely it muſt, your Grace has laid already the ſecureſt foundation of the former, in the latter. The eyes of mankind are therefore turned upon you: and, from what you are known to have done, in one way, they reaſonably look for whatever can be expected from a great and good man, in the other.

The Author of theſe lighter amuſements hopes ſoon to preſent your Grace with ſomething more ſolid, more deſerving your attention, in the life of the firſt Duke of Marlborough †.

You

* This dedication was prefixed by the author to a ſmall collection of his poems publiſhed in 1762. N.

† A work which has not yet appeared. N.

You will then ſee, that ſuperior talents for war have been, though they rarely are, accompanied with equal abilities for negotiation: and that the ſame extenſive capacity, which could guide all the tumultuous ſcenes of the camp, knew how to direct, with equal ſkill, the calmer but more perplexing operations of the cabinet.

In the mean while, that you may live to adorn the celebrated and difficult title you wear; that you may be, like him, the defender of your country in days of public danger; and in times of peace, what is perhaps leſs frequently found, the friend and patron of thoſe uſeful and ornamental arts, by which human nature is exalted, and human ſociety rendered more happy: this, my Lord, is reſpectfully the wiſh of

YOUR GRACE'S

moſt obedient

humble ſervant.

TRUTH

Up, with her Sifter, Mira roſe,
Four hours before our London beaux;
For theſe are ſtill aſleep and dead,
Save Arthur's ſons—not yet in bed.
A roſe, impearl'd with orient dew,
Had caught the paſſing fair-one's view;
To pluck the bud he ſaw her ſtoop,
And try'd, behind, to heave her hoop:
Then, while acroſs the daiſy'd lawn
She turn'd, to feed her milk-white fawn,
Due weſtward as her ſteps ſhe bore,
Would ſwell her petticoat, before;
Would ſubtly ſteal his face between,
To ſee—what never yet was ſeen!
" And ſure, to fan it with his wing,
" No nine-month ſymptom e'er can bring:
" His aim is but the Nymph to pleaſe,
" Who daily courts his cooling breeze."
But liſten, fond believing Maid!
When Love, ſoft traitor, would perſuade,
With all the moving ſkill and grace
Of practis'd paſſion in his face,
Dread his approach, diſtruſt your power—
For oh! there is one ſhepherd's hour:
And though he long, his aim to cover,
May, with the friend, diſguiſe the lover,
The ſenſe, or nonſenſe, of his wooing
Will but adore you into ruin.
But, for thoſe butterflies, the beaux,
Who buzz around in tinſel-rows,

Shake,

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING POEM.

" It has no faults, or I no faults can ſpy:
" It is all beauty, or in blindneſs I."

Imprimatur,

meo periculo,

CHESTERFIELD.

TRUTH IN RHYME.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following extract from his Majeſty's Speech to both Houſes of Parliament, which, by every man in his dominions, would be thought the nobleſt introduction to a Poem of the firſt merit, is peculiarly ſuitable to introduce this. However unequal theſe verſes may be to the ſubject they attempt to adorn, this ſingular advantage will be readily allowed them. It will, at the ſame time, be the fulleſt and beſt explanation of the Author's meaning, on a theme ſo intereſting and uncommon. The words are theſe:

MARCH 3, 1761.

* * * In conſequence of the act paſſed in the reign of my late glorious predeceſſor, King William the Third, for ſettling the ſucceſſion to the Crown in my Family, the commiſſions of the Judges have been made during their good behaviour. But, notwithſtanding that wiſe proviſion, their offices have determined upon the demiſe of the Crown, or at the expiration of ſix months afterwards, in every inſtance of that nature which has happened.

I look upon the independency and uprightneſs of the Judges of the land as eſſential to the impartial adminiſtration

niſtration of Juſtice; as one to the beſt ſecurities of the rights and liberties of my loving ſubjects; and as moſt conducive to the honour of the Crown. And I come now to recommend this intereſting object to the conſideration of Parliament; in order that ſuch farther proviſion, as ſhall be moſt expedient, may be made, *for ſecuring the Judges in the enjoyment of their offices, during their good behaviour, notwithſtanding any ſuch demiſe.*

ASTREA, eldeſt born of Jove,
Whom all the gods revere and love,
Was ſent, while man deſerv'd their care,
On earth to dwell, and govern there:
Till finding earth by heaven unaw'd,
Till ſick of violence and fraud,
Abandoning the guilty crew,
Back to her native ſky ſhe flew.
There, ſtation'd in the Virgin-ſign,
She long has ceas'd on earth to ſhine;
Or if, at times, ſhe deigns a ſmile,
'Tis chief o'er Britain's favour'd iſle.
For there—her eye with wonder fix'd!
That wonder too with pleaſure mix'd!
She now beheld, in blooming youth,
The Patron of all worth and truth;
Not where the virtues moſt reſort,
On peaceful plains, but in a court!
Not in a cottage, all-unknown;
She found him ſeated on a throne!

What fables paint, what poets ſing,
She found in fact—a Patriot-king!
But as a ſight, ſo nobly new,
Deſerv'd, ſhe thought, a nearer view;
To where, by ſilver-ſtreaming Thames,
Aſcends the palace of St. James,
Swift through ſurrounding ſhades of night,
The goddeſs ſhot her beamy flight.
She ſtop'd; and the revealing ray
Blaz'd round her favourite, where he lay,
In ſweet repoſe: o'er all his face,
Repoſe ſhed ſofter bloom and grace!
But fearful leſt her ſun-bright glare
Too ſoon might wake him into care,
(For ſplendid toils and weary ſtate
Are every monarch's envy'd fate)
The ſtream of circling rays to ſhroud,
She drew an interpoſing cloud.
In all the ſilence of ſurprize,
She gaz'd him o'er! She ſaw ariſe,
For gods can read the human breaſt,
Her own idea there impreſt!
And that his plan, to bleſs mankind,
The plan now brightening in his mind,
May ſtory's whiteſt page adorn,
May ſhine through nations yet unborn,
She calls Urbania to her aid.
At once, the fair ethereal maid,
Daughter of Memory and Jove,
Deſcending quits her laurel'd grove;

Looſe to the gale her azure robe;
Borne, in her left, a ſtarry globe,
Where each ſuperior ſon of fame
Will find inſcrib'd his deathleſs name;
Her right ſuſtains th' immortal lyre,
To praiſe true merit, or inſpire.
Behold—Aſtrea thus began—
The friend of virtue and of man!
Calm reaſon ſee, in early youth!
See, in a prince, the ſoul of truth!
With love of juſtice, tender ſenſe
For ſuffering worth and innocence!
Who means to build his happy reign
On this beſt maxim, wiſe and plain—
Though plain, how ſeldom underſtood!
That, to be great, he muſt be good.
His breaſt is open to your eye;
Approach, Urania, mark, and try.
This boſom needs no thought to hide:
This virtue dares our ſearch abide.
The ſacred fountains to ſecure
Of Juſtice, undiſturb'd and pure
From hopes or fears, from fraud or force,
To ruffle or to ſtain their courſe;
That theſe may flow ſerene and free,
The law muſt independent be;
Her miniſters, as in my ſight,
And mine alone, diſpenſing right;
Of piercing eye, of judgment clear,
As honour, juſt, as truth, ſincere,

With

With temper, firm, with ſpirit, ſage,
The Mansfields of each future age.
And this prime bleſſing is to ſpring
From youth in purple! from a king!
Who, true to his imperial truſt,
His greatneſs founds in being juſt;
Prepares, like yon aſcending ſun,
His glorious race with joy to run
And, where his gracious eye appears,
To bleſs the world he lights and chears!
Such worth with equal voice to ſing,
Urania, ſtrike thy boldeſt ſtring;
And truth, whoſe voice alone is praiſe,
That here inſpires, ſhall guide the lays.
Begin! awake his gentle ear
With ſounds that monarchs rarely hear.
He merits, let him know our love,
And you record, what I approve.
She ended: and the heaven-born maid,
With ſoft ſurprize, his form ſurvey'd.
She ſaw what chaſtity of thought,
Within his ſtainleſs boſom wrought;
Then fix'd on earth her ſober eye,
And, pauſing, offer'd this reply.
Nor pomp of ſong, nor paint of art,
Such truths ſhould to the world impart.
My taſk is but, in ſimple verſe,
Theſe promis'd wonders to rehearſe:
And when on theſe our verſe we raiſe,
The plaineſt is the nobleſt praiſe.

Yet more; a virtuous doubt remains:
Would ſuch a prince permit my ſtrains?
Deſerving, but ſtill ſhunning fame,
The homage due he might diſclaim.
A prince, who rules, to ſave, mankind,
His praiſe would, in their virtue, find;
Would deem their ſtrict regard to laws,
Their faith and worth, his beſt applauſe.
Then, Britons, your juſt tribute bring,
In deeds, to emulate your king;
In virtues, to redeem your age
From venal views and party-rage.
On his example ſafely reſt;
He calls, he courts you to be bleſt;
As friends, as brethren, to unite
In one firm league of juſt and right.
My part is laſt; if Britain yet
A lover boaſts of truth and wit,
To him theſe grateful lays to ſend,
The Monarch's and the Muſe's friend;
And whoſe fair name, in ſacred rhymes,
My voice may give to lateſt times.
She ſaid; and, after thinking o'er
The men in place near half a ſcore,
To ſtrike at once all ſcandal mute,
The goddeſs found, and fix'd on BUTE.

TO

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE PRECEDING POEM.

BY S. J. ESQUIRE.

WELL—now, I think, we ſhall be wiſer,
Cries Grub, who reads the Advertiſer,
Here's Truth in Rhyme—a glorious treat!
It ſurely muſt abuſe the great;
Perhaps the king; — without diſpute
'Twill fall moſt deviliſh hard on Bute.
Thrice he reviews his parting ſhilling,
At laſt reſolves, though much unwilling,
To break all rules imbib'd in youth,
And give it up for Rhyme and Truth:
He reads—he frowns—Why, what's the matter?
Damn it—here's neither ſenſe, nor ſatyr—
Here take it, boy, there's nothing in't:
Such fellows! — to pretend to print!
Blame not, good cit, the poet's rhymes,
The fault 's not his, but in the times:
The times, in which a monarch reigns,
Form'd to make happy Britain's plains;
To ſtop in their deſtructive courſe,
Domeſtic frenzy, foreign force,
To bid war, faction, party ceaſe,
And bleſs the weary'd world with peace.

And what he with a ſun-beam there
Writ down, the Muſe thus copies fair:
"If I no men my ſons muſt call,
"Here's one fair daughter worth them all:
"Mark then the ſacred words that follow,
"Sophia's mine"—ſo ſign'd. APOLLO.

VERSES
WRITTEN FOR, AND GIVEN IN PRINT TO, A BEGGAR.

O MERCY, heaven's firſt attribute,
Whoſe care embraces man and brute!
Behold me, where I ſhivering ſtand;
Bid gentle Pity ſtretch her hand
To want and age, diſeaſe and pain,
That all in one ſad object reign.
Still feeling bad, ſtill fearing worſe,
Exiſtence is to me a curſe:
Yet, how to cloſe this weary eye?
By my own hand I dare not die:
And death, the friend of human woes,
Who brings the laſt and ſound repoſe;
Death does at dreadful diſtance keep,
And leaves one wretch to wake and weep!

THE

THE

REWARD:

OR,

APOLLO'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CHARLES STANHOPE.

Written in 1757.

APOLLO, from the ſouthern ſky,
O'er London lately glanc'd his eye.
Juſt ſuch a glance our courtiers throw
At ſuitors whom they ſhun to know:
Or have you mark'd th' averted mien,
The cheſt erect, the freezing look,
Of Bumbo, when a bard is ſeen
Charg'd with his dedication-book?
But gods are never in the wrong;
What then diſpleas'd the power of ſong?
The caſe was this: Where noble arts
Once flouriſh'd, as our fathers tell us,
He now can find, for men of parts,
None but rich blockheads and mere fellows;
Since drums and dice and diſſipation
Have chac'd all taſte from all the nation.
For is there, now, one table ſpread,
Where ſenſe and ſcience may be fed?
Where, with a ſmile on every face,
Invited Merit takes his place?

Theſe

Theſe thoughts put Phœbus in the ſpleen,
(For gods, like men, can feel chagrin)
And left him on the point to ſhroud
His head in one eternal cloud;
When, lo! his all-diſcerning eye
Chanc'd one remaining friend to ſpy,
Juſt crept abroad, as is his way,
To baſk him in the noon-tide ray.
This Phœbus noting, call'd aloud
To every interpoſing cloud;
And bade their gather'd miſts aſcend,
That he might warm his good old friend:
Then, as his chariot roll'd along,
Tun'd to his lyre this grateful ſong.
"With talents, ſuch as God has given
To common mortals, ſix in ſeven;
Who yet have titles, ribbons, pay,
And govern whom they ſhould obey;
With no more frailties than are found
In thouſand others, count them round;
With much good-will, inſtead of parts,
Expreſs'd for artiſts and for arts;
Who ſmiles, if you have ſmartly ſpoke;
Or nods applauſe to his own joke;
This bearded child, this grey-hair'd boy,
Still plays with life, as with a toy;
Still keeps amuſement full in view:
Wiſe? Now and then—but oftener new;
His coach, this hour, at Watſon's door;
The next, in waiting on a whore.

Whea-

ON THE DEATH OF LADY ANSON.

ADDRESSED TO HER FATHER. 1761.

O CROWN'D with honour, bleſt with length of days,
Thou whom the wiſe revere, the worthy praiſe;
Juſt guardian of thoſe laws thy voice explain'd,
And meriting all titles thou haſt gain'd—
Though ſtill the faireſt from heaven's bounty flow;
For good and great no monarch can beſtow:
Yet thus, of health, of fame, of friends poſſeſt,
No fortune, Hardwicke, is ſincerely bleſt.
All human-kind are ſons of ſorrow born:
The great muſt ſuffer, and the good muſt mourn.
For ſay, can Wiſdom's ſelf, what late was thine,
Can fortitude, without a ſigh, reſign?
Ah, no! when Love, when Reaſon, hand in hand,
O'er the cold urn conſenting Mourners ſtand,
The firmeſt heart diſſolves to ſoften here:
And Piety applauds the falling tear.
Thoſe ſacred drops, by virtuous weakneſs ſhed,
Adorn the living, while they grace the dead:
From tender thought their ſource unblam'd they draw,
By Heaven approv'd, and true to Nature's law.

When

Some pedant of the ſable gown,
Who ſpares no failings, but his own,
Set up at once their deep-mouth'd hollow:
Is this a ſubject for Apollo!
What! can the God of wit and verſe
Such trifles in our ears rehearſe?
"Know, puppies, this man's eaſy life,
Serene from cares, unvex'd with ſtrife,
Was oft employ'd in doing good;
A ſcience you ne'er underſtood:
And Charity, ye ſons of Pride,
A multitude of faults will hide.
I, at his board, more ſenſe have found,
Than at a hundred dinners round.
Taſte, learning, mirth, my weſtern eye
Could often, there, collected ſpy:
And I have gone well-pleas'd to bed,
Revolving what was ſung or ſaid.
"And he, who entertain'd them all
With much good liquor, ſtrong and ſmall;
With foot in plenty, and a welcome,
Which would become my Lord of Melcombe *,
Whoſe ſoupes and ſauces duly ſeaſon'd,
Whoſe wit well-tim'd, and ſenſe well-reaſon'd,
Give burgundy a brighter ſtain,
And add new flavor to champagne—
Shall this man to the grave deſcend,
Unown'd,

* This Poem was certainly written in 1757; but the reader has only to remember, that Apollo is the God of Prophecy as well as of Poetry. MALLET.

Unown'd, unhonour'd as my friend?
No: by my deity I ſwear,
Nor ſhall the vow be loſt in air;
While you, and millions ſuch as you,
Are ſunk for ever from my view,
And loſt in kindred-darkneſs lye,
This good old man ſhall never die:
No matter where I place his name,
His love of learning ſhall be fame.

TYBURN:

TYBURN:

TO THE

MARINE SOCIETY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE deſign of the Marine Society is in itſelf ſo laudable, and has been purſued ſo ſucceſsfully for the public good, that I thought it merited a public acknowledgment. But, to take off from the flatneſs of a direct compliment, I have through the whole poem loaded their inſtitution with ſuch reproaches as will ſhow, I hope, in the moſt ſtriking manner, its real utility.

By authentic accounts, it appears, that from the firſt riſe of this Society to the preſent year 1762, they have collected, clothed, and fitted out for the ſea-ſervice, 5452 grown men, 4511 boys; in all 9963 perſons: whom they have thus not only ſaved, in all probability, from perdition and infamy, but rendered them uſeful members of the community; at a time too when their country ſtood moſt in need of their aſſiſtance.

IT has been, all examples ſhow it,
The privilege of every poet,
From ancient down through modern time,
To bid dead matter live in rhyme;

With

With wit enliven ſenſeleſs rocks;
Draw repartee from wooden blocks;
Make buzzards ſenators of note,
And rooks harangue, that geeſe may vote.
  Theſe moral fictions, firſt deſign'd
To mend and mortify mankind,
Old Æſop, as our children know,
Taught twice ten hundred years ago.
His fly, upon the chariot-wheel,
Could all a ſtateſman's merit feel;
And, to its own importance juſt,
Exclaim, with Bufo, What a duſt!
His horſe-dung, when the flood ran high,
In Colon's air and accent cry,
While tumbling down the turbid ſtream,
Lord love us, how we apples ſwim!
  But farther inſtances to cite,
Would tire the hearers patience quite.
No: what their numbers and their worth,
How theſe admire, while thoſe hold forth,
From Hide-Park on to Clerkenwell,
Let clubs, let coffee-houſes tell;
Where England, through the world renown'd,
In all its wiſdom may be found:
While I, for ornament and uſe,
An orator of wood produce.
  Why ſhould the gentle reader ſtare?
Are wooden orators ſo rare?
Saint Stephen's Chapel, Rufus' Hall,
That hears them in the pleader bawl,

That

TO MIRA. FROM THE COUNTRY.

AT this late hour, the world lies hush'd below,
Nor is one breath of air awake to blow.
Now walks mute Midnight, darkling o'er the plain,
Reſt, and ſoft-footed Silence, in his train,
To bleſs the cottage, and renew the ſwain.
Theſe all-aſleep, me all-awake they find;
Nor reſt, nor ſilence, charm the lover's mind.
Already, I a thouſand torments prove,
The thouſand torments of divided love:
The rolling thought, impatient in the breaſt;
The fluttering wiſh on wing, that will not reſt;
Deſire, whoſe kindled flames, undying, glow;
Knowledge of diſtant bliſs, and preſent woe;
Unhuſh'd, unſleeping all, with me they dwell,
Children of abſence, and of loving well!
Theſe pale the cheek, and cloud the chearleſs eye,
Swell the ſwift tear, and heave the frequent ſigh:
Theſe reach the heart, and bid the health decline;
And theſe, O Mira! theſe are truly mine.
She, whoſe ſweet ſmile would gladden all the grove,
Whoſe mind is muſic, and whoſe looks are love;
She, gentle power! victorious ſoftneſs!—She,
Mira, is far from hence, from love, and me;
Yet, in my every thought, her form I find,
Her looks, her words—her world of charms combin'd!

Sweetneſs is her's, and unaffected eaſe;
The native wit, that was not taught to pleaſe.
Whatever ſoftly animates the face,
The eye's attemper'd fire, the winning grace,
Th' unſtudy'd ſmile, the bluſh that nature warms,
And all the graceful negligence of charms!
Ha! while I gaze, a thouſand ardours riſe;
And my fir'd boſom flaſhes from my eyes.
Oh! melting mildneſs! miracle of charms!
Receive my ſoul within thoſe folding arms!
On that dear boſom let my wiſhes reſt—
Oh! ſofter than the turtle's downy breaſt!
And ſee! where Love himſelf is waiting near!
Here let me ever dwell—for heaven is here!

A WINTER'S DAY.

Written in a State of Melancholy.

NOW, gloomy ſoul! look out—now comes thy turn;
With thee, behold all ravag'd nature mourn.
Hail the dim empire of thy darling night,
That ſpreads, ſlow-ſhadowing, o'er the vanquiſh'd light.
Look out, with joy; the Ruler of the day,
Faint, as thy hopes, emits a glimmering ray:
Already exil'd to the utmoſt ſky,
Hither, oblique, he turn'd his clouded eye.
Lo! from the limits of the wintery pole,
Mountainous clouds, in rude confuſion, roll:

In

In diſmal pomp, now, hovering on their way,
To a ſick twilight, they reduce the day.
And hark! impriſon'd winds, broke looſe, ariſe,
And roar their haughty triumph through the ſkies.
While the driven clouds, o'ercharg'd with floods of rain,
And mingled lightning, burſt upon the plain.
Now ſee ſad earth—like thine, her alter'd ſtate,
Like thee, ſhe mourns her ſad reverſe of fate!
Her ſmile, her wanton looks—where are they now?
Faded her face, and wrapt in clouds her brow!
No more, th' ungrateful verdure of the plain;
No more, the wealth-crown'd labours of the ſwain;
Theſe ſcenes of bliſs, no more upbraid my fate,
Torture my pining thought, and rouze my hate.
The leaf-clad foreſt, and the tufted grove,
Erewhile the ſafe retreats of happy love,
Stript of their honours, naked, now appear;
This is—my ſoul! the winter of their year!
The little, noiſy ſongſters of the wing,
All, ſhivering on the bough, forget to ſing.
Hail! reverend Silence! with thy awful brow!
Be Muſic's voice, for ever mute—as now:
Let no intruſive joy my dead repoſe
Diſturb:—no pleaſure diſconcert my woes.
In this moſs-cover'd cavern, hopeleſs laid,
On the cold cliff, I 'll lean my aching head;
And, pleas'd with Winter's waſte, unpitying, ſee
All nature in an agony with me!
Rough, rugged rocks, wet marſhes, ruin'd towers,
Bare trees, brown brakes, bleak heaths, and ruſhy moors,

Dead floods, huge cataracts, to my pleas'd eyes—
(Now I can ſmile!)—in wild diſorder riſe:
And now, the various dreadfulneſs combin'd,
Black melancholy comes, to doze my mind.
See! Night's wiſh'd ſhades riſe, ſpreading through the air,
And the lone, hollow gloom, for me prepare!
Hail! ſolitary ruler of the grave!
Parent of terrors! from thy dreary cave!
Let thy dumb ſilence midnight all the ground,
And ſpread a welcome horror wide around.—
But hark!—a ſudden howl invades my ear!
The phantoms of the dreadful hour are near.
Shadows, from each dark cavern, now combine,
And ſtalk around, and mix their yells with mine.
Stop, flying Time! repoſe thy reſtleſs wing;
Fix here—nor haſten to reſtore the ſpring:
Fix'd my ill fate, ſo fix'd let winter be—
Let never wanton ſeaſon laugh at me!

PROLOGUE TO THE MASQUE OF BRITANNIA.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK *, 1755, in the character of a Sailor, fuddled and talking to himſelf.

He enters, ſinging,

" How pleaſant a ſailor's life paſſes—"

WELL, if thou art, my boy, a little mellow!
A ſailor, half ſeas o'er—'s a pretty fellow!
What cheer ho? * Do I carry too much ſail?
* *to the pit.*
No—tight and trim—I ſcud before the gale *—
* *he ſtaggers forward, then ſtops.*
But ſoftly though—the veſſel ſeems to heel:
Steddy! my boy—ſhe muſt not ſhew her keel.
And now, thus ballaſted—what courſe to ſteer?
Shall I again to ſea—and bang Mounſeer?
Or ſtay on ſhore, and toy with Sall and Sue—
Doſt love 'em, boy?—By this right hand, I do!
A well-rigg'd girl is ſurely moſt inviting:
There's nothing better, faith—ſave flip and fighting:
For ſhall we ſons of beef and freedom ſtoop,
Or lower our flag to ſlavery and ſoop?
What! ſhall theſe parly-vous make ſuch a racket,
And we not lend a hand, to lace their jacket?
Still ſhall Old England be your Frenchman's butt?
Whene'er he ſhuffles, we ſhould always cut.
I'll

* Some of the lines too were written by him.

I 'll to 'em, faith—Avaſt—before I go—
Have I not promis'd Sall to ſee the ſhow?
* *Pulls out a play-bill.*
From this ſame paper we ſhall underſtand
What work 's to-night—I read your printed hand!
But, firſt refreſh a bit—for faith I need it—
I 'll take one ſugar-plumb *—and then I 'll read it,
* *Takes ſome tobacco.*
He reads the play-bill of Zara, which was acted that evening.
At the The-atre Royal—Drury-Lane—
will be preſen-ta-ted a Tragedy called—
S A R A H.
I'm glad 'tis Sarah—Then our Sall may ſee
Her nameſake's Tragedy: and as for me,
I 'll ſleep as ſound, as if I were at ſea.
To which will be added—a new Maſque.
Zounds! why a Maſque? We ſailors hate grimaces:
Above-board all, we ſcorn to hide our faces.
But what is here, ſo very large and plain?
Bri-ta-nia—oh Britania!—good again—
Huzza, boys! by the Royal George I ſwear,
Tom Coxen, and the crew, ſhall ſtrait be there,
All free-born ſouls muſt take Bri-ta-nia's part,
And give her three round cheers, with hand and heart!
going off, he ſtops.
I wiſh you landmen, though, would leave your tricks,
Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics:
And, like us, honeſt tars, drink, fight, and ſing!
True to yourſelves, your country, and your king!

INSCRIPTION FOR A PICTURE.

WITH no one talent that deſerves applauſe;
With no one aukwardneſs that laughter draws;
Who thinks not, but juſt echoes what we ſay;
A clock, at morn, wound up, to run a day:
His larum goes in one ſmooth, ſimple ſtrain;
He ſtops: and then, we wind him up again.
Still hovering round the fair at fifty-four,
Unfit to love, unable to give o'er;
A fleſh-fly, that juſt flutters on the wing,
Awake to buz, but not alive to ſting;
Briſk where he cannot, backward where he can;
The teazing ghoſt of the departed man.

SONG. To a Scotch Tune.

Mary Scot.

I.

WHERE Thames, along the daiſy'd meads,
His wave, in lucid mazes, leads,
Silent, flow, ſerenely flowing,
Wealth on either ſhore beſtowing:
There, in a ſafe, though ſmall retreat,
Content and Love have fix'd their ſeat:
Love, that counts his duty, pleaſure;
Content that knows, and hugs his treaſure.

II.

From art, from jealouſy ſecure;
As faith unblam'd, as friendſhip pure;
Vain opinion nobly ſcorning,
Virtue aiding, life adorning.

Fair

Fair Thames, along thy flowery ſide,
May thoſe whom truth and reaſon guide,
All their tender hours improving,
Live like us, belov'd and loving!

TO MR. THOMSON,

On his publiſhing the SECOND EDITION of his POEM, called WINTER.

CHarm'd, and inſtructed, by thy powerful ſong,
I have, unjuſt, with-held my thanks too long:
This debt of gratitude, at length, receive,
Warmly ſincere, 'tis all thy friend can give.
Thy worth new lights the Poet's darken'd name,
And ſhews it, blazing, in the brighteſt fame.
Through all thy various Winter, full are found
Magnificence of thought, and pomp of ſound,
Clear depth of ſenſe, expreſſion's heightening grace,
And goodneſs, eminent in power, and place!
For this, the wiſe, the knowing few, commend
With zealous joy—for thou art Virtue's friend:
Ev'n age, and truth ſevere, in reading thee,
That heaven inſpires the Muſe, convinc'd, agree.
Thus I dare ſing of merit, faintly known,
Friendleſs—ſupported by its ſelf alone:
For thoſe, whoſe aided will could lift thee high,
In fortune, ſee not with Diſcernment's eye.
Nor place, nor power, beſtows the ſight refin'd;
And wealth enlarges not the narrow mind.

How

How could'ſt thou think of ſuch, and write ſo well?
Or hope reward, by daring to excell?
Unſkilful of the age! untaught to gain
Thoſe favours, which the fawning baſe obtain!
A thouſand ſhameful arts, to thee unknown,
Falſehood, and Flattery, muſt be firſt thy own.
If thy lov'd country lingers in thy breaſt,
Thou muſt drive out th' unprofitable gueſt:
Extinguiſh each bright aim, that kindles there,
And centre in thyſelf thy every care.
But hence that vileneſs—pleas'd to charm mankind,
Caſt each low thought of intereſt far behind:
Neglected into noble ſcorn—away
From that worn path, where vulgar Poets ſtray:
Inglorious herd! profuſe of venal lays!
And by the pride deſpis'd, they ſtoop to praiſe!
Thou, careleſs of the ſtateſman's ſmile or frown,
Tread that ſtrait way, that leads to fair renown.
By Virtue guided, and by Glory fir'd,
And, by reluctant Envy, ſlow admir'd,
Dare to do well; and in thy boundleſs mind,
Embrace the general welfare of thy kind:
Enrich them with the treaſures of thy thought,
What Heaven approves, and what the Muſe has taught.
Where thy power fails, unable to go on,
Ambitious, greatly will the good undone.
So ſhall thy name, through ages, brightening ſhine,
And diſtant praiſe, from worth unborn, be thine;
So ſhalt thou, happy! merit heaven's regard,
And find a glorious, though a late reward.

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Cupid